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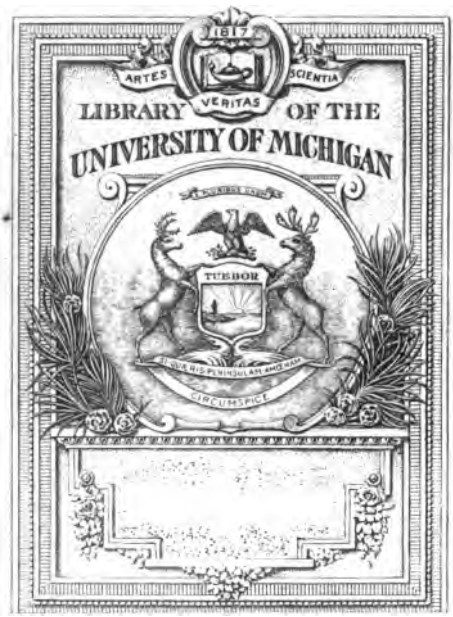

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Metrical Romances

OF THE

THIRTEENTH, FOURTEENTH, AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES:

PUBLISHED FROM

Ancient Manuscripts.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY.

BY William

HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

VOLUME II.

Of all maner of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales
Both of weeping and of game
And of all that longeth unto fame.
CHAUCER.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by George Ramsay and Company,
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND
JOHN MURRAY, AND CONSTABLE, HUNTER, PARK,
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1810.

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RICHARD COER DE LION.

Yo soy Ricardo, que en deciros esto
Pienso que está abonada mi persona,
Pues todo lo que valgo manifiesto,
Y quanto puedo hacer, el nombre abona.
Jerusalen Conquistada de Lope de Vega
Carpio. Libro XX.

PART I.

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RICHARD COER DE LION.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

CONTENTS.

Introduction.—King Richard's father, King Henry, consents, at the request of his barons, to marry the fairest woman alive.—Messengers are sent to discover her, who meet a vessel, wherein the King of Antioch and his daughter had sailed for the very purpose of going to England.—They are conducted to London, and the marriage is celebrated.—The Queen swoons at the elevation of the host.—Three children, Richard, John, and Topyas are born.—The Queen being forced to remain at a sacrament, flies through the roof of the church, and takes her two youngest children with her.—John is dropped, and in falling breaks his thigh.—King Henry dies and leaves his crown to his son Richard.

LORD Jesus kyng of glorye!
Suche grace and vyctorye
Thou sente to Kyng Rychard,
That neuer was found coward!

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It is ful god to here in jeste
Off his prowesse and hys conqueste.
Fele romanses men make newe,
Of good knyghtes, strong and trewe,
Off hey dedys men rede romance,
Bothe in Engeland and in France:
Off Rowelond, and of Olyver,
And of every doseper;
Of Alisander, and Charlemain,
Off kyng Arthor, and off Gawayn,
How they wer knyghtes good and curteys;
Off Turpyn, and of Ocier Daneys;
Off Troye men rede in ryme,
What werre ther was in olde tyme;
Off Ector, and of Achylles,
What folk they slowe in that pres.
In Frensshe bookys this rym is wrought,
Lewede menne knowe it nought;
Lewede menne cunne French non;
Among an hondryd unnethis on;
And nevertheles, with glad chere,
Fele off hem that wolde here,
Noble justis, I undyrstonde,
Of doughty knyghtes off Yngelonde.
Par foie, now I woll yow rede,
Off a kyng, doughty in dede;
Kyng Rychard, the werryor best,
That men fynde in ony jeste.

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Now alle that hereth this talkyng,
God geve hem alle good endyng!
Lordynges, herkens beforne,
How Kyng Rychard was borne.
Hys fadyr hyghte Kyng Henry.
In hys tyme, sykyrly,
Als I fynde in my sawe,
Seynt Thomas was i-slawe;
At Cantyrbury at the awter-ston,
Wher many myraclys are i-don.
When he was twenty wyntyr olde,
He was a kyng swythe bolde,
He wolde no wyff, I undyrstonde,
With grete tresore though he her fonde.
Nevyrtheles hys barons hym sedde,
That he graunted a wyff to wedde.
Hastely he sente hys sondes,
Into manye dyverse londes,
The feyreste wyman that wore on liff
Men wolde bringe hym to wyff.
Messangeres were redy dyght;
To schippe they wente that ylke nyght.
Anon the sayl up thay drowgh,
The wynd hem servyd wel inowgh.
Whenne they come on mydde the sea,
(No wynd onethe hadden hee;
Therfore hem was swythe woo.)
Another schip they countryd thoo,

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Swylk on ne seygh they never non ;
All it was whyt of huel-bon,
And every nayl with gold begrave :
Off pure gold was the stave ;
Her mast was yvory ;
Off samyte the sayl wytterly.
Her ropes wer off tuely sylk,
Al so whyt as ony mylk.
That noble schyp was al withoute,
With clothys of golde spred aboute ;
And her loof and her wyndas,
Off asure forsothe it was.
In that schyp ther wes i-dyght
Knyghts and ladyys of mekyll myght ;
And a lady therinne was,
Bryght as the sunne thorugh the glas.
Her men aborde gunne to stande,
And sesyd that other with her honde,
And prayde hem for to dwelle,
And her counsayl for to telle :
And they graunted with all skylle
For to telle al at her wylle :
" Swoo wyde landes we have went,
For Kyng Henry us has sent,
For to seke hym a qwene,
The fayreste that myghte fonde bene."
Upros a kyng off a chayer,
With that word they spoke ther.

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The chayer was charbocle ston,
Swylk on ne sawgh they never non:
And two dukes hym besyde,
Noble men and mekyl off pryde,
And welcomed the messangers ylkone.
Into that schyp they gunne gone.
Thrytty knyghtes, withouten lye,
Forsothe was in that companye.
Into that riche schyp they went,
As messangers that weren i-sent;
Knyghtes and ladyes com hem ayene;
Sevene score, and moo I wene,
Welcomyd hem alle at on worde.
They sette tresteles, and layde a borde;
Cloth of sylk theron was sprad,
And the kyng hymselve bad,
That his doughter wer forth fette,
And in a chayer before hym sette.
Trumpes begonne for to blowe;
Sche was sette forth in a throwe,
With twenty knyghtes her aboute,
And moo off ladyes that wer stoute;
All they gunne knele her twoo,
And aske her what she wolde have doo.
They eeten and drank and made hem glade,
And the kyng hymself hem bade.
Whenne they hadde nygh i-eete,
Adventures to speke they nought forgeete.

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The kyng ham tolde, in hys resoun,
It com hym thorugh a vysyoun,
In his land that he cam froo,
Into Yngelond for to goo;
And his doughtyr that was so dere,
For to wende bothe in fere.
"In this manere we have us dyght,
Into that lond to wende ryght."
Thenne aunsweryd a messanger,
Hys name was callyd Bernager,
"Forther wole we seke nought,
To my lord she schal be brought:
When he her with eyen schal sen,
Fol wel payed woll he ben."
The wynd was out off the northeste,
And servede hem atte the beste.
At the Tour they gunne arryve.
To London the knyghtes wente belyve.
The messangers the kyng have told
Of that lady fayr and bold,
Ther he lay, in the Tour,
Off that lady whyt so flour.
Kyng Henry gan hym son dyght,
With erls, barons, and manye a knyght,
Agayn the lady for to wende:
For he was curteys and hende.
The damysele on lond was led,
And clothis off gold before her spred,

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And her fadyr her befom,
With a coron off gold i-corn;
The messangers by ylk a syde,
And menstralles with mekyl pryde.
Kyng Henry lyght in hyyng,
And grette fayr that uncouth kyng,
And that fayr lady alsoo:
"Welcome be ye me alle too."
To Westemenstre they wente in fere,
Lordyngs and ladyys that ther were.
Trumpes begonne for to blowe,
To mete they wente in a throwe.
Knyghtes servyd ther good spede,
Off what to telle it is no nede:
And aftyr mete, in hyyng,
Spak Kyng Henry our kyng,
To the kyng that sat in same,
"Leve sere, what is thy name?"
"My name, he sayde, is Corbaryng;
Of Antioche I am kyng;"
And tolde hym in hys resoun,
He cam thedyr thorugh a vysyoun.
"Forsothe, sere, I telle thè,
I had elles browght more meyné.
Many moo, withouten fayle,
And moo schyppys with vytayle."
Then askyd he that lady bryght:
"What hyghtest thou, my swete wyght?"

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" Cassodorien, withouten lesyng;"
Thus answeryd sche the kyng:
" Damysele, he sayd, bryght and schene,
Wylt thou dwelle and be my qwene!"
She answeryd with wordys stylle,
" Sere, I am at my faderys wylle."
Her fadyr grauntyd thenne ful sone,
Al hys wyl scholde be done,
Hastely that sche wer wedde,
As qwene unto kynges bedde;
And prayde her for this curtesy,
It moste be done pryvyly.
The spousyng was i-don that nyght;
Theratte daunsyd many a knyght.
Mekyl joye was hem among.
A preest on morwe the messe song.
Beforn the elevacyoun,
The qwene fel in swowne adoun.
The folk wondryd and was adrad;
Into a chaumbyr sche was lad.
Sche sayd: " For I am thus i-schent,
I dar never see no sacrament."
Her fadyr on morwe took hys leve,
No longer wold he ther beleve.
The kyng dwellyd with his qwene,
Chyldren they hadde hem bytwene,
Twoo suanes and a mayde,
Forsothe as the book us sayde.

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Rychard hyghte the fyrste, i-wis,
Of whom this romance i-makyd is;
Jhon that other forsothe was;
The thrydde hys sustyr Topyas.
Thus they dwellyd in fere,
To the fyfftenthe yere.
On a day, before the rode,
The kyng at his masse stode;
Ther com an erl off gret pousté;
" Sere, he sayd, hou may this be,
That my lady, your wyf, the qwene,
The sacrament ne dar nought sene?
Geve us leve to don her dwelle,
Fro that begynnes the gospelle
Tyll the messe be sungge and sayd,
And thou schalt se a queynte brayd."
The kyng grauntyd, with good wylle,
To holde her with strengthe stylle:
" Neyther for wele neyther for woo,
Let her nought out fro kyrke goo."
And whene the belle began to ryng,
The preest scholde make the sakeryng,
Out of the kyrke sche wolde away.
The erle, for gode, sayde: " Nay,
Lady, thou schalt here abyde,
For any thyng that may betyde."
Sche took her doughtyr in her hond
And Jhon her son, sche wolde nought wonde;

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Out of the rofe she gan her dyght,
Openly before alle her sight.
John fel from th' eyr, in that stounde,
And brak his thygh on the grounde;
And with her daughter sche fled her waye,
That never aftyr sche was i-seye.
The kyng wondred of that thynge,
That sche made such an endynge.
For her love, that was servyd so,
Wolde he never aftyr com ther, ne go.
He let ordeyne, aftyr hys endynge,
His sone Rychard to be kyng.

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CHAP. II.

CONTENTS.

King Richard is crowned.—He proclaims a tournament.—In three disguises he justs with his knights, to discover the worthiest among them.—He chooses Sir Thomas Multon and Sir Fulk Doyly, discovers himself to them, and engages them to accompany him in the guise of palmers to the Holy Land.

CROWNED after Kyng Harry,
Thus was Rychard sykerly,
That was in his xvth yere;
He was a man of grete powere.
Dedes of armes he gaff hym to,
As falleth for kynges and knyghtes to do.
He wexyd so stronge and so wyght,
Ayenst hym had no man no myght.
In every stede he toke honour,
As a noble kyng and conquerour.
The fyrste yere that he was kyng,
At Salybury he made a justynge,

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And comaundyd every man to be there,
Bothe with shelde and with spere;
Erles and barouns everychone,
At home ne dwellyd never none,
On forfeyture on lyff and londe,
For no thyng that they ne wonde.
This was cryede, I understonde,
Thorwghout alle Yngelonde.
Al was for to loke, and se
The knyghtes that beste myght be.
There cam alle at hys wylle,
Hys comaundemente to fulfylle.
The partyes were sonder set,
Togyder they ranne without let.
Kyng Rychard gan hym dysguyse
In a ful strange queyntyse.
He cam out of a valaye,
For to se of theyr playe,
As a knyght aventurous.
Hys atyre was orgulous:
Al togyder cole black
Was hys horse withoute lacke;
Upon hys crest a raven stode,
That yaned as he wer wode;
And, aboute hys necke a bell;
Wherfore the resoun I shall you tell:
The oynge of the raven is,
In travayll for to be, I wys:

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Sygnyfyaunce of the bell,
With holy chyrche to dwell:
And them to noye and to greve
That be not in the ryght byleve.
He bare a schafte that was grete and strong,
It was fourtene foot long;
And it was grete and stout,
One and twenty ynches about.
The fyrst knyght that he there mette,
Ful egyrly he hym grette,
With a dente amyd the schelde;
His hors he bar doun in the felde:
And the knyght fel to grounde,
Ful nygh ded in that stounde.
The nexte that he mette thare,
A grete stroke he hym bare;
Hys forgette, with hys cornell tho,
Hys necke he brak there atwo.
Hys hors and he fel to grounde,
And dyed bothe in that stounde.
Kyng Rychard gan hove and abyde,
If any mo wolde to hym ryde.
Trumpettes began for to blowe,
Knyghtes justed in a rowe
Another knyght, hardy and good,
Sate on a stede red as blood.
He dydde hym aime and wel dyght,
In all that longed to a knyght:

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A shafte he toke grete and stronge,
That was so hevy and longe,
And sayde, he wolde to hym ryde
If he durste hym abyde.
Trumpettes began to blowe than;
Thereby wyste many a man,
That they scholde juste more,
The noble knyghtes that were thore.
Kyng Rychard of hym was ware,
And a spere to hym he bare,
And encountryd hym in the felde;
He bare away halfe hys schelde.
Hys pusen therwith gan gon,
And also hys brandellet bon,
Hys vyser and hys gorgere;
Hym repented that he cam there.
Kyng Rychard hovyd, and behelde
And thoughte to reste hym in the felde,
If there were othyr knyght or swayne,
That wolde ryde hym agayne.
He sawgh there wolde come none;
On hys way he gan forth gone;
Into a wode out of theyr syght,
And in anothir tyre he hym dyght.
Upon a stede rede as blode,
With al the tyre that on hym stode,
Horse and schelde, armure and man,
That no man scholde knowe hym than;

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Upon hys creste a rede hounde,
The tayle henge to the grounde:
That was sygnyfycacioun
The hethene folke to brynge doun;
Them to sle for Goddys love,
And Crysten men to brynge above.
Stylle he hovyd and bode yore;
To them he thought to ryde more.
He rode the thronge alle aboute,
He helde withinne and withoute.
A baroun he sawgh hym besyde;
Towarde hym he gan to ryde.
To a squyer he toke hys spere,
To hym he wolde not it bere.
Forth he toke a mansell;
A stroke he thought to be set well
On hys helme that was so stronge,
Of that dente the fyr outspronge.
The baroun turnyd hym asyde,
And sayde: "Felawe, out thou ryde!
With thy peres go and play;
Come no more here, I thee pray!
And sykerly, if thou do,
Thou schalt have a knocke or two."
Kyng Rychard wondred in hys thought,
That he set hys stroke at nought,
And came agayn by another way,
And thought to make a better pay.

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In his stirope up he stode,
And smote to hym with irefull mode.
He sette hys stroke on hys yren hat,
But that other in hys sadell sat.
Hastely, without wordes mo,
Hys mase he toke in hys honde tho,
That was made of yoten bras:
He wondryd who that it was.
Suche a stroke he hym lente,
That Richard's feet out of his styropes wente,
For plate, ne for acketton,
For hauberk, ne for campeson,
Suche a stroke he had none ore,
That dydde hym halfe so moche sore.
Ful swythe away he gan ryde,
Out of the prees there besyde.
To hymself he sayde tho:
"Of suche strokes kepe I no mo!"
He wente doun to a well,
And, with hys helme, dranck hys fell;
And watryd hys stede also:
In the thyrde atyre he let hym do.
Alle hys atyre whyte as mylke;
His cropere was of sylke;
Upon hys scholder a croys rede,
That betokeneth Goddys dede,
With hys enemyes for to fyght,
To wynne the croys if that he myght;

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Upon his schelde a dove whyte,
Sygnyfycacioun of the holy spryte,
To be bolde to wynne the pryce
And destroye Goddys enemyes.
Tho Kyng Rychard gan hym dyght
To another noble knyght:
Foulke Doyly was hys name;
The kyng hym lovyd for hys fame.
To hym a stroke Rychard dyght,
Wel to pay with al hys myght;
He smote hym on hys basinet
A grete dente withouten let;
It sounded to hys cheke bone.
Syr Foulk bad hym forth to gone,
That he ther no lenger byde,
In aventures if ony stroke betyde.
The kyng sawgh he felt no sore,
And thoughte for to geve hym more,
And another stroke he hym brayde;
Hys mase upon hys hed he layde:
With gode wyl that stroke he set.
The baroun thought he wolde hym let,
And with hys hevy mase of stele,
There he gaff the kyng hys dele,
That hys helme al to-rove,
And hym over hys sadell drove,
And hys styropes he forbare;
Such a stroke had he never are.

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He was so stonyed of that dente
That nygh he had hys lyff rente ;
And for that stroke that hym was geven,
He ne wyst whether it was day or even.
Tho he recouered of hys swowe,
To hys paleys he hym drowe.
Than he comaunded hastely
Herodes for to make cry,
And every man for to wende
Home to hys owne frende.
The kyng anon a messangere
Ful prevely he sente there,
To Syr Thomas of Multon,
That was a noble baron,
And to Syr Fowke Doyly,
That they come to hym on hy,—
" Lette them not dwelle in no manere,
Bydde hem to come bothe in fere !"
The messangeres therwith wente,
And sayde the kyng after hem sente,
Swythe for to come hym to,
Without delay that it be do.
The knyghtes hyed and were blythe,
To the kyng they wente swythe,
And kendely they hym grette,
And he hem toke and by hym sette,
And sayde to hem wordes free :
" Welcome be ye now to me !"

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In eythyr hond he tok on;
Into a chaumbyr he bad hem gon.
Quod Rychard: "Leve frendes twey,
Tel me the sothe, I yow prey,
Off these joustes, *peramours*,
What knyght was he that rode best cours,
And whiche coude best his crafte
For to demene well his shafte,
With dentes for to fell his foos?
Whiche of them wan the loos,
And who the styffeste tymbyr brak?"
Quod Multon: "On in a tyr blak
Com prickande ovyr the falewe feld;
Alle that was ther tho hym beheeld,
Hou he rod as he wer wood;
Aroume he hovyd, and withstood;
On hys crest sat a raven swart,
And he ne heeld with neyther part.
A schafft he bar styff and strong;
Of fourtene foote it was long,
On and twenty ynches aboute.
He askyd at all the route,
Gyff ony durste com and prove
A cours, for hys lemannes love,
With a knyght aventurous? Now here
A yonge knyght, a strong bachelere,
He hente a schafft and stede bystrod,
And to the knyght aventerous he rod.

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The aventerous wyth hym mette ;
Swylk a strok on hys schield he sette
That hors and man overthrewe.
But ther was no man that hy[m] knewe.
Trumpys blewe, herowdes gred,
And alle other off hym dred,
To juste with him efft with launse :
Enantyr hym tydde swylk a chaunse.
An hardy knyght, stout and savage,
Hent a schafft with gret rage.
' Now he has on off our felde ;
Wurthe we never for men telde,
Sith he hath don us thys despyte,
Yiffe he agayn passe quyte,
That he ne have fyrste a knok !'
He prykyd forth out off the flok,
With a long schafft stout and quarrey.
In myd the cours thenne mette they ;
The aventerous felde hym there with yre,
Doun off stede and brak hys swyre.
The thrydde knyght to speke bygan :
' This is a devyl, and no man,
That our folk felles and sleth :
Tyde me lyfe or tyde me deth,
I shall mete hym yef I may !'
The aventerous, with gret deray
So harde to our knyght he droff,
Hys schelde in twoo peses roff.

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Hys schuldre with hys schafft he brak,
And bar hym over hys hors bak,
That he fel doun and brak hys arme:
He ne dede hym no more harme.
The aventerous, tho, turnyd agayn
And hovyd stylle for to seyn,
Who durste jouste with hym more.
Off hym they wer adred ful sore,
That non durste jouste with hym efft,
Lest he hadde hem her lyf berefft;
And whenne he seygh ther com no moo,
He rod agayn ther he com froo.
" Aftyr the blak another come;
Alle the folk good kep nome.
Hys hors, and al hys atyr was red;
Hym semed wel to be aqued:
A red hound on hys helm above.
He comme to seke and to prove,
Yyf ony jouste with hym deir.
When none wolde, he was war,
With schafft to him make chalenge;
He rode doun ryght be the renge.
The devyl hym honge wher he be!
I n'ot what devyl hym eyled at me.
His schafft a sqyer he betook,
And behelde me with grymly look,
And smot me soo with hys mase,
Ne had be Jesu Cristys grace,

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My swyr hadde gon in twey.
I bad hym ryde forth hys wey,
Dele with foles as hymselff was.
Ageyn he com be another pas,
And gaf me a wel wers than that;
But styl in my sadyl I sat.
Tho seyde many a modyr sone:
'Allas, Ser Thomas off Multone,
That he is smete with unskyl!'
My mase I hente with gode wyl,
smot hym, that alle folk it seygh;
Doun off hys hors almost he fleygh.
Whenne I hym had a strok i-fet,
And wolde have blyssyd hym bet,
No moo strokes wolde he abyde:
Away swythe thenne gan he ryde."—
When Multoun hadde hys tale told,
Foulk Doyly, a baron bold,
Seyde to the Kyng Rychard:
"The thrydde, that com afftyrward,
In a tyr whyt as snowgh,
I byheeld hym heyghe and lowgh:
In hys scheeld a croys, red as blod;
A whyte culver on hys helme stod.
He hovyd, and byheeld us yerne,
Yiff ther was ony knyght so sterne,
So hardy and so strong off bone,
That durste jouste with him alone.

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Ther was non so stoute ne gryme,
That durste jouste tho with hym.
Doun by the renge he yede doun faste;
To me he com ryght at the last.
I wis, sere kyng—quod Ser Fouke,—
I wene that knyght was a pouke.
With hys mase on my basynet,
With hys ryght hand a stroke he set,
With wrathe strong, and egre mayn,
That nygh al stonyd was my brayn.
I spak to hym at wurdes fewe,
'Ryde now forth, thou wode schrewe,
And play with him that is thy pere!
Yiff thou come efft in this manere
For to be wys I schal thé teche.'
Efft he gan more cunteke seche.
A werre strok he gaff me yette;
And with my mase I hym grette.
Bothe hys styropes he forles;
And stonyd he rod out off the pres,
And agayn undyr wode bough."
Kyng Rychard sat fol stylle and lough,
And sayde: "Frendys sykyrly,
Takes nought to greeff; for it was I.
Whenne ye wer gaderyd alle in fere
Aventerous I com, in this manere,
Whoso was strongest yow to asaye,
And who cowde beste strokes paye

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Lordyngs,—he sayde,—wete ye nought,
What I have ordeynyd in my thought?
The Holy-lond to wende too,
We three, withouten knyghtes moo;
All in palmeres gyse,
The Holy land for to devyse.
To me I wole that ye be swore,
No man to wete that now is bore
Never, for wele ne for woo,
Tyl that we come and goo."
They grauntyd hym hys askyng
Withouten more agaynsayyng,
With hym to lyve and to dye,
And lette nought for love ne eye.
On the book they layde her hand,
To that forewarde for to stand;
And kyste hem thenne alle three,
Trewe sworn for to bee.
Trumpes blewe, and ganne to cry:
To mete wente they hastyly,
And on the twentythe day at ende,
They were redy for to wende,
With pyke and with sclavyn,
As palmers were in Paynym.

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CHAP. III.

CONTENTS.

Richard and his two Knights visit the Holy Land.—On their return through Germany, they are, by a minstrel, betrayed to the king, and imprisoned by him.—Richard, challenged by Ardour the king's son, kills him with a blow.—He is condemned to death, but relieved by the Princess Margery.—His private intercourse with her is discovered; and, by the advice of Sir Eldryd, a lion is brought into his prison to devour him.—Richard, however, pulls out the heart and kills him.—The King of Almayn resolves to take ransom for him.—The ransom is obtained from England, and Sir Richard, with his two Knights, set out on their return.

Now they dyght hem ful yare,
These three knyghtes for to fare.
They sette up sayl, the wynd was good,
They saylyd over the salte flood,
Into Flaundrys, I yow saye,
Rychard and his feres twaye.
Forth they wente, with glad cher,
Thorwgh manye londes, fer and nere, 620

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Tyl they come to Brandys,
That is a coost of mekyl prys.
A noble schyp they founde thare,
Into Cyprys redy to fare.
The seyl was reysyd, the schyp was strong,
And in the see they wer long;
And at the laste, I understande,
At Famagos they came to lande.
Ther they dwellyd fourty dawes,
For to lerne londes lawes;
And sethe dede hem on the see,
Toward Acres that cetè;
And so forth to Massedoyne,
And to the cité of Babyloyne;
And fro thennes to Cesare;
Off Nynyve they wer ware,
And the cité off Jerusalem,
And to the cité off Bedlem,
And to the cité of Sudan Turry,
And eke alsoo to Abedy,
And to the Castel Orglyious,
And to the cité Aperrous,
To Jaffe, and to Safrane,
To Tabaret, and Archane.
Thus they vysyted the Holy Land,
How they myght wynne it to her hand:
And seththe homeward they hem dyght,
To Yngelond with al her myght.

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Whenne they had passyd the gryt se,
In Alemayne, the palmeres thre,
There they wrought or thens they myghte goo,
That turnyd hem to mekyl woo.
I schal yow telle that be here;
Herkenes alle in what manere!
A goos they dyghte to her dynere,
In a taverne wher they were.
Kyng Rychard the fyre bet,
Thomas to the spytte hym set,
Fouk Doyly tempryd the wood:
Der aboughte they that good!
Whenne they hadde drunken wel, afin,
A mynstralle com ther in,
And sayde: "Goode men, wyttyly,
Wole ye have any mynstralsy?"
Rychard bad that he scholde goo;
That turnyd hym to mekyl woo.
The mynstralle took in mynde,
And sayde: "Ye are men unkynd!
And yiff I may, ye schall forthynk
Ye gaff mee neythyr mete ne drynk.
For gentylmen scholde bede,
To mynstrals that abouten yede,
Off her mete, wyn, and ale:
For los ryses of mynstrale."
He was Ynglysch and wel trew,
Be speche, and syghte, hyde and hew,

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His ways he takys fayr and wel,
Tyl he cam to the castel,
Thoo the kyng of Almayn was.
To the porter he made his pas,
And sayde: "Go in, sans bydyng,
And saye thus to thy lord the kyng:
'Ther ben come into thy lond
Thre palmers, I understond,
The strengest men in Cristiantè,
And I kan tell hem swyche they be.
Kyng Rychard, that ys so grym,
And to felawes he hath with hym,
Sir Foulke Doyly of renoun,
And Sir Thomas of Multoun."
The porter yeed into the hall,
And told hys lord these wordes all.
The kyng was glad of that tydyng,
And swore his oth, be hevene kyng,
The menstral that had don that deed,
Shuld have wel hys meed.
The kyng comaunded knyghtis thoo
To the cité for to goo,—
"And take the palmers all three,
And brynge hem her before me."
Forth in hey her weye they nomen,
To Rychardys in sone they comen,
And askyd: "Who is at mete here?"
And Rychard aunswerede in fayre manere:

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" We ben here palmers thre;
Out of hethenesse, I wys, com we."
The knyghtys sayde in heying,
" Ye meste speke with our lord the kyng,
For tydynges he wolde here fayne."
They token the palmers and went agayn.
Whanne her lord seygh Kyng Rychard,
He sayd: " This ys he, so *Dieu me gard!*
He it is, my dedly foo!
He schal abeyen it, or he goo!"
Tho askyd he the palmers thre:
" In my londes what seken ye?"
He seyd to hem, " With velanye
Ye be come my londe to spye,
And sum treson me for to don!"
Than sayde Kyng Rychard sone,
" We are palmers, forsothe to saye,
And wente here in Goddys waye."
The kyng callid Rychard be name,
And clepyd hym taylard, and sayde hym schame.
" Wel I wot, thou art a kyng,
And these thy werrours, withowt lesyng,
Thou semyst not wel erste bedyght:
Therfor I saye, that yt ys ryght,
That thou dwelle in a fowle dongon,
With gret skyll, and with gret reson."
Rychard sayde, with herte fre:
" Thou dost not ryght, so thynkyth me;

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Palmers that gon be the waye,
Thou schuldest not hem greve nyght nor day.
Sir kyng, for thy curtesy,
Do us here no velanye!
For his love that thee dere bought,
Lat us goo, and greve us nought.
Peraventure yet ye may betyde
In straunge cuntry to walkyn wyde."
The kyng comaunded swythe sone,
In strong presoun they schuld be done.
His jayler hem gan underfong,
And took Kyng Rychard be the hond,
And bothe hys felawes hym wyth.
Tho hadde ther no man gryth,
Tyl that oder day at pryme.
The kyng sone, that ylke tyme,
Ardour was hys name,
He thowte to do Rychard schame;
For he was holdyn, I understond,
The strengest man of that lond.
To the jayler thanne sayd he:
" Thy presoners let me see!"
The jayler sayde: " Sir, at thy will!
Thy comaundement I wil fulfyll."
He browt them owt sone anon,
And Kyng Rychard gan first outgon.
The kyngs sone hym spake anan:
" Arte thou, Richard, that strong man

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As men sayn in every lond?
Wilt thou stand a befet of my hond?
And anon I gyfe thè leve
Another buffet thou me geve."
Hastely then Kyng Richard
Graunted hym that foreward.
The kynges sone, kene and proud,
Gaf Kyng Richard swylke a ner clout,
That the fyr of hys heyen sprong:
Richard thawt he deed hym wrong;—
" I swer by Seynt Elyne,
To morwe it is tyme to paye myne."
The kyngys sone on hym lowgh,
And bad, he schulde have his will now,
Bothe of drynke and of mete,
Of the beste that he wolde eete;
That him ne thorst yt not wyte,
For febyl his dynt to smyte.
On the morwe, whenne is was day,
Richard aros withouten delay,
And a fer he hath hym dyght;
And took wax, fayr and bryght:
Be the fer he waxid his hond,
Al abowte I understond.
The kyngys sone cam to hym thanne,
To holde forward as a trewe manne;
And befor Richard stood,
And spok to hym with egyr mood:

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" Smyte, Richard, with al thy myght,
As thou art a trewe knyght,
And if ever I stope or held,
I hope never to ber scheld!"
Under hys cheek hys hond he leyd,—
(He that it saw the sothe sayde,)—
Flesch and skyn away he drow;
Al doun he fel in a swow.
In twoo he brak hys cheke bon;
He fel doun ded as ony ston.
A knyght sterte to the kyng,
And tolde hym this tydyng,
That Rychard has his sone i-slon.
" Allas," he sayde, " now have I non!"
With that noyse he fyl to grounde;
As man that was in woo i-bounde,
Swownyd for sorwe at her feet.
A knyght took hym up ful skeet,
And sayde: " Sere, let be that thought!
Now it is don it helpes nought."
The kyng spak thenne, an hy,
To the knyght that stood him by,
" Tel me swythe off this cas,
In what manere he ded was."
Stylle they stood everylkon,
For sorwe they myghte hym telle non.
With that noyse ther com the qwene.
" Allas, sche sayde, how may this bene?

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Why is this sorwe and this far?
Who has brought yow alle in car?"
" Dame, he sayd, west thou nought?
Thy fayr sone to dethe is brought!
Siththe that I was born to man,
Swylke sorwe hadde I never nan!
All my joye is turnyd to woo;
For sorwe I wole my selve sloo!"
Whenne the qwene it undyrstood,
For sorwe, sertys, sche was nygh wood.
Sche gahchyd herself in the vysage,
As a wymman that wolde be rage;
The face fomyd al on blod;
Sche rent the robe that sche in stod,
Wrong her handes that sche was born:
" In what manere is my sone i-lorn?"
The kyng sayde: " I telle thè,
The knyght here standes, he tolde it me.
Now tel the sothe,—quod the kyng than—
In what manere this dede began;
And, but thou the sothe saye,
An evele deth shalt thou daye."
The knyght callyd the jayler,
And bad that he sholde stonde ner,
To bere wytnesse of that sawe,
In what manere that he was slawe.
The jayler sayde: " Yestyrday, at pryme,
Your son com, in evyl time,

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To the prison-dore to me;
The palmers he wolde see,
And fette hem forth anon.
The formest Rychard gan gon.
Ardru askyd hym, withouten let,
Yiff he durste stonde hym a buffet,
And he wolde him another stand,
As he was true knyght in land.
And Rychard sayde: 'By this light,
Smyt on, sere, and doo thy myght!'
Ardru so Rychard smette,
That wel nygh he ovyrsette:
'Rychard, he sayde, now bydde I thee,
To morwe another now geve thou me!'
They departyd in this wyse.
At morwe Rychard gan aryse,
And your sone anon he come,
And Rychard agayn hym the way nome.
As covenant was between hem tway,
Rychard hym smot, forsothe to say,
Evene in twoo hys cheke bon.
He fyl doun ded as ony stone.
As I am sworn unto yow here,
Thus it was, and in this manere!"
The kyng sayd, with egre wylle:
"In prisoun they shal leve stylle;
And feteres hem for the best!
For the dedes that are unwrest,

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That he has my sone i-slawe
He shal dye be ryght lawe."
The porter yede, als he was sent,
To don his lordys comaundement.
That day eete they no meete,
Ne no drynk myghte they gete.
The kynges doughter lay in her bower,
With her maydenys of honour;
Margery her name hyght;
Sche lovyd Rychard with alle her myght.
At the midday, before the noon,
To the prisoun sche wente soon,
And, with here, maydenes three.
" Jayler, sche sayde, let me see
Thy prisoners now hastyly!"
Blethely he sayde: " Sykyrly."
Forth he fette Rychard anon ryght,
Fayr he grette that lady bryght,
And sayde to her, with herte free:
" What is thy wille, Lady, with me?"
Whenne sche sawgh him, with eyen twoo,
Her love sche cast upon hym tho,
And sayd: " Rychard, save God above,
Of alle thyng moste I thè love!"
" Allas,—he sayde, in that stounde,—
With wrong am I brought to grounde!
What myght my love doo to thee?
A pore prisoner, as thou may see.

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This is that other day i-gon
That meete ne drynk ne hadde I non!"
The lady hadde off hym pyté,
And sayde, it scholde amendyd be.
Sche comaundyd the jayler,
Meete and drynk to fette hym ther,—
" And the yryns from him take,
I comaunde thè for thy sake.
And aftyr soper, in the evenyng,
To my chaumbyr thou hym bryng,
In the atyr of a squyer:
Myselff thenne schal kepe hym ther.
Be Jesu Cryst, and Seynt Symon,
Thou schalt have thy waryson!"—
At even the porter forgat it nought;
To her chaumbyr Rychard was brought.
With that lady he dwellyd stylle,
And playde with her all his fylle,
Tyl the sevenyght day, sykyrly,
He yede and cam fol pryvyly.
He was aspyyd off a knyght,
That to her chaumber he com o-nyght.
Prevyly he tolde the kyng,
Forleyn was his doughter yyng.
The kyng askyd ful soone,
" Who thenne hath that dede i-done?"
" Rychard, he sayde, that tretour!
He has don this dyshonour.

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Sere, be my Crystyndham,
I saw whenne he yede and cam."
The kyng in hert sykyd sore;
To hym thenne spak he no more,
But swythe, withouten fayle,
He sente aftyr hys counsayle,
Erlis, barouns and wyse clerkes,
To telle off these wooful werkes,
The messangerys gan forth gon,
Hys counsaylleres they com anon.
By that it was the fourtenthe day,
The counsaylers come, as I yow say.
Al with on they grette the kyng,
The sothe to say, withouten lesyng.
" Lordyngs, he sayd, welcomes alle!"
They wente them forth into an halle,
Among hem the kyng hym set,
And sayde to hem withouten let:
" Why I have aftyr yow sent,
To geve a traytour jugement,
That has don me gret tresoun:
Kyng Rychard is in my prisoun."—
Alle he tolde hem, in is sawe,
Hou he hadde hys sone i-slawe,
And hys doughtyr also forlayn—
" That he wer ded I wer ful fayn!
But now it is ordeynyd soo,
Men schal noo kyng to deth doo."

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To hym spak a bold baroun,
" Hou com Kyng Rychard in prisoun ?
He is halde so noble a kyng,
To hym dar no man doo no thyng."
The kyng hym tolde, in all wyse,
Hou he founde hym in disguise,
And with hym othyr twoo barouns,
Noble men off gret renouns :—
" I took hem, thorwe suspeccyon,
In this manere to my prisoun."
He took leve at hem ylkone,
Into a chaumbyr he bad hem gone,
For to take her counsayle,
What hem myghte best avayle.
In her speche they dwellyd thar,
Thre dayes and sumdel mar.
Some wolde have hym adawe,
And some sayde it was not lawe.
In this manere, for her jangelyng,
They myghte acorde for no thyng.
The wyseste sayde, " Verament,
We can hym geve no jugement."
Thus aunsweryd they the kyng,
Certaynly, withoute lesyng.
A knyght spak swythe to the kyng :
" Sere, greve yow no thyng.
Ser Eldryd, for sothe I-wis,
He can telle what best is,

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For he is wys man of red
Manye has he don to ded."
The kyng bad, withouten lette,
That he wer before hym fette.
He was brought before the kyng;
He askyd hym, in hys sayyng:
" Canst thou telle me, in ony manere,
Off Kyng Rychard that I vengyd were?"
He aunsweryd with herte free,
" Theron I moot avysed bee.
Ye weten wel, it is no lawe
A kyng to hange and to drawe.
Ye schal do, be my resoun:
Hastely take your lyoun,
And with-haldes hym hys meete;
Three dayes that he nought eete;
And Rychard into chaumbyr ye doo,
And lete the lyoun wende hym too:
In this manere he schal be slawe.
Than dost thou nought ayeyns the lawe.
The lyoun schal hym ther sloo;
Then art thou wroken off thy foo."
The mayd aspyyd that resoun,
That he scholde dye thorwgh tresoun,
And aftyr hym sone sche sente,
To warne hym of the jugemente.
When he to the chaumbyr com than,
" Welcome, sche sayde, my lemman!

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My lorde has ordeynyd thè, thorwgh red,
The thrydde day to be don to ded.
Into a chaumbyr thou schalt be doo,
A lyoun schal be late thè too,
That is for-hongryd swythe sore;
Thanne, wot I wel, thou levyst no more!
But, leve lemman,—thenne sayd schee,—
To nyght we wol off lande flee,
With gold, and sylvyr, and gret tresore,
Inowgh to have for evyrmore."—
Rychard sayde: "I undyrstande
That wer agayn the lawe of lande,
Away to wende withouten leve:
The kyng ne woll I nought so greve.
Off the lyoun ne geve I nought;
Hym to sle now have I thought:
Be pryme, on the thrydde day,
I geve thè hys herte to pray."
Kevercheves he askyd of sylk,
Fourty, whyte as ony mylk:—
"To the prisoun thou hem bryng,
A lytyl before the evenyng."—
Whenne it to the tyme cam,
The wey to the prisoun the mayd nam;
And with her a noble knyght.
Her soper was ful wel i-dyght.
Rychard bad hys twoo feres,
Come to hym to her soperes,—

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" And thou, sere porter, alsoo,
The lady comaundes thè thertoo."
That nyght they wer glad inowgh,
And sythen to the chaumbyr they drowgh.
But Rychard and that swete wyght,
Dwellyd togedder al that nyght.
At morwe, whenne it was day,
Rychard her prayd to wende her way.
" Nay, sche sayde, be God above,
I schal dye here for my love!
Ryght now here I wole abyde,
Though me scholde the deth betyde.
Sertys, henne wole I nought wende;
Here I wole take myn ende."
Rychard sayde: " Lady free,
But yiff thou wende swythe fro me,
Thou schalt greve me so sore,
That I ne schal nevyr love thè more."
Ther agayn sche sayde: " Nay!
Lemman have thou good day!
God, that dyed upon the tree
Save thee, yiff hys wylle bee!"
The keverchefes he took on honde;
Abouten hys arme he hem wonde.
He thought with that ylke wyle
To sloo the lyon with sum gyle,
And seyngle in a kertyl he stood,
Abood the lyon fers and wood.

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With that com the jaylere,
And other twoo with hym in fere,
And the lyon hem among.
Hys pawes was bothe scharp and long.
Rychard cryed: "Help, Jesu!"
The lyon made a gret venu,
And wolde have him al to-rent;
Kyng Rychard thenne besyde he glent.
Upon the brest the lyoun he spurnyd,
That al aboute the lyoun turnyd.
The lyoun was hungry and megre,
And bit his tayl for to be egre.
Faste aboute, on the wowes,
Abrod he spredde alle hys powes,
And roynyd lowde, and gapyd wyde.
Kyng Rychard bethought hym that tyde,
What it was best, and to hym sterte,
In at hys throte hys arme he gerte;
Rent out the herte with hys hand,
Lungges, and lyvere, and al that he fand.
The lyoun fel ded to the grounde.
Rychard hadde neyther wemme ne wounde.
He knelyd doun in that place
And thankyd God off hys grace,
That hym kepte fro schame and harme.
He took the herte, al so warme,
And brought it into the halle,
Before the kyng and hys men alle.

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The kyng at meete sat on des,
With dukes, and erles, prowde in pres.
The saler on the table stood,
Rychard prest out al the blood,
And wette the herte in the salt,
(The kyng and al hys men behalt)
Withouten bred the herte he eet.
The kyng wonderyd, and sayde skeet:
"I-wis, as I undyrstande can,
This is a devyl and no man,
That has my stronge lyoun slawe,
The herte out of hys body drawe,
And has it eeten with good wylle!
He may be callyd, be ryght skylle,
Kyng i-crystenyd off most renoun,
Stronge Rychard Coer de Lyoun!"
Now off this lete we bee,
And off the kyng speke wee.
In care and mornyng he ledes hys lyff,
And offten he calles hymself caytyff;
Bannes the tyme that he was born,
For hys son that was forlorn,
And hys doughtyr that was bylayn,
And hys lyoun that was soo slayn.
Erlys and barouns come hym too,
And hys qwene dede alsoo,
And askyd hym what hym was.
"Ye weten wel, he sayde, my cas,

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And why I leve in strong dolour,
For Rychard the strong traytour
Has me wrought so mekyl woo,
I may hym nought to deth doo.
Therfore I wole, for hys sake,
Raunsun for hys body take,
For my doughter that he has schent,
Agayn the staat of sacrament,—
Off enny kyrk that preest in syng,
Messe in sayd, or belle in ryng,
There two chalyses inne bee,
That on schal be brought to mee:
And yiff there be moo than thoo,
The halvyndel schal come me too.
Whenne I am servyd off that fee,
Thenne schal Rychard delyveryd bee.
Thus," he sayd, "it schal be doo."
The barouns grauntyd weel thertoo.
Kyng Rychard they afftyr sente,
For to her that ordeynemente.
Kyng Rychard com into the halle.
And grette the kyng, and hys men alle.
Thenne sayde the kyng, "Verrayment,
We have lokyd, thorwgh jugement,
That thou schalt paye raunsoun,
For thee and thy twoo baroun:
Off every kyrke in thy lande,
Thou schalt doo me to hand,

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There twoo chalyses inne bee,
That on schal be brought to me:
And yiff ther be moo than thoo,
The halvyndel schal com me too.
Thorwghout thy land, wete it weel,
I wole have the halvyndel.
When thou hast thus maad thy pay
I geve thè leve to wend thy way;
And my doughter alsoo with thee,
That I yow neuer with eyen see."
Kyng Rychard sayde, "As thou hast told
To that forewarde I mee hold."
Kyng Rychard, curteys and hende,
Sayde: "Who wole for me wende
To Engeland to my chaunceler,
That my raunsoun be payde her?
And who so doo it, withouten fayle,
I schal aquyt hym weel hys travayle."
Up ther stood an hende knyght,
"The message I wole doo ful ryght."
Kyng Rychard dede a lettre wryte,
(A noble clerk it gan adyte)
And made therinne mensyoun,
More and lesse, of the raunsoun.
"Gretes wel, as I yow say,
Bothe myn erchebysschopys tway,
And so ye doo the chaunceler,
To serve the lettre in all maner,

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In no maner the lettre fayle ;
Sykyrly it schal hem avayle."
Hys seel theron he has set.
The knyght it takes withouten let,
Dyghtes hym, and made hym yare,
On the see for to fare.
Whenne he was theron brought,
To gon hys way forgat he nought.
To London he hyyd hym anon.
Ther he fond hevi everylkon.
He took the lettres as I yow say,
To the erchebysschopys tway,
And bad hem faste don it rede :
" It is don for mekyl nede !"
The chaunceler the wex to-brak ;
Sone he wyste what to spak.
The lettre was redd among hem alle,
What theroff scholde befalle :
How Kyng Rychard with tresoun,
In Alemayne dwelles for raunsoun ;
The kyngys sone he has slayn,
And alsoo hys doughter he hath forlayn,
And alsoo slayn hys lyoun ;
Alle these harmes he hath done.
They boden clerkys forth to wende,
To every kyrke fer and hende,
Hastely that it wer sped,
And the tresore to hym led.

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" Messanger, thenne sayden hee,
Thou schalt dwelle and have with thee,
Fyve byschoppys to ryde thee by,
And fyve barons sykyrly,
And other folk inowe with thee;
In us schal no fawte bee."—
Off every kyrke lesse and more,
Thus gaderys up the tresore,
And over the see thenne are they went,
For to make the fayr present.
Whenne they comen the cité too,
The riche kyng they grette thoo,
And sayden, as they wer bethought,
" Sere, thy raunsoun is here i-brought;
Takes it al to your wyl,
Lat goo these men as it is skyl."
Sayde the kyng: " I geve hem leve
" I ne schal hem no more greve."
He took hys doughter by the hand,
And bad her swythe devoyde hys land.
The qwene saw what scholde falle,
Her doughtyr sche gan to chaunbyr calle,
And sayde: " Thou schalt dwelle with me,
Tyl Kyng Rychard send aftyr thè,
As a kyng dos afftyr hys qwene.
So I rede that it schal bene."

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CHAP. IV.

CONTENTS.

The Holy Land had been betrayed into the hands of the Saracens.—Richard, in consequence of Pope Urban's bull of crusade, collects a vast army, sends one part by sea, and traverses with the other Germany.—He is refused victuals at Cologne, and is visited by the King's daughter.—Then he marches to King Modard's residence, Carpentras.—The Kings are reconciled; Modard gives valuable presents to King Richard, and sends one hundred knights to accompany him to the Holy Land.

Kyng Rychard, and hys feres twoo,
Took ther leve, and gunne to goo
Hom agayn unto Yngelonde.
Thanked be Jesu Crystys sonde!
They com to London that cyté.
Hys erles, and hys barouns free,
They thankyd God alle so blyve,
That they seygh her lord on lyve.
Hys twoo feres wenten home,
Her frendes were glad off her come;

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Bathid her bodyys, that wer sore,
For the travayle they hadd before.
Thus they dwellyd half a yer,
Among her frendes off gret powèr,
Tyl they wer stalworth to fond.
The kyng comaundyd, thorwgh the lond,
At London to make a parlement.
Non withstoude hys comaundement,
As they wolden saven her lyff,
And her chyldren and her wyff.
To Londoun, to hys somouns,
Come erl, bysschop, and barouns,
Abbotes, pryests, knyghtes, squyers,
Burgeyses, and manye bachelers,
Serjaunts, and every freeholdande,
The kynges hest to undyrstande.
Before that tyme a gret cuntrè
That was beyonde the Grykkyssche see,
Acres, Surry, and fele landes,
Were in Crystene mennes handes,
And the croys that Cryst was on ded,
That bought us alle fro the qued,
And al the cuntrè of Bethlem,
And the town of Jerusalem,
Off Nazareth and off Jerycho,
And alle Galilee alsoo.
Ilke palmer, and ilke pylgryme,
That wolde thedyr goo that tyme,

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Myghte passe, with good entent,
Withouten raunsoun, and ony rent,
Other off sylvyr or off golde,
To every plase that he wolde;
Fond he no man hym to mys-say,
Ne with evele hondes on hym to lay.
Off Surry land the Duke Mylon
Was lord that stound, a wol bold baroun.
Mawgre the Sawdon that lond he held,
And werryed weel with speer and sheeld.
He, and the doughty erl Renaud
Wel offten gaff they wol hard assaut,
And wol offten, in playn batayle,
They slowe knyghtes and gret putayle
Off Sarezynys that mys-belevyd.
The Sawdon was sore agrevyd.
Crystenes off Acres, over strong
Off the Eerl Joys that was hem among,
To whom Mylon tryste mekyl,
And he was traytour fals and fykyl;
The Sawdon stylly to hym sente,
And behighte hym land and rente,
The Crystene hoost to betray,
Whenne he had wunne hem for to paye
Off gold many a thousand pounde;
The eerl grauntyd hym that stound.
Another traytour, Markes Ferant,
He wyst alsoo off that covenaunt.

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He hadde part off the golde the eerl took,
And aftyrward Crystyndom forsook.
Thus, thorwgh tresoun of the Eerl Joys,
Surry was lorn and the holy croys.
The Duke Renaud was hewe smale,
Al to pesys, so says oure tale.
The Duke Mylon was geven hys lyff,
And fleygh out off land with hys wyff,
(He was heyr off that lande,
Kyng Bawdewynys sone, I undyrstande,)
That no man wyste nevyr sithe,
Wher he become, ne in what kithe:
So that this los and this pyté,
Sprong out thorwgh al Crystenté.
An holy Pope, that hyghte Urban,
Sente to eche a Crystene man,
And asoylyd hem of her synne,
And gaff hem paradys to wynne,
Alle that wolde thedyr gon,
To wreke Jesu off hys foon.
The Kyng of Fraunce, withouten fayl,
Thedyr he went with gret vytayle,
The Duke of Bloys, the Duke of Burgoyne,
The Duke of Ostrych, and the Duke of Assoyne,
And the Emperor off Alemagne,
And the good Knyght of Bretagne,
The Eerl off Flandres, the Eerl off Cologne,
The Eerl off Artays, the Eerl of Bologne.

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Mekyl folk wente thyder before
That nygh hadde her lyff forlore,
In grete hete and hongyr hard,
As ye may here afftyrward.
In hervest, afftyr the nativité,
Kyng Rychard, with gret solempnité,
At Westemynstyr heeld a ryal feste,
With bysschop, eerl, baron honeste,
Abbotes, knyghtes, swaynes strong;
And afftyr mete, hem among,
The kyng stood up and gan to sayn:
" My leve frendes, I wole yow prayn
Beth in pès, lystenes my tale!
Erlys, barouns, grete and smale,
Bysschop, abbot, lewyd and lerde,
Al Crystyndom may ben aferde;
The Pope Urban has to us sent,
Hys bulle, and hys comaundement,
How the Sawdon has fyght begunne;
The toun of Acres he has wunne,
Thorwgh the Eerl Joys, and hys trehcherye,
And al the kyngdom off Surrye.
Jerusalem and the croys is lorn,
And Bethlem, ther Jesu Cryst was born.
The Crystene knyghtes be hangyd and drawe,
The Sarezynys have them now i-slawe,
Crystene men, chyldren, wyff, and groom;
Wherefore the lord, the Pope of Room,

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Is agrevyd and anoyyd
That Crystyndom is thus destroyyd.
Ilke Crystene kyng he sendes bode,
And biddes, in the name of Gode,
To wende thedyr, with greet hoost,
For to felle the Sarezynys bost:
Wherefore, myselff, I have mente
To wende thedyr, with swerdes dente,
Wynne the croys and gete los.
Now, frendes, what is your perpos?
Wole ye wende? says: ye or nay!"
  Erles and barouns, and alle thay,
Sayde: "We ben at on acord
To wende with thee, Rychard our lord."
Quod the kyng: "Frendes, gromercy!
It is our honour: lystenes why!
Wendes and graunts the pope hys boon,
As other Crystenes kynges have don.
The Kyng of Fraunce is went forth.
I rede, est, west, south and north,
In Yngelonde that we do crye,
And make a playn croyserie."
  Mekyl folk, that the croys wolde nomen,
To Kyng Rychard they were comen;
On hors and foot, wel aparaylyd;
Two hundred schyppys ben wel vytailid,
With force hawberks, swerdes and knyvys;
Thrittene schyppys i-lade with hyvys

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Off bees; off tymbyr grete schydys clong,
He leet mak a tour ful strong,
That queyntyly engynours made;
Therwith three schyppys wer wel lad.
Another schyp was laden yet
With an engyne hyghte Robynet.
(It was Rychardys o mangenel,)
And al the takyl that therto fel.
Whenne they war dyght all yare,
Out of havene for to fare,
Jesu hem sente wynde ful good,
To ber hem over the salte flood.
Kyng Rychard sayde to hys schypmen,
" Frendes, doth as I yow ken!
And Maystyr Aleyn Trenchemer,
Whether ye come fer or nere,
And ye meten, be the see stronde
Schyppys off ony Crystene londe,
Tho Crystene men, off lyff and leme
Loke no godes he hem beneme!
And yyff ye ony Sarezynys mete,
Loke on lyve that ye non lete!
Catayl, dromoun, and galeye,
Al I yow geve unto your preye.
But, at the cyté off Marchyle,
Ther ye moot abyde a whyle,
Be cable and ankyr for to ryde,
Me and myn hoost for to abyde.

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For I and my knightes off mayn,
Wole hastely wende thorwgh Alemayn,
To speke with Modard the kyng,
To wete why, and for what thyng,
That he me in prisoun heelde.
But he my tresore agayn yelde,
That he off me took with falshede,
I schal quyten hym hys mede."
Thus Kyng Rychard, as ye may here,
Bycome Goddys own palmere,
Agayns Goddys wytherhyngs.
The erchebisschop Bawdewynys,
Beffore went with knyghtys fin,
Be Braundys and be Constantin:
And at the last, thenne aftyrward,
Thenne com the doughty man Rychard.
Three hoostes Kyng Rychard gan make,
Into hethenesse, for Goddys sake:
In the formest warde hymselfe wolde be,
With hardy men off gret pousté.
That other ledes Fouk Doyly;
Thomas, the thrydde sykyrly.
Every hoost with hym gan lede,
Fourty thousand, good at nede,
None therinne but man of myght,
That wer wel provyd in werre and fyght.
Kyng Rychard callyd his justys:
" Lokes, that ye doo be my devys!

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My land kepes with skele and lawe:
Traytours lokes ye hang and drawe.
In my stede schal be her
The bisschop off York my chaunceler.
I wole that ye ben at hys wylle,
To wyrke afftyr ryght and skylle,
That I herafftvr here no stryff,
As ye wole save yowr owne lyff!
And in the name of God Almyght,
Ledes the pore men be ryght!"—
Thertoo heeled they up her hand,
With ryght to lede alle Yngeland.
Bysschops gaff hem her benyson,
And prayde for hem in kyrke and toun;
And prayde Jesu Cryst hem spede,
In Hevene to quyte hem her mede!
Now is Kyng Rychard passyd the see.
Sone he delt hys hoost in thre,
For he wolde nought folk anoye,
And her goodes nought destroye,
Ne nothyng take withouten pay.
The kyng comaundyd, as I yow say,
Every hoost fro othyr ten myle:
Thus he ordeynyd that whyle,
In the myddle hoost hymself to gyde,
And hys hoostes on bothe syde.
Forth they went, withouten ensoyne,
To the cytè off Coloyne.

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The hye men of that cyté,
Comaundyd as I schal tel ye:
" No man selle hem no fowayle,
For no thyng that myght avayle."
The styward tolde Rychard the kyng,
Sone anon off that tydyng,
That he myght no fowayle beye,
Neythyr for love, neyther for eye,—
" Thus deffendes Modard the kyng;
For he hates yow ovyr al thyng,
Weel ye woot that ye have swore,
Al that ye take to paye therfore;
Ye wole take with no maystry:
Therfore he wenes sykyrly,
That ye schul have mete non;
Thus he thynkes yowr men to slon."
Kyng Rychard aunsweryd as hym thought:
" That ne schal us lette nought.
Now, styward, I warne thè,
Bye us vessel gret plenté,
Dysschys, cuppys, and sawsers,
Bolles, treyes, and platers,
Fattys, tunnes, and costret,
Makes our mete withouten let,
Whether ye wole sethe or brede;
And the pore men al, so God yow spede,
That ye fynde in the toun,
That they come at my somoun."

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Whenne the mete was greythyd and dyght,
The kyng comaundyd to a knyght,
" Afftyr the mayr swythe sende,
For he is curteys and kende."
The mayr come, as I have sayde ;
Bord and cloth was redy layde.
Anon they wer to borde sette,
And fayr servyse byfore hem fette.
Kyng Rychard askyd in hyyng,
" Ser mayr, wher is thy lord the kyng ?"
" Sere, he sayd, at Gumery,
Sykyrly withouten ly.
And alsoo my lady the qwene ;
The thrydde day, ye schal hem sene,
And Margery, his doughtyr free,
That of yowr comyng glad wil be."
Thenne, as it was lawe off land,
A messanger ther com rydand,
Upon a stede whyt so mylke,
His trappys wer off tuely sylke,
With five hundred belles ryngande,
Wel fayre off syght, I undyrstande.
Doun off hys stede he lyght,
And grette Kyng Rychard fayr, i-plight :
" The kyngs doughtyr, that is so free,
Sche greetes thè wel by me :
With an hondryd knyghts, and moo,
Sche comes, as you to bedde goo."

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Kyng Rychard aunsweryd in hyyng :
" Welcome,—he sayde,—ovyr alle thyng !"
He made ryght merye the messanger,
With glad herte and merye chere,
And gaff hym a cloth off golde,
For he was to hym leeff i-hold.
They com to hym that ylke nyght,
The knyghtes and the lady bryght.
Whenne Kyng Rychard myght her see :
" Welcome, lemman !" sayde he.
Ayther off hem othyr gan kysse,
And maden mekyl ioye and blysse.
Thenne they dwellyd tyl it wer day ;
At morwe they wenten in her way.
At mid-day, before the noon,
They come to a cyté boon,
The name was callyd Marburette.
Ther the kyng hym wolde lette.
Hys mareschal swythe com hym too :
" Sere, he sayde, hou schal we doo ?
Swylk fowayle as we bought yistyrday,
For no catel gete I may."
Rychard aunsweryd, with herte free,
" Off froyt here is gret plenté !
Fyggys, raysyns, in frayel,
And notes may serve us fol wel,
And wex sumdel caste thertoo,
Talwgh and grese menge alsoo ;

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And thus ye may our mete make,
Sethe ye mowe non othyr take."
  Ther they dwellen alle that nyght.
On the morwe to wenden they have tyght
To the cyté off Carpentras,
Ther Kyng Modard hymselff was.
Further thenne myght he fle hym nought;
Thorwgh the land he had hym sought.
Kyng Rychard hys hostel gan take,
Ther he gan hys fyrste wrak.
With gret wrong agayn the ryght,
For the goos that he hadde dyght.
  Kyng Modard wot Rychard is come,
Wele he wenes to be nome,
And in prisoun ay to bee,
" But yiff my doughtyr helpe mee !"
Sche come to hym ther he sat,
" What now, fadyr, hou is that ?"
" Sertys, doughtyr, I gete blame,
But yiff yow helpe, I goo to schame."
" Setes, sere, sche sayde than,
As I am gentyl-woman,
Yiff ye wole be myld of mood,
Kyng Rychard wol do yow but good.
But grauntes hym, with good wylle,
That he wyl aske, and fulfylle
And doo you al in hys mercy,
Ye schal be kyssyd, be our lady !

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Ye, that have ben so wrothe,
Ful fayr acordyd ye schal be bothe,
And eke alsoo my lady the qwene;
Goode frendes thenne schole ye bene."
Sche took her fadyr, and with hym yede,
To Kyng Rychard, as I you rede;
And alsoo erles, and barouns moo,
And syxty knyghtes withouten thoo.
Kyng Rychard sawgh how that he com;
The way agayns hym he gan nom.
Kyng Modard on knees hym sette;
The Kyng Rychard ful fayr he grette;
And sayde: "Sere, I am at thy wylle."
Sayde Rychard: "I wole nought but skylle:
What so thou yelde agayn my tresore,
I schal thè love for ever more,
Love thee, and be thy frende!"
Quod Modard: "My sone hende,
I wole thè swere upon a booke;
Redy is it I off thee tooke;
Redy is all thy tresore,
Yiff thou wilt have it; and mekyl more
I schal thee geve, my pes to make!"
Kyng Rychard gan hym in armes take,
And kyste hym ful fele sythe:
They wer frendes and made hem blythe.
That ilke day, Kyng Modard
Eet, I wis, with Kyng Rychard.

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And aftyr mete, sone and swythe,
Kyng Rychard spak, with wordis blythe,
To the kyng that sat hym by:
" Welcome be thou sykyrly!
Sere, of thy love I pray thee,
Off thyn help to wende with me,
To Hethynnesse, withouten fayle,
For Goddes love to geve batayle."
The kyng grantyd, al in grith,
Al hys land-folk to wende hym with,
" And myselff to wende thertoo."—
" Nay, quod Rychard, I wole nought so!
Thou art to old at bykyr and fyght.
But I pray thè, that thou me dyght
An hondryd knyghtes, styff to stand,
And the beste in alle thy land,
(And of vytayle redy bon,
For al a yer that it be don,)
And squyers, that falles hem too."
The kyng grauntyd to be soo.
" Anothyr thyng I schal thè geve,
That may thè help whyl that thou leve:
Two ryche rynges off golde,
The stones therinne be ful bold.
Hennes to the lond off Ynde,
Better thenne [they] schalt thou none fynde:
For who soo has that on stone,
Watyr ne schal hym drenche none;

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That othyr stone who soo that bere,
Fyr ne schal hym nevyr dere."
" Sere, quod Rychard, graunt mercy!"—
Hys knyghtes weren dyght, al redy,
Servauntes off armes, and squyers,
Stedes chargyd, and destrers,
With armure and other vytayle.
Kyng Rychard wente, with hys parayle,
To Marcyle they ganne ryde,
And hys hoostes on bothe syde.
Fouk Doyly, Thomas off Multon,
Duke, erle and many baroun;
Rychardys maystyr Roberd of Leycester,
In al Yngelond was non hys beter;
And also Robert Tourneham,
Gret peple with hym cam.
All redy they fonde ther her flete,
Chargyd with armur, and drynk and mete,
They schyppys armes, man and stede,
And stoor, her folk al with to fede.
They schyppys al be the see stronde,
To wende into the Holy Londe.

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CHAP. V.

CONTENTS.

King Richard sails to Messina, where he finds the King of France, who endeavours, by treasonable practices, to traduce him with the Kings of Apulia and Sicily.—Disputes arise, and his men are shut out of the city, which he however takes by force.—The two Kings are reconciled.

THE wynd was bothe good and kene,
And droff hem ovyr to Messene.
Beffore the gates off the Gryffouns,
Kyng Rychard pyghte his pavylouns.
The Kyng of Fraunce ther he founde,
In pavylouns quarré and rounde.
Eythyr of hem kyste othyr,
And becomen sworne brother,
To wenden into the Holy Londe,
To wreke Jesu I undyrstonde
A tresoun roughte the Kynge off Fraunce,
To doo Kyng Rychard, withouten destaunce.

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To Kyng Tanker he sent a wryt,
That turnyd hym sithen to lytyl wyt,
" That Kyng Rychard, with strenthe of hand,
Wolde hym dryve out of hys land."
Tanker Kyng of Poyle was:
For thys wryt he sayde, " Allas!"
He sente anon a messanger
To hys sone, that hyghte Roger,
That was kyng in Cesyle land,
He scholde com unto hys hand;
And alsoo aftyr hys barouns,
Eerles and lordes off renouns.
And whenne they i-come ilkon,
The kyng sente to hem anon,
And sayde hem hou the Kyng of Fraunce
Warnyd hym off a dystaunce,
Hou Kyng Rychard was com fro ferre,
With gret strengthe on hym to werre.
Kyng Roger spak fyrst above,
And smot pes with hys glove:
" Mercy, my fadyr, at this tyme:
Kyng Rychard is a pylgryme;
Croyssyd to the Holy Lande.
That wryt lyes, I undyrstande.
I dar for Kyng Rychard swere
For hym ne tydes yow non dere.
But sendes hym a messanger,
That he come unto yow here;

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He wyl come to yow ful fawe,
And that he thynkes he wyl beknawe."
The kyng was payyd off that counsayle,
And sente afftyr hym sauns fayle.
At morwe he com to hym, I wis,
Into the ryche cyté of Rys,
Beffore Tanker in hys halle,
Among hys erles and barouns alle.
Eythyr othyr grette ful fayre,
With mylde wurdes and debonayre.
Thenne sayd Tanker to Kyng Rychard:
" Loo, sere kyng, be St Leonard,
Me it is i-don to wyt,
Off frendes, be a ful good wryt,
That thou art comme, with gret power,
Me to bereve my landes hower.
Thou wer fayrer to be a pylgryme,
For to sloo many a paynym,
Thenne for to greve a Crystene kyng,
That never mysdede thè no thyng!"
Kyng Rychard wax al aschamyd,
And off hys wurdes sore agramyd;
And sayde: " Tanker, thou art mys-tought,
To have on me swylk a thought,
And swylk a rage upon me bere,
That I thè schold with tresoun dere,
And swylke a tresoun to me sopos:—
Upon my flessch I bere the cloys!

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I wole dwelle but a day :
Tomorwe I wole wende my way :
And I pray thee, Sir Tanker king,
Procure me none evil thing.
For many man weeneth to grieve other,
And on his head falleth the fother.
For whoso waiteth me despyte,
Himself shall not pass quyte."
" Sir, quoth Tanker, be not wroth for this !
Lo here the letter forsothe, y-wys,
That the King of France me sent
That other day in present !"
King Richard saw and understood
The King of France wold him no good.
King Richard and King Tanker kist,
And were friends, with the best
That might be in any lond
Y-loved, by Jesu Christes sonde.
King Richard went agayn well still,
And suffred the French king's will.
He undid the tresore
And bought him beasts to his store ;
He let both salt and slene
Three M. of oxen and kene,
Swine and sheep so many also
No man could tell tho :
And of fish, fruits and venison,
I ne cannot account in good reason.

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The King of France, without wene,
Lay in the cité of Messene,
And King Richard without the wall,
Under the house of the Hospitall.
The English men went to shypping,
And oft hent hard knocking:
The French and Gryffons down ryghtes,
Slew there our English knights.
King Richard herd of that dystaunce
And playned to the King of Fraunce:
And he answered: "He had no wards
Of the Englyshe taylards,
Chase these Gryffons if thou might,
For of my men gettest thou no right!"
Quod King Richard: "Sith it is so
I wote well what I have to do:
I shull me of them so awreke,
That all the world therof shall speke!"
Christmas is a time full honest;
Kyng Richard it honoured with gret feste.
All his clerks and barouns
Were set in their pavylouns,
And served with grete plenté
Of mete and drink and each dainté.
Then came there a knight in great haste,
Unnethe he might draw his blast:
He fell on knees and thus he said:
"Mercy, Richard, for Mary maid!

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With the Frenchmen and the Gryffouns,
My brother lyeth slain in the towns;
And with him lyeth slain fifteen,
Of thy knightes good and keen.
This day and yesterday I told, a-rowe,
That six and thirty they had y-slowe.
Fast lepeth your English heap.
Good sir, take good kepe!
Awreke us, sir, manly,
Or we shall die all hastily!
Flie peryl I understonde,
And turn again to Englonde."
King Richard was wroth and eager of mood,
And began to stare as he were wode.
The table with his foot he smote
That it went on the earth fote-hote,
And swore he would be awreked in haste;
He wolde not wende for Christes fast.
The high day of Christmasse
They gan them arme more and lasse.
Before went King Richard;
The Erle of Salisbury afterward,
That was called, by that day,
Sir William the Longuespée.
The Erle of Leycester, the Erle of Hertford,
Ful comanly followed they their lord.
Erles, barons and squyers,
Bowmen and arblasters

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With Kyng Richard they gan reke,
Of Frenche and Gryffons to ben awreke.
The folk of that cyté aspyed rathe
That Englyshmen would do them scathe.
They shut hastily the gate,
With barres that they found thereat;
And swythe they ran on the wall,
And shot with bowe and springall,
And called to our men, sauns fayle:
" Away dogs with your taile!
For all your bost and your orguyl,
Men schal threste in your cuyl!"
Thus they misfared and mis-said;
All that day Kyng Richard they trayde.
Our king that day for no need
In batayle might nothing speed.
On a-night Kyng Richard and his barons
Went to their pavylouns:
Who that slept or who that woke,
That night Kyng Richard no rest toke.
On the morwe he of-sent his counsellòrs
Of the pates the master mariners.
" Lordings, he said, ye ben with me;
Your counsel ought for to be privé.
Al we should us venge fond,
With queyntness and with strength of hond,
Of Frensch and of Gryffons
That have despised our nacyons.

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I have a castel I understond
Is made of timbre of Inglond,
With six stages ful of towrelles,
Wel flourished with cornelles;
Therin I and many a knight
Against the Frensh shall take the fight.
That castel shall have a sory nom,
It shal be hight the Mate-Gryffon.
Mariners arm your ships
And do up your manships.
By the water-half ye them assail
And we will by land saunsfayl.
For come ye never to me
Till I of them avenged be!"
Therto men might hear cry,
"Help God and Saint Marie!"
The mariners gan to hye,
Both with ship and with galye.
Sith ore spredde and sayl also;
Toward them they gan go.
The knights framed the tree-castél,
Before the city upon a hill.
All this saw the King of France,
And said: "Have ye no doutance
Of all these English cowards,
For they ne be but losards;
But rise up your mangonel,
And cast to their tree-castél,

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And shoot to them with arblast,
The tailed dogs for to aghast!"
Now hearken of Richard our king,
How he let bear, in the dawning,
Targes and hardes his folk all
Right before the city wall.
His host he let at once cry;
(Men might hear it in the sky:)
"Now let come these French losards,
And give batayle to the taylards!"
The Frenchmen them armed all,
And ran on fast upon the wall,
And began the English for to assail:
There began a strong batayl.
The English shot with arblast and bow,
French and Gryffons felled and slowe.
The galyes came unto the citie,
And had nigh won entrie,
And hard mined under the wall,
That many Gryffons gan down fall;
With hooked arrows and eke quarelles
Held them out of the towrelles,
And brake both legs and arms,
And eke their necks: it was none harms.
The Frenchmen came to the stour,
And cast wild fire out of the tour,
Wherwith I wote, forsothe Y wis,
They hent and slew many English.

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And the Englishmen defended them well
With good swordes of brown steel,
And slew of them so great cheaps,
That there lay much folk on heaps;
And at the lond-gate, Kyng Richard
Held his assawte like hard,
And so many he took on,
He left of his men never one.
He loked besyde and saw hove
A knight, that tolde him with a glove
Kyng Richard, and he him told
Tales in English stout and bold:
"A lord! he said, I aspye now aright
A thing that maketh mine heart light.
Here, he said, is a gate on
That hath ward right none.
The folk is gone to the water-tour
For to do them their socour:
And there we may, without dent,
Enter in now, verament."
Blithe therof was Kyng Richard,
Stoutly he went thiderward;
Many a knight, doughty of deed,
After pricked with his steed.
Kyng Richard entered without drede,
Him followed ful great ferhede.
His baner upon the wall he pulte,
Many a Gryffon it byhulte;

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As greyhounds stricken out of lesse,
Kyng Richard threst among the press.
Seven chains, with his good swerde
Our king for-carf amidward,
That were drawen, for grete doute,
Within the gates and without.
Porcules and gates up he won,
And let come in every man.
Men might see by street and lane
French and Gryffons give bane;
And some to hors ran in haste,
Doors and windows barred fast;
And ever men bare them up with levours,
And slew them with great vigours.
All that they found against him stand
Passed through Death's hand.
They brake coffers and took tresours,
Gold and silver and countours,
Jewels, stones and spicery,
All that they found in treasury.
There was none of English blood
That he ne had as much good
As they would draw or bear
To ship or to pavylons, I swear.
And ever cryed Kyng Richard,
"Sle down every French coward,
And ken them in batailes
That I have no tayles!"

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The King of France came priking
Ayenst Richard our king,
And fel on knees down of his hors,
And badde " Mercy, for Goddes corps ;
For the crown and for the love
Of Jesu Crist, king above,
And for the vyage, and for the cross,
He should be in gree, and take los ;
And he would have honde take,
They should amend all the wrake,
They that had him or his
Any thing done amiss."
King Richard had great pité
Of the King of France that sat on knee,
And light adown, so sayth the book,
And in his armes up him took,
And said, it should be peace still,
And yeld the town al to his will ;
And bad him nought greve him tho,
Though he venged him of his foe,
That had his good knights queld,
And eke on him despite y-teld.
The King of France gan to preach,
And bade Richard be his soules leach,
And the tresour yield again than
That he had take of every man,
And else he ne might, in God's pay
To Jerusalem take the way.

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King Richard said: "With their tresour
They might nought amend the dishonour,
That they have done me or this.
And, sir, also thou did amiss
When thou sentest to Tanker the king
To apayre me with thy lesing.
We have to Jerusalem the way sworn,
Who breaketh our pilgrimage he is forlorn;
Or he that maketh any medlaye,
Between us two in this way."
When abated was that distaunce
Ther cam two justices out of France,
Upon two stedes ryde,
And Kyng Richard they gan chide.
That one was hight Margaryte,
That other Sir Hugh Impetyte.
Swythe sore they him trayde,
Cleped taylarde, and mis-sayd.
King Richard held a tronchon true,
And to them two he him drew.
Margaryte he gave a dynt than
Above the eye upon the pan;
The scull brake with that dent,
The right eye flew out quitement,
And he fel down ded in haste.
Hugh of Impetye was aghast;
And pricked away without fayl;
And Richard was soon at his tail,

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And gave him a stroke on the molde,
That dead he thought he be sholde.
Ternes and quernes he gave him there,
And said: "Sir, thus thou shalt lere
To mis-say thy werhedlynge!
Go playne now to your French king!"
An archbishop came ful soon,
He fel on knees and bad a boon.
Of King Richard he had a grace,
That he would leve his strife in that place,
And there no more harmes do,
For Goddis sake the people to.
King Richard granted then,
And drew to pavylon all his men.
To this day men may hear speak
How the English were there awreke.
All the while that they were there
They might well buy their chaffere;
There was none so hardy a man
That one evil worde spake gan.

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CHAP. VI.

CONTENTS.

Richard sails for Acre.—Three of his ships are driven by tempest to Cyprus, where they are plundered, and the men killed or taken prisoners.—Richard arrives, and sends messengers, which are ill treated by the Emperor, who cuts off his steward's nose for remonstrating against this barbarity.—King Richard takes the town of Limasour.—The steward delivers the Emperor's daughter, with great treasure, and one hundred knights to him.—The King attacks the camp of the Emperor, and routs his army, forcing him to come and submit himself.—He endeavours to stir up his barons against King Richard, but they refuse, and he is imprisoned.

KING Richard, in peace and rest,
Fro Crystmas, the high feste,
Dwelled there till after the Lent,
And then on his way he went.
In March moneth, the Kyng of Fraunce
Went to ship without distaunce.
When he was gone, sone afterward
Came the doughty Kyng Richard;

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Forth toward [Acrys] wend he would,
With much store of sylver and gold.
Four shippes were charged I fand,
Toward Cyprus all sayland,
Charged with tresour every deal,
And soon a sorrowful case there fell.
A great tempest arose sodaynly
That lasted five dayes sykerly.
It brake their mast and their oar,
And their tackle lesse and more,
Anker, both shrette and rother,
Ropes, cordes, one and other;
And were in point to sink adown,
As they came ayenst the Lymosoune.
The three shippes right anon,
Brake against the hard stone;
Alle to pieces they to-tare,
Unnethe the folk saved were;
The mariners unneth it withhelde.
That shyppe left in the shelde,
For the Griffons with sharp wordes,
Some with axes, and some with swordes,
Grete slaughter of our English maked,
And spoiled the quick all naked.
Sixteen hundred they brought on-live,
And to prison hundreds five,
And also naked sixty score,
As they were of their mothers bore.

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Of the ships breaking they were blythe;
The justices of Cyprus cam ful swythe,
And drew up coffers manyfold,
Full of silver and of gold:
Dishes, cups, broches, and rings,
Cuppes of gold, and rich things.
No man, by south ne by north,
Ne could account what it was worth.
And all was born that tresour,
Wheder that wold the emperour.
The thridde day afterward,
The wind came driving Kyng Richard,
With all his grete navyes,
And his sayling galyes
To a ship that stode in depe.
The gentlemen therein did wepe,
And when they saw Richard the king,
Their weping turned al to laughing.
They welcomed him with worshippes,
And told him the breking of their shippes,
And the robbery of his tresour,
And al that other dishonour.
Then waxed Kyng Richard ful wroth,
And he swore a ful grete othe,
By Jesu Cryst our Saviour,
It shold abye the emperour.
He clepyd Sir Stephen and William,
And also Robert of Tournham,

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Three gentil barouns of England,
Wise of speech, doughty of hand:
" Now go, and say to the emperour,
That he yelde again my tresour,
Or, I swear, by St Denys,
I will have three sythe double of his,
And yeld my men out of prisoun,
And for the deed pay raunsoun,
Or hastily, I him warne,
I will worke him a harm.
Both with spere and with lance
Anon I shall take vengeaunce."
The messengers anon forth went,
To do their lord's comandement,
And hendely sayd the message.
The emperour began to rage;
He grunte his teeth and fast blewe;
A knife after Sir Robert he threw.
He blent away with a leap,
And it flew in a door a span deep;
And syth he cried, as uncourteys:
" Out, taylards, of my paleys!
Now go and say your tayled king
That I owe him no thing.
I am ful glad of his lore;
I wil him yield none other answore.
And he shal find me to morrow
At the haven to do him sorrow,

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And work him as much wrake,
As his men that I have take."
The messangers went out ful swythe;
Of their escaping they were blithe.
The emperor's steward, with honoùr,
Saide thus unto the emperour:
" Sir, he said, thou hast un-right;
Thou haddest almost slain a knight,
That was messenger unto a king,
The best under sun shining.
Thou hast thyself tresour grete plenté,
If thou it with-held it were pité:
For he is crossed a pilgrim,
And al his men that been with him;
Let him do his pilgrimage,
And kepe thyself from domage."
The eyen twinkled of the emperour,
And smiled as an evil traytour;
His knife he drew out of his shethe,
Therwith to do the steward scathe;
And called him without fail,
And said he wold him accounsayl.
The steward on knees him set adown,
With the emperour for to rown,
And the emperour of evil trusle
Carved off his nose by the grusle;
And said: " Traytour, thief, steward,
Go, playne to Englyshe taylarde!

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And if he come on my londe,
I shal him do swiche a shonde,
Him and all his men quick slain,
But he in haste turn again."
  The steward his nose hente,
(I wys his visage was y-shente,)
Quickly out of the castle ran;
Leve he toke of no man.
The messengers mercy he cried,
For Mary's love, in that tide,
They sholde tell to their lord,
Of the dishonour end and word,—
" And haste you again to lond,
And I shall sese into your hond
The keys of every tour,
That oweth that false emperour;
And I shall bring him this night
The emperours daughter bright,
And also an hundred knights,
Stout in battle, good in fights,
Ayenst that fals emperour
That hath done us this dishonour."
  The messengers them hyed hard,
Till they came to King Richard.
They found Kyng Richard at play,
At the chess in his galeye;
The Earl of Richmond with him playd,
And Richard won all that he layd.

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The messengers told al the dishonour,
That them did the emperour;
And the despite he did his steward,
In the despite of Kyng Richard;
And the steward's presenting
His behest, and his helping.
Then answered Kyng Richard,
In deed lyon, in thought libbard:
" Of your sawes I am blythe;
Anon let us to land swithe!"
A great cry arose fote-hot;
Out was shot many a bote;
The bowmen, and eke the arblasters,
Armed them all at aventers,
And shot quarelles and eke flone,
As thick as the hail-stone.
The folk of the countre gan renne,
And were fain to void and flenne.
The barons, and good knightes,
After came anon rights,
With their lord Kyng Richard,
That never was found coward.
King Richard, I understond,
Or he went out of Englond,
Let him make an ax for the nones,
To breke therwith the Sarasyns bones.
The head was wrought right wele;
Therin was twenty pounde of stele;

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And when he came into Cypres lond,
The ax he tok in his hond.
All that he hit he all to-frapped;
The Griffons away fast rapped;
Natheles many he cleaved,
And their unthanks ther bylived;
And the prisoun when he cam to,
With his ax he smot right tho,
Dores, barres, and iron-chains,
And delivered his men out of pains.
He let them al deliver cloth,
For their despyte he was wroth;
And swore by Jesu our Savyour,
He shold abye, that fals emperour.
Al the burgesses of the town,
Richard let slee without ransoun;
Their tresour and their meles
He toke to his own deles.

Tidings came to the emperour,
Kyng Richard was in Lymasour,
And had his burgesses to deth do;—
No wonder though him were wo.
He sent anon without fail
After all his counsayl,
That they come to him on hie,
To wreke him of his enemy.
His host was come by midnight,
And ready on the morwe for to fight.

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Hearken now of the steward;
He came at night to Kyng Richard,
And the emperours daughter him with;
She grette Kyng Richard in peace and gryth.
She fel on knees and gan to wepe,
And said: "King Richard, God thee keep!"
The steward said, "I am shent for thee;
Gentle lord, awreke thou me!
The emperours daughter bright
I thee betake, gentil knight;
The keys also in batell here
Of every castel in his powère.
An hundred knights I you behight;
Lo them here ready in all right,
That shall you lead and socour,
Ayenst that false emperour!
Thou shalt be both lord and sire,
Or tomorrow, of his empire;
And, swete sir, without fail,
Yet thee behoveth my counsail;
I shall thee lead, by a coost,
Privily upon his hoost;
In his pavylon ye shal him take;
Then, think upon the much wrake
That he hath done thee or this!
Though ye him slee, no face it is!"
Much thanked King Richard
Of the counsel the steward;

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And swore, by God our Saviour,
His nose sholde be bought wel sour.
Ten hundred stedes good and sure
King Richard let array in trappure.
On everych lept an English knight,
Well armed in armure bright:
And als the steward, aplight,
Led them by the moone-light,
So nigh the emperours pavylon,
Of the trumpets he heard sown.
It was before the dawning,
The steward said to Richard the king:
" Let see, Richard, assail yerne
The pavylon with the golden herne;
Therin ligeth the emperour:
Awreke thou thy dishonour!"
Then was Richard as prest to fight
As ever was fowl to the flight.
He pricked forth upon his steed,
Him followed ful great ferrede.
His ax he held in hand y-drawe,
Many Gryffouns he hath y-slawe.
The wayts of that host that did espie,
And ful loud began to crie:
" We are betrayd and y-nome!
Horse and harness, lords, all and some!
In an evil tyme our emperour
Robbed King Richard of his tresour,

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For he is here among us,
And sleeth downright, by Jesùs!"
  The English knightes, for the nones,
All to-hewed the Griffons bodies and bones.
They smote cordes and felled down
Many a riche pavyloun;
And ever cried squire and knight,
"Smyte! Lay on! Slee downright!
Yeeld the tresour ayenward,
That ye toke from Kyng Richard!
Ye ben worthy to have such meed,
With many wounds to lie and bleed!"
  In the emperours pavylon Kyng Richard
Alight; so did the steward;
And the emperour was fled away,
Himself alone, or it was day.
Flowen was that fals coward;
Narrow him sought Kyng Richard.
Long or the day began to dawe,
Twenty thousand Griffons were y-slawe.
Of silk, cendale, and syclatoun,
Was the emperour's pavyloun;
In the world was never none syche,
Ne by much thing so riche.
King Richard wan the great worship,
And bad they should be led to ship.
Such at Cyprus was there found,
Pavylouns of so much mound;

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Cups of gold, great and smale,
He wan there without tale,
Many cofres, small, and great,
He found there full i-bete.
Two stedes found the Kyng Richard,
That one hight Favel, that other Lyarde,
In the world nas not their peer,
Dromedary, nor destrere,
Steed rabyte, ne camayl,
That ran so swift without fail;
For a thousand pound y-tolde
Should not that one be sold.
All that his men before had lore
Seven double they had therfore.
Tidings to the emperour was come,
That his daughter was y-nome;
And how that his steward
Her had delivered Kyng Richard.
By that he wist well, Y wys,
That he had done amiss.
Two messengers he cleped anon,
And bad them to Kyng Richard gon,
And say; "Your emperour and your king,
That I him send God's greeting;
Homage by year I will him give and yeld,
And al my lond I will of him held,
So that he wil, for charitè,
In peace hereafter leave me."

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The messengers anon forth went,
And said their lord's comandement.
Kyng Richard answered therto,
" I grant wel that it be so.
Go and say your emperour,
That he did great dishonoùr,
When he robbed pylgrymes,
That were going to the Paynims.
Let him yelde my tresor every dele
If he will be my speciele;
And all that say your emperour,
That he amend that dishonoùr,
That he did to his steward
In despite of King Richard;
And that he come erly tomorrow,
And cry me mercy with sorrow,
Homage by year me to bear;
And ellis, by my crown I swear,
He shal not have a fote of lond
Never more but of my hond."
The messengers by one accord,
Told this the emperour their lord;
Then the emperour was ful wo,
That he this dede sholde do.
To Kyng Richard he came on the morowe;
In his herte he had much sorowe.
He fell on knees, so saith the book;
King Richard by both the fete he took,

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And cried mercy with good entent;
And he forgave his maltalènt.
Fewtè he did him and homage,
Before all his baronage.
That day they were at one accord
And in same did eat at one borde;
Grete solace, and much play;
Together they were all that day;
And when it drew towards the eve,
The emperour toke his leave,
And went toward his hostèl;
In heart him was nothing well.
He held himself a foul coward,
That he did homage to Kyng Richard,
And thought how he him awreke might.
Forth he rode anon right:
To a cité that hight Boffenent,
He come by day verament.
Here he found many a great sire,
The richest men of his empire.
To them playned the emperour,
Of the shame and the dishonoùr,
That him did Kyng Richard,
Through the help of his steward.
Up there stode a noble baroun,
Rich of castle and of town;
The stewardes eme he was,
That the emperour had shent his face.

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" Sir, he said, thou art mistaught,
Thou art all about naught;
Without encheson and judgement
Thy good steward thou hast shent,
That sholde as well as he couth,
Us have holpe and saved nouth.
Through thy will malicious
Right so thou woldest serve us;
And I say thee wordes bold,
With such a lord keep I not hold
To fight ayenst Richard the king,
The best under the sun-shining,
Ne none of all the baronage
Ne shall thee never do homage."
All the other said at one word,
That Richard was their kind lord,
And the emperour for his vilainie,
Was wel worthy for to abye.
The emperour saw and understode,
His barons would him no good:
To another town he went and held there;
In his heart he had much care.
That same time the high steward
Counselled with King Richard.
He said that him forthought sore,
The emperor was so forlore.
They sought him in all wyse,
And found him in a city of price;

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And certainly King Richard
Wolde no love to-him-ward:
For that he hath broken his truth
Of him had he no ruth;
But let a serjeaunt him bind
His handes soone him behind,
And cast him into a galey,
And led him into Surrey,
And swore by Jesu, that made moon and star,
Ayenst the Saracens he should learn to war.

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CHAP. VII.

CONTENTS.

King Richard appoints the Earl of Leicester steward of Cyprus, and sails towards Acres.—During the voyage he meets with a valuable Saracen ship of war, which, after an obstinate fight, he captures.—He arrives at Acres, breaks a chain which was drawn across the harbour with his mace, lands, and joins the Christian host.—The Archbishop of Pisa relates to him the misfortunes of the army.

When all this war abated was,
King Richard set that lond at peace.
The Earl of Leicester, full truly,
Through counsel of his barony,
He made him steward of that lond
To keep the realm to his hond.
Great feast he held afterward.—
His ships let dight Kyng Richard;
Forth toward Acres he wolde,
With much store of silver and gold;
With two hundred ships I find
Sailing forward with the wind,

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And afterward fifteen galeys,
For to ward his navyes.
  And as the doughty King Richard
Came sailing to Acres-ward,
And had sailed with wind at will
Ten dayes faire and still,
The unleventhe day they saylyd in tempèst;
That nyghte ne day hadde they no reste.
And as they were in great aventure,
They saw a drowmound, out of mesure;
The drowmound was so hevy fraught,
That unethe myght it saylen aught.
It was, toward the Sarezynys,
Chargyd with corn and with wynys,
With wylde-fyr and othyr vytayle.
Kyng Rychard saygh the drowmound, sauns fayle.
He callyd in haste Aleyn Trenchemer,
And bad hym to wende hem nere,
And aske, whens that they war
And what they hadde in chaffar?
  Aleyn quyk, and men inowgh
To that drowmound begunne to rowe,
And askyd with whom that they war,
And what they hadden in chaffar.
Anon stoode up her latymer,
And aunsweryd Aleyn Trenchemer:
"With the Kyng of Fraunce, sauns fayle,
Fro Poyle, we brynge this vytayle.

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A moneth we haven leyen in the se:
Toward Acres wolde we."
" Wynde up sayl, quod Aleyn, swythe,
And sayle we forth with wyndes lythe!"
" Nay! be St Thomas of Ynde,
Us moste nedes come behynde!
For we ben so hevy fraught,
Unethes may we saylen aught."
Then sayde Aleyn, sone anon:
" I here off yow speke but on;
Let standen up alle in fere,
That we now myghten moo here,
And knowe your tungge after than;
For we wole nought leve oo man."
" Certes, quod the latymer,
With no moo mon spekes thou here.
They wer this nyght in tempeste;
They liggen alle and taken her reste."
" Certes, sayde then good Aleyn,
To Kyng Rychard I wole seyn,
That ye are al Sarazynys,
Charged with cornes, and with wynys!"
The Sarazynes sterten up al preste,
And sayden: " Felawe! goo, doo thy beste!
For Kyng Rychard, and his galyes,
We wolde nought gyve tweo flyes!"
Tho Trenchemer ganne rowe hard,
Tyl he come to Kyng Rychard:

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And swor to hym, by Seynt Jhon,
That they wer Sarezynys everilkon.
Then sayde our kyng of renon,
That hyghte Rychard Coer de Lyon,
" Off your sawes I am blythe;
Let see arme yow now swythe!
Ster you my galye, Trehohemer;
I wol asaye that pawtener.
With myn ax I schal hem frape,
Ther schal no Sarezyn ascape!"
Als tyte, hys ax was to hym brought;
Hys other armur forgat he nought.
To hym comen maryners inowe.
Kyng Rychard bad hem faste rowe:
" Rowes on faste! who that is feynt,
In evel water may he be dreynt!"
They rowede hard, and sungge ther too:
" With heuelow and rumbeloo."
The galeye wente alsoo faste,
As quarrel dos off the arweblast:
And as the drowmund come with the wynd,
A large quarter, out behynd,
The galey rent, with the bronde,
Into the see I undyrstonde.
Thenne wer the Sarezynys armyd wel,
Bothe in yron and in steel;
And stood to borde, and foughten hard,
Agayn the doughty Kyng Rychard;

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And Kyng Rychard, and his knyghtes,
Slowe the Sarezynes doun ryghtes
And as they gunne to wyrke hem woo,
Ever ther stood up moo and moo;
And rappyd hem on, for the nones,
Sterne strokes with harde stones
Out off the top-castel on hygh,
That Richard was never his deth so nygh.
Thenne comen sevene galeyes behynde,
To that drowmound quyk saylynde,
And stood on borde baroun and knyght,
To help Kyng Rychard for to fyght.
A strong batayle ther began,
Betwene the hethene men and tham,
With swerdes, speres, dartes kene,
Arwes and quarelles fleyght betwene,
Also thykke, withouten stynt,
As hayl, afftyr thundyr dynt:
And in the bykyr that was so hard,
Into the drowmound come Kyng Richard.
Whenne he was comen in in haste,
He dressyd hys bak unto the maste.
With hys ax that he ovir-raughte,
Hastely hys deth he caughte.
Some he hytte on the bacyn,
That he cleff hym to the chyn;
And some to the gyrdyl stede,
And some unto the schyppys brede;

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Some in the hals so hytte he,
That hed and helm fleygh into the see:
For non armour withstood his ax;
No more than a knyff does in the wax.
The Sarezynys, as I yow telle,
Sayde, he was a devyl off helle;
And ovyr the borde lopen they,
And drownyd hem in the see that day.
Sixtene hundryd be aquelle,
Save thrytty Sarezynes, the kyng let dwell,
That they scholden ber wytnès
Off this batayle, at Acres.
The kyng fond in the drowmound, sawns fayle,
Mekyl store, and gret vytayle.
Many barel ful off fyr Gregeys,
And many a thousand bowe Turkeys.
Hokyd arewes, and quarelles;
They fond ther ful manye barelles
Off whete, and wyn gret plenté;
Gold and sylvyr, and ylke deynté.
Off tresour he hadde nought half the mounde,
That in the drowmound was i-founde;
For it was drownyd in the flood,
Ar halff unchargyd wer that good.
Avaunsyd was al Crystenté;
For, hadde the drowmound i-passyd the see,
And comen to Acres fro Kyng Richard;
An hondryd wyntyr afftyrward,

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For alle Crystene-men under sunne,
Hadde nevyr Acres ben i-wunne!
Thus Kyng Richard wan the drowmound,
Thorwgh Goddes help, and Seynt Edmond.
Kyng Rychard aftyr, anon ryght,
Toward Acres gan hym dyght;
And, as he saylyd toward Surrye
He was warnyd, off a spye,
Hou the folk off the hethene lawe,
A gret cheyne hadden i-drawe,
Ovyr the havene of Acres fers,
And was festnyd to two pelèrs,
That noo schyp ne scholde in-wynne,
Ne they nought out that wer withynne.
Therfore, sevene yer and more,
Alle Crystene kynges leyen thore,
And with gret hongyr suffryd payne,
For lettyng off that ilke chayne.
Kyng Richard herd that tydyng;
For joye hys herte beganne to sprynge;
And swor and sayde, in hys thought,
That ylke chayne scholde helpe hem nought.
A swythe strong galeye he took,
And Trenchemer, so says the book,
Steryd the galey ryght ful evene,
Ryght in the myddes off the havene.
Wer the maryners saughte or wrothe,
He made hem sayle and rowe bothe;

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And Kynge Rychard, that was so good,
With hys axe in foreschyp stood.
And whenne he com the cheyne too,
With hys ax he smot it in two,
That all the barouns, verrayment,
Sayde it was a noble dent;
And for joye off this dede,
The cuppes fast abouten yede,
With good wyn, pyement, and clarré;
And saylyd toward Acres cyté.
Kyng Richard, oute of hys galye,
Caste wylde-fyr into the skeye,
And fyr Gregeys into the see,
And al on fyr wer thê.
Trumpes yede in hys galeye,
Men myghte it here into the skye,
Taboures and hornes Sarezyneys.
The see brent all off fyr Gregeys.
Sunnes he hadde, on wondyr wyse;
Mangneles off gret queintyse;
Arwblast bowe, and with gynne
The Holy Lond for to wynne.
Ovyr al othyr wyttyrly,
A melle he hadde off gret maystry;
In myddys a schyp for to stand:
Swylke on sawgh nevyr man in land.
Four sayles wer theretoo,
Yelew, and grene, red and bloo.

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With canevas layd wel al about,
Ful schyr withinne, and eke without;
Al withinne ful off feer,
Off torches maad with wex ful cleer;
Ovyrtwart, and endelang,
With strenges of wyr the stones hang;
Stones that deden never note,
Grounde they never whete, no grote,
But rubbyd, as they wer wood.
Out off the eye ranne red blood.
Beffore the trowgh there stood on;
Al in blood he was begon,
And hornes grete upon his hede;
Sarezynes theroff hadde gret drede:
For, the rubbyng off the stones,
They wenden it hadde ben mennes bones.
A lytyl beffore the lyght off day,
Clenly they wer don away.
Kyng Rychard, afftyr that mervayle,
Wente to the lond, sauns fayle.
The Kyng of Fraunce agayn hym com,
And in hys armes he hym nom,
And kyste hym with gret honour,
And so dyd many an emperour.
Alle the kynges of Crystyanté,
That ther hadde long tyme i-bee,
And leyn ther sevene yer in dolour,
Resseyvyd King Richard with honour.

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The archebysschop off Pyse,
Dede Kyng Richard hys servyse,
And ledde hym, as ye may see,
Into a pavyloun in pryvyté :
And tolde hym a doolful tale,
Off schrewed aventures many and fale.
" Kyng Rychard, he sayde, now her !
This sege has lastyd sevene yer.
It may nought fro thé be holde,
Mekyl sorwgh have we tholde !
For we ne hadde no castel,
That us off our warde fel ;
But a wyde dyke, and a depe,
We made withinne, us for to kepe,
With barbicans for the nones,
Heyghe wrought off harde stones :
And whenne that othir dyke was made,
Saladyn the Sawdoun was glade,
And come on us gret route,
And besette us al aboute ;
And wyth hym Markes Manferaunt,
That leves on Mahoun and Termagaunt :
He was a Crystene kyng sumwhyle ;
He dos us schame and moche gyle,
Thenne the Sawdoun and alle hys hoost.
Fadyr, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
Graunte hym grace off worldis schame !
Markes Ferauut be hys name.

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Our ferste batayle, sykyrly,
Was ful strong and ful manly.
Weel faughte our Crystem knyghtes,
And slow the Sarezynes doumryghts:
Oure Crystene hadde the maystry,
The Sarezynes flowe, with woo and cry.
We slowe off hem manye thoo,
And they off as manye alsoo;
And I schall telle thorwgh what cas,
It fyll to manye a man allas!
As we dede Sarezynes to dede,
Befell that a noble stede
Outrayyd fro a paynym:
Our Crystene men faste folewyd hym.
The Sarezynes seygh that they come,
And fleygh asyde, al and some;
And com on us with gret fyght,
And slowgh manye a Crystene knyght,
That ther we loste, ar we it wyste,
The beste bodyes undir Cryste.
The erl off Ferrers of Yngeland,
Ther was no doughtier man of land;
And the emperour of Alemayne,
And Janyn, the Eerl of Playnspayne,
Onlevene thousand off our meyné,
Ther wer slayn withouten pyté!
" Theroff was the Sawdoun glade.
On morwe a newe sawt he made.

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He leet taken alle the cors
Off the men and off the hors,
And caste into the watyr off our welle,
Us to poyson and to quelle;
Dede he nevere a wers dede,
To Crystene men for no nede.
Thorwgh that poysoun, withouten drede,
Fourty thousand thoroff wer dede.
" Sone afftyr new-yere, is nought to hyde,
The thrydde cas us gan betyde.
A schyp com sayland on the see,
Chargyd with whete, gret plenté;
With wylde fyr and armes bryght,
To helpe the Sarezynes for to fyght.
The Crystene took to God, sauns fayle,
They wold the schyp for to assayle.
So they dede to our damàge!
The wynd blew with gret rage:
The Sarrezynes drowgh up her sayl,
And our sayles our folk, sauns fayl,
That ther wer lost sixty score,
Off the beste bodyes that wer thore!
This was the begynnyng off our care,
That we have hadde thys seven yer;
And yit, sere kyng, thou schalt her more
That has grevyd us ful sore.
" On Seynt Jamys even, verrament,
The Sarezynes out off Acres went,

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Weel a myle us besyde,
And pyght up pavylouns rounde and wyde;
And sojournyd ther a long whyle,
As it was us to begyle.
Oure Crystene men, that wer wyght,
Eerl, baroun, squyer, and knyght,
Seyden, the Sarezynes have ryhchesse,
And we, off alle good, dystresse;
And thought to wynne to our pray,
Off that tresore and that noblay.
Fyfty thousynd hem armyd weel
Bothe in yron and in steel;
And wenten forth to bataylyng.
The Sarezynes sawe her comyng,
And flowen asyde, swythe fast,
And our men comen afftyr in haste,
And gunnen to ryde swythe gret randoun,
Tyl they com to her pavyloun.
They founden thereinne no ferede;
They wende they hadde ben flowen for drede.
They fonden ther whyt bred, and wynes,
Gold, sylvyr, and bawdekynes;
Vessel off sylvyr, coupes off golde,
More thenne they take scholde.
Somme stood, and some sat doun,
And eet and drank, gret foyson:
And afftyr mete, the pavylouns newe
To the stronde doun they threwe,

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And chargyd hors with vitayle,
As nyse men scholde, sauns fayle!
Gold, and sylver, and males they pytte,
And with here gerdoles they hem knytte.
Whenne that ilke man hadde hys charge,
Home they wolden, withouten targe.
The Sarezynes seygh wel her wendyng,
And comen aftyr fast flyngyng,
At schorte wordes, a gret joute,
And besette our hoost aboute.
Ther her males doun they caste;
Agayn the Sarezynes they foughten faste.
And ther wer lost thousandes fiftene,
Noblemeñ, hardy and kene.
Thys case grevyd us so sore,
That we wolde have ben forlore,
And God Almyghty, hevene kyng,
Sent us sone socourryng.
The doughty Erl off Champagne,
And goode knytes of Bretagne,
And Randulph the Glanville,
And Jhon the Neel, and hys brother Myle;
And Bawdekyn, a clerk ful mery,
The Archebisschop of Canterbery;
And with hym come hys nevewe,
A baroun of gret vertewe,
Huberd Gauter off Yngelonde,
Agayn the Sarezynes for to stande;

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And many knyghtes off Hongry,
And mekyl other chevalry.
Thenne heeld we strong batayllie ;
But an hard caas us fel sauns fayle !
" At Myghylmasse, it must be told,
The wedyr gan to wexe cold.
Than fel both rayn and hayl,
And snowgh, fyve foot deep, sauns fayle ;
Thondyr, lyghtnyng, wedyr towgh ;
For hungyr our folk it slowgh ;
For hungyr we lost, and cold wyndes,
Off our folk sixty thousyndes !
Then our good hors we slowgh ;
Dede sethe, and eete the guttys tough.
The flesch was delyd with deynté ;
Theroff hadde no man plenté ;
All to pesys we carff the hede,
And on the coles we gan it brede.
In watyr we baylyd the blood :
That us thought was mete ful good !
A quartyr of whete men us solde,
For syxty pounds off floryns tolde.
For fourty pound men sold an oxe,
Though it were but lytyl woxe ;
A swan for an hundryd floryn ;
A goos for half mark of gold fyn :
And, for an hen, to syke thynges,
Men gaff off penys fiften schillings.

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For an hen-ay penes unlevene;
And for a pare, six or sevene,
And for an appyl pennies sixe;
And thus began our folk unwene,
And dyede for hungyr and for woo.
The ryche men token to rede thoo,
A ryche dole for to dyght
To barouns and pore knyght,
Twelve penyes men gaff to everyche,
And syxe to other that wer nought ryche,
And four to the single wyghtes;
Thus the ryche ther dole dyghtes.
Therwith the more and lasse
Bought hem flesch off hors and asse.
They myghte have none othir thyng,
For whyt tourneys, ne for sterlyng.
I have ye tolde, sere kyng, her
Off ony men al the ler,
And the damage of Acres hoost!
Fadyr and Sone and Holy Gost,
And Marye that bar Jesus,
That thou art come among us!
Thorwgh thyne help we hopen, snelle
The Sarezynes boost doun to felle!"
Kyng Rychard wepte with his eyen bothe,
And thus he sayde to hym forsothe:

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" Ser bysschop, bydde thou for us !
That myght me sende sweet Jesus,
Hys foos alle to destroye
That they no more us anoye!" 2870

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CHAP. VIII.

CONTENTS.

Richard begins his operations against Acre.—The Saracens assault the camp, while King Richard lies ill in his tent.—He is cured, and longs for pork, which is not to be procured; whereupon an old knight substitutes a Saracen's head.—Another engagement follows, after which Richard is informed what kind of meat he had eaten, with which he is well content.—A capitulation concluded, and Acres yielded to the two Christian Kings.

KYNG Rychard took leve and leep on stede,
And pryckyd forth with hys felawsrede.
He rod aboute the clos dyke,
Toward Acres, sykyrlyke,
Tyl he com to the hospytayle
Off Seynt Thomas, as I fynd in tale.
Ther leet he pyght hys pavyloun,
And arerede hys Mate-Gryffon.
It was off tree, castel ful fyn,
To assaute with many Sarezyn,

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That he myght into Acres seen ;
He hadde thryttene schyp-ful been.
Whenne the castel was framyd wel,
They sette therinne a mangenel,
And comaundyd hys men, belyve,
To bryng up many a bee-hyve,
And beet on tabours and trumpes to blowe,
And made a sawt al in-a-throwe.
Kyng Richard into Acres cyté
Leet keste the hyves gret plenté.
It was hoot in the someres tyde,
The bees bursten out on every syde,
That wer anoyed, and ful off grame ;
They dede the Sarezynes ful gret schame,
For they hem stungge in the vysage,
That alle they gunne for to rage ;
And hydde hem in a deep selèr,
That none of hem durste com neer ;
And sayde Kyng Richard was ful fel,
When hys flyes byten so wel !
  Anothyr gyn Kyng Richard up sette
That was callyd Robynette ;
A stronge gyn for the nones,
And caste into Acres hard stones.
Kyng Rychard, the conquerour,
Callyd in haste hys mynour,
And bad hym myne up to the town,
That is callyd Maudit Coloun ;

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And swoor hys oth, be Seynt Symoun,
But yiff it were i-brought adoun,
Be noon, the uttermeste wall,
He scholde hym hew to peses small.
The mynours gunne to myne faste;
The gynours sond and stones caste;
The Sarezynes hem armyd al,
And runnen anon unto the wal.
In whyt schetys they gunne hem wryen,
For the bytyng of his flyen,
And sayde: "Thys man dos us strong pyne
Whenne he wol bothe throw and myne.
We sawgh nevyr kyng so begynne:
It is gret doute he schal us wynne!"
Kyng Rychard stood in his Mate-Gryffon,
And sawgh her dedys in the toun.
Thydyrward arowes flowen,
Archers seygh, and to hem drowen,
And arweblastys and quarelles smerte,
Thorwgh legges and armes, hed and herte.
The Frenssche men, with gret noblay,
Halp to myne that ilke day.
That outemeste walle was doun caste,
And many a Sarezyn slayn in haste.
That day Kyng Richard sped so thor,
That he was holde a conqueror:
For better he spedde that day, or noon,
Then the other in the sevene yer hadde doon.

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The Sarezynes myghten nought doure,
And flowen into the heye toure;
And lyghten torches abouten the wal,
Men myghten it sen ovyr al.
The torchys caste a gret lyght;
That betokenyd a new fytt,
That was com fro Yngelonde,
Wher thorwgh they myghten not withstonde,
But yiff Saladyn, the Sawdan,
Come to help with many a man.
Saladyn was ten myle thenne,
And seygh the torches lyghtly brenne.
They gaderyd her folk togedyr,
As thykke as rayn falles in wedyr.
They assemblyd on a playn,
Besyde Acres, on a mountayn,
Syxty thousand footmen I fynde;
Buchches of hay he made hem bynde,
To goo beffore hastelyke,
To fylle full the Crystene dyke.
Soo they have taken ther red,
To doo the Crystene men to ded.
Afftyr comen barouns and knyghtes,
An hundryd thousand strong in fyghtes.
Be order they comen in her maneres,
Off red sendel were her baneres.
With three gryffouns depayntyd wel,
And, off asur, a fayr bendel.

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Sone theraftyr come rydand as fele,
Off bold barouns by gentyl stele.
Ther gonfanouns, and her penselles
Wer weel wrought off grene sendels;
And on everylkon a dragoun,
As he fought with a lyoun:
The fyrste wer red, and thyse were grene.
Then com the thrydde batayle bedene,
Fyve and syxty thousand knyghtes,
In ynde armed to alle ryghtes.
Afftyr come, whyt as the snow,
Fyffty thousand on a rowe,
Ther among was ser Saladyn,
And his nevewe Myrayn-Momelyn.
Her baner whyt withouten fable,
With thre Sarezynes hedes off sable,
That wer schapen noble and large,
Off balayn, both scheeld and targe,
No man cowde telle the rowte;
They besette the Crystene al abowte.
The foot-men kast in knohches off hay,
To make horsmen a redy way,
And fylde the dyke ful upryght,
That al the hoost entre in myght.
The Sarezynes hadden entry negh,
And God Almyghty thertoo seygh.
The cry aros into the Crystene hoost:
" *Suse Seynors, has armes tost!*

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But we have the beter socour
We beth forlour, be Seynt Savour!"
Thoo myghte men see many a man
Hastely to hys armes ran;
And wenten quykly to the dyke,
And defended hem hastelyke.
Ther was many gentyl heved,
Quykly fro the body weved;
Scheldes many schorn in twoo,
And many stedes strykkyd alsoo;
Many knyghtes ther lost her armes,
And many stedes drowgh to harmes;
And many doughty man, sauns fayle,
Ther was slayn in that batayle.
Kyng Richard was syke tho,
Al Crystendom to mekyl woo!
He myght hym nought off hys bed ster,
Though hys pavyloun had be on fer.
Therfor the kyng off Fraunce leet crye,
Among the Crystene cumpanye,
That no man scholde, for dedes doute,
Passe the close dyke withoute:
And thoo that weren inne i-come,
Off the Sarezynes that were i-nome,
Ful hastely wer they don to dede:
Ther yede no raunsoun to mede.
Why kyng Richard so seke lay,
The resoun I yow tellen may:

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For the travayl off the see,
And strong eyr off that cuntree,
And unkynde colde and hete,
And mete and drynk that is nought fete
To hys body, that he ther founde,
As he dyd her in Yngelonde.
Rychard bad his men seche
For some wys clerk and sertayn leche,
Crystene, other Sarezyn,
For to loke hys uryn :
And every man sayd hys avys;
But ther was no man so wys,
That myghte do his sorwe sese,
Ne off his paynes hym relese.
Sory were the folk Englysch,
For her lord was in swylk anguish;
So was al the Crystene folk eke,
For Richard lay so sore seke.
On knees prayden the Crystene hoost,
Fadyr, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
Be nyght and day with good entent:
"Geve Kyng Richard amendement!"
For love off hys modyr der,
Her sone grauntyd hys prayèr.
Thorwgh hys grace and hys vertu,
He turnyd out off hys agu.
To mete hadde he no savour,
To wyn, ne watyr, ne no lycour;

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But afftyr pork he was alonged.
But, though hys men scholde be hongyd,
They ne myghte, in that cuntree,
For gold, ne sylvyr, ne no monee,
No pork fynde, take, ne gete,
That Kyng Richard myght ought off eete.
An old knyght was, with Richard bydis;
Whenne he wyste off that tydys,
That the kyngys wants wer swyche,
To the styward he spak, pryvylyche:
" Our lord kyng sore is seke, I wis,
Afftyr pork he alongyd is.
Ye may non fynde to selle;
No man be hardy hym so to telle!
Yiff he dede he myght deye:
Nowe behoves to don, als I schal seye,
That he wete nought off that.
Takes a Sarezyne yonge and fat;
In haste that the theff be slayn,
Openyd, and hys hyde off flayn,
And soden ful hastely,
With powdyr and with spysory,
And with saffron off good colour.
Whenne the kyng feles theroff savour,
Out off agu yiff he be went,
He schal have therto good talènt.
Whenne he has a good tast,
And eeten weel a good repast,

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And soupyd off the brouwys a sope,
Slept afftyr, and swet a drope,
Thorwgh Goddes myght, and my counsayl,
Sone he schal be fresch and hayl."
The sothe to saye, at wurdes fewe,
Slayn and soden was the hethene schrewe.
Beffore the kyng it was forth brought.
Quod hys men: "Lord, we have pork sought;
Etes, and soupes off the browys swote,
Thorwgh grace off God it schal be your boote."
Beffore Kyng Richard karff a knyght;
He eete faster than he karve myght.
The kyng eet the flesh and gnew the bones,
And drank wel afftyr, for the nones:
And whenne he hadde eeten inowgh,
Hys folk hem turnyd away and lowgh.
He lay stylle, and drowgh in hys arme;
Hys chaumberlayn hym wrappyd warm.
He lay and slepte, and swette a stound,
And become hool and sound.
Kyng Richard cladde hym, and aros,
And walkyd abouten in the clos;
To alle folk he hym schewyd,
Glad was bothe leryd and lewyd:
And thanked Jesu, and Marye,
That he was out off hys maladye.
The Sarezynes spedde, day and nyght
The dyke to wynne, with al her myght.

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The barbycanes they felde adoun,
And hadden nygh enteryd the comoun.
Whenne Kyng Richard theroff herde,
As a wood man he spak and ferde:
" Armes me in myne armure,
For love off Cryst our creature!
To fyghte I have gret delyght,
With houndes that wil us do despyte.
Now I me fynd hool and lyght,
Thys day schal I prove my myght,
Yiff I be strong as I was wone;
And yiff I strokes dele cone,
As I was wunt in Yngeland;
Have I myn ax in myn hond,
Al that I mete schal me fele:
And swylke dole I schal hem dele,
That ever for love off her Mahoun
They schal have her warysoun."
He was armyd to alle ryghtes;
And hys foot-men, squyers, and knyghtes,
And the Crystene alle bedene:
Wondyr was that hoost to sene.
The sothe to saye and nought to hele,
The hethenes wer twoo so fele.
Our kyng among the Sarezynes ryt,
And some to the sadyl he slyt:
A knyght he hyt above the scheeld,
That hed and helm fleygh into the feeld.

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Another he has a stroke i-brought,
That al hys armure halp hym nought
Into the sadyl he clef the ferthe:
Al that he smot it fleygh to the erthe.
Blythe was the Crystene felawrede,
Off Kyng Richard, and off hys dede;
For none armure withstood hys ax,
No more than a knyff dos in the wax.
Whenne the Sawdoun seygh hym so strong,
He sayde, the devyl was hem among!
For Kyng Richard ryght doun slowgh.
With al hys hoost he hym withdrowgh;
And fleygh quyk with hys baronage,
Into a toun men calles Gage:
But, sertes, alle the rerewarde
Was i-slayn with Kyng Rychard.
The Sarezynes, that in Acres war,
Wer anoyed, and ful off car,
Whenne they seyghen the Sawdoun flee,
And Kyng Richard dounryght slee.
Thus al the day, til it was nyght,
They and the Crystene heeld the fyght.
At even, whenne the sunne was sette,
Every man drewe to hys recet.
The Crystene, both pore and ryche,
Wente withinne the clos dyche,
To resten, for they wer wery.
Kyng Richard leet make a cry,

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Trusty folk that nyght the paleys to keepe,
Whyl that othyr lay and slepe.
The Sarezynys that wer withouten,
Of Kyng Richard so sore hem douten,
For he hadde the prys i-wunne,
Away they ryde, and swythe runne,
That nyght, to flee and to hyde,
That nought of hem durste hym abyde,
The mountenance off ten myle.
Whenne Kyng Richard hadde restyd a whyle,
A knyght hys armes gan unlace,
Hym to counforte and to solàce.
Hym was brought a sop in wyn.
" The hed off that ilke swyn,
That I off eet—(the cook he bad)—
For feble I am, and feynt, and mad:
Off myn evyll now I am fere;
Serve me therwith at my sopere!"
Quod the cook, " That hed I ne have."
Thenne sayde the kyng, " So God me save,
But I see the hed off that swyn
Forsothe, thou schalt lesen thyn!"
The cook seygh non othyr may be;
He fet the hed, and leet hym se.
He fel on knees and made a cry:
" Loo, here the hed! my lord, mercy!"
The swarte vys when the kyng seeth,
Hys blacke berd, and whyte teeth,

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Hou hys lyppys grenned wyde :
" What devyl is this?" the kyng cryde:
And gan to laughe as he wer wood.
" What is Sarezynys flesch thus good?
That never erst I nought wyste!
By Godes deth and hys up-ryste,
Schole we never dye for defawte,
Whyl we may, in any assawte,
Slee Sarezynes, the flesch mow take,
And sethen, and roste hem, and doo hem bake,
Gnawen her flesch to the bones.
Now I have it proved ones,
For hunger ar I be woo,
I and my folk schole eet moo!"
On the morwe, withouten fayle,
The cyté they gunne for to assayle.
The Sarezynes myght nought endour;
They fledde into the heyghe tour,
And cryede trewes and parlement,
To Kyng Richard that was so gent,
And alsoo to the kyng off Fraunce;
And bad mercy with off her dystaunce.
Anon stood up a latyner,
And cryede lowde, with voys cler,
" Herith, he sayde, gentyl lordyngs,
I yow brynge goode tydyngs,
That Saladyn yow sente by me!
He wole that Acres yolde be,

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And Jerusalem into your hand;
And off Surry al the land,
To flum Jordan the water cler,
For ten thousand besauntes a yer:
And yiff that ye wole nought soo,
Ye schole have pes, for evyr moo,
So that ye make kyng off Surry
Markes Feraunt, off gret maystry;
For he is strengeste man, I wis,
Off Crystendom and off Hethenys."
Thenne aunswerede Kyng Richard,
"Thou lyes, he sayde, thou fals coward!
In ilke gaderyng, and in ilke pres
Markes is fals traytour, and les.
He has whytyd Saladynys hand,
To be kyng off Surryeland,
And, be the kyng of trinité,
That traytour schal it never be!
He was crystene be my fadyr day,
And sithen he has renayyd his fay,
And is become a Sarezyn.
That God geve him wol evele fyn!
He is wurs than an hound;
He robbed syxty thousand pound
Out off the hospytelers hand,
That my fadyr sent intoo thys land,
That was callyd Kyng Henry,
Crystene men to goverry.

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I hote hym goo out off this hoost!
For I swer be the Holy Gost,
And be Marye that bar Jesus,
Fynd I that traytour among us,
Other be nyght, other be dawe,
With wylde hors he schal be drawe."
Thenne aunsweryd the kyng off Fraunce
To Kyng Richard withouten destaunce,
" I suffre, sere, bele amys,
Thou hast wrong, sere, be Seynt Denis,
That thou thretest that markys,
That thè never yit dede amysse.
Yiff he have ony thyng dow ylle,
He schal amend it at thy wylle.
I am hys borwgh: loo, her the glóve!
Tak it, leve sere, for my love!"
" Nay, quod Kyng Richard, be God, my lord,
Ne schal I nevyr with hym acord!
Ne hadde nevys ben lost Acres toun,
Ne hadde ben thorwgh hys tresoun.
Yiff he yelde agayn my faderys tresour,
And Jerusalem, with gret honour,
Thenne my wrathe I hym forgeve;
And nevyr ellys whyl that I leve."
Kyng Phylyp was woo therfore,
But he durste speke no more;
For ever he dredde off dentys hard,
To styrte undyr off Kyng Richard.

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And whenne the latymer herde this,
That the kyng lovyd nought the markys,
" Heres, he sayde, good lordynges,
I yow bryng other tydynges,
That mekyl more is to your wylle:
That oure folk may passen stylle,
With lyff and leme, hande and arme,
That none off hem have ony harme;
And we wole yelde yow the town,
And the holy croys with gret renoun,
And syxty thousand persons thertoo,
And an hundred thousand besaunts and moo;
And have ye schole alsoo, herinne,
Ryche tresore, and mekyl wynne;
Helmes and hawberks syxty thousynde,
And off rychesse, I may yow fynde,
Whete inowgh and othir tresore,
To al your hoost sevene yer and more;
And yiff ye wole nought this fonge,
We may kepe yow out ful longe;
And ever to fynde on of ours,
For to slen ten off yours:
For we have herinne, withouten fable,
Syxty thousand men fensable;
And we praye, for the love of God,
That ye wolden take our bode.
Takes the tresore more and lesse,
And lat us quyt away passe!"

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Thenne aunsweryd Kyng Richard:
" In myne halff, I graunt the foreward,
So that ye lat us inne come
It schal be done al and some."
They leten hem in come anon,
They token hem into hostage ilkone,
And into prison token them yare,
Olde and yonge, lesse and mare.
Moste non out off Acres toun,
Tyl that payde wer her raunsoun,
And the holy croys therwith,
Ar they moste have pes and grith.
Then was founde catel strong,
That was delyd the knyghtes among.
Cuntek was at the in-comyng;
The best tresore had Richard our kyng.
Fyftene persons in Acres toun,
He gaff hem clothis gret foyson;
Mete and drynke and armes bryghte,
And made hem fel for to fyght;
And took hem into hys partyes,
To venge God off hys enemyes.

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CHAP. IX.

CONTENTS.

After another battle Saladin sends messengers to Richard to offer ransom for the prisoners, who at dinner are served with the heads of their near relations.—They return to Saladin, and relate their reception, who sends to offer Richard extensive possessions in case he will forsake the Christian faith.—This Richard refuses, and demands the cross, which was promised in the capitulation.—Upon their answering that they knew not where to find it, he causes all his prisoners to be slain.

Kyng Richard in Acres hadde nome
Off Sarezynys that wer thedyr come,
That wer hys strengeste enemyes,
Hardy knyghts, and off moste prys,
Off hethenesse cheff lordynges,
Prynces, dukes sons, and kynges,
Amyralles, and many Sawdan:
Ther names nought telle I can.
In prisoun they lay bounden faste,
To the Sawdan they sente in haste:

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" We ber so manye grete cheynes,
And men doo us so grete peynes,
That we may neythir sit ne lye;
But ye us out off prisoun bye,
And with raunsoun us help and borwe,
We schole dye or the thrydde morwe."
The ryche Sawdon was wo therfore;
Prynces, eerles, wel twoo score,
Amyrall, sawdon, and many lord,
Seyden: " We rede, make acord
With Kyng Richard, that is so stout,
For to delyver our chyldren out,
That they ne be hongyd, ne to-drawe.
Off tresore Kyng Richard wol be faw;
That our chyldren may come home hayl,
Charges mules and hors, be our counsayl,
Off brende gold, and off bawdekyn,
For our heyres to make fyn.
Men saye, Englyssche love weel gyffte."—
Off gold well twenty mennys lyffte
Were layd on mule and rabyte;
Ten eerles, all clad in samyte,
Alle olde, hore, and nought yungge,
That wer weel avysy off tungge,
To Kyng Richard the tresore broughte,
On knees off grace hym besoughte.
" The Sawdon sendyth thè this tresore,
And wole be thy frend for evyrmore,

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For the prisouns that thou dest neme,
Let hem go with lyff and leme:
Out off prisoun that thou hem lete,
That no man hem slee ne bete;
For alle they are doughty vassales,
Kynges sones and amyrales,
At this tyme the best doand,
That be in al Sarezyn land,
And our hoost most trustes too.
Saladyn loves hem wel alsoo;
Lese non off hem he wolde
Nought for a thousand pound off gold."
Kyng Richard spak wyth wurdes mylde,
" The gold to take God me schylde!
Among you partes every charge.
I brought, in schyppys and in barge,
More gold and sylvyr with me,
Than has youre lord and swilke thre.
To hys tresore have I no nede!
But, for my love, I yow bede
To mete with me that ye dwelle,
And afftyrward I schal yow telle:
Thorwgh counsayl I schal you aunswèr,
What bode ye schal your lorde bere."
They grauntyd hym with good wylle.
Kyng Richard callyd his marschall stylle,
And in counsayl took hym anon:
" I schal thè telle what thou schalt don.

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Slylly go thou to the prisoun;
The Sarezynes off most renoun,
That be come off the rycheste kynne,
Pryvyly let hem slay withinne;
And, ar the heddes off thou smyte,
Looke every mannys name thou wryte,
Upon a scrowe off parchemyn,
And ber the hedes to the kechyn,
And in a cawdroun thou hem caste,
And bede the cok sethe hem faste;
And loke that hee her here off strype,
Off hed, off berd, and eke off lyppe,
Whenne we schole sytte and eete,
Looke that ye nought forgeete,
To serve hem herewith in this manèr:
Lay every hed on a platèr;
Bring it hoot forth al in thyn hand,
Upward hys vys, the teeth grennand;
And look that they be nought rowe;
Hys name fast above hys browe,
What he hyght, and off what kynne borne.
An hoot hed bryng me beforne;
As I wer weel apayd withal
Eet theroff right fast I schal,
As it wer a tendyr chycke,
To see how the othir wyl lyke."
The styward, so says the jeste,
Anon dede the kynges heste.

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At noon "*a laver*" the waytes blewe;
The messangeres nought ne knewe
Richardys law ne hys custome.
Sayde the kyng: "Frendes, ye are welcome!"
To hem he was cumpanyable;
They were set a syde table.
Salt was set on, but no bred,
Ne watyr, ne wyn, whyt ne red.
The Sarezynes sate, and gunne to stare,
And thought, "Allas, how schal we fare?"
Kyng Richard was set on des,
With dukes and erles, prowd in pres;
Fro kechene com the fyrste cours,
With pypes, and trumpes, and tabours.
The styward took ryght good yeme,
To serve, Kyng Richard to queme,
(Leste aftyr mete hym tydde harm)
A Sarezynys hed, also warm,
He brought our kyng: was it nought leved,
Hys name was wreten on hys heved.
The messangerys wer servyd soo,
Every an hed betwyxe twoo,
In the forhede wreten hys name.
Theroff thought hem but lytyl game!
Adrad they were whenne they seyen;
The teres ranne out off ther eyen;
And whenne they the lettre redde,
To be slayne ful sore they dredde.

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Kyng Richard hys eyen on hem threwe,
Hou they begunne to chaunge her hewe.
For her frendes they syghyd sore,
That they had lost for evermore.
Off her kynd blood they were,
Thenne they myght wel forbere,
For to pleye and for to leyghe.
Non off hem wolde hys mes neyghe,
Ne theroff eeten on morsel.
The kyng sat and beheeld fol wel.
The knyght that scholde the kyng serve,
With a scharp knyff the hed gan kerve.
Kyng Richard eete with herte good,
The Sarezynes wenden he hadde be wood.
Every man sat stylle, and pokyd othir,
They saide: "This is the develys brothir,
That sles our men and thus hem eetes!"
Kyng Richard thoo nought forgetes.
Abouten hym gan loke ful yerne,
With wrathful semblaunt, and eyen sterne.
The messangeres thoo he bad,
"For my love bes alle glad;
And lokes ye be weel at eese!
Why kerve ye nought off your mese,
And eetes faste as I doo?
Tel me why ye loures soo?"
They seten stylle and sore quook:
They durste neyther speke ne look.

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In the erthe they wolde have crope;
To be slayn ful wele they hope.
Ther was non aunsweryd a word.
Quod Kyng Richard: "Beres fro the bord
The mete that ye before hem sette;
And othir mete before hem fette."—
Men broughte bred, withouten bost,
Venyson, cranes, and good rost,
Pyment, clarré, and drynkes lythe:
Kyng Richard bad hem al be blythe.
Was non off hem that eete lyste;
Kyng Richard her thought wol wyste;
And sayde: "Frendes, be nought squoymous,
This is the maner of my hous,
To be servyd ferst, God it wot,
With Sarezynes hedes abouten al hot.
But yowr maner I ne knewe.
As I am Kyng, Crystene, and trewe,
Ye schol be theroff certayn,
In saff cunduyt to wende agayn;
For I ne wolde, for no thyng,
That wurd off me in the world scholde spryng,
I wer so evyl of maneres
That I wolde mysdoo messangeres."
Whenne they hadde eeten, the cloth was folde;
Kyng Richard gan hem to beholde:
On knees they askyd leve to gon.
But, off hem alle, was ther nought on,

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That in message was thedyr come,
That hym hadde lever have ben at home,
With wyff, frendes, and her kynde,
Then all the good that was in Ynde
Kyng Richard spak to an old man:
" Wendes home to your Sawdan!
His malencoly that ye abate;
And says that ye come to late.
To slowly was yowr tyme i-gessyd;
Or ye come the flesch was dressyd,
That men scholden serve with me,
Thus at noon, and my meyné.
Say hym, it schal hym nought avayle,
Though he forbarre our vytayle,
Bred, and wyn, fysch, flesch, salmoun, and cungyr,
Off us non schal dye for hungyr,
Whyl we may wenden to fyght,
And sle the Sarezynes dounryght,
Wassche the flesch, and roste the hede.
With oo Sarezyn I may wel fede
Wel a nyne, or a ten
Off my good Crystene men.
Kyng Richard schal waraunt,
There is no flesch so noryssaunt,
Unto an Ynglysche man,
Partrick, plover, heroun, ne swan,
Cow ne oxe, scheep ne swyn,
As the hed off a Sarezyn;

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Ther he is fat, and thertoo tendre,
And my men are lene and slendre.
Whyle any Sarezyn quyk be
Lyvand now in this Surrye,
For mete wol we nothyng car.
Aboute faste we schole far,
And every day we schole eete
Al so manye as we may gete.
To Yngelond wol we nought gon,
Tyl they be eeten everilkon."
The messangeres agayn home tournyd;
Before the lord they come and mournyd.
The eldeste tolde the Sawdan
Kyng Richard was a noble man,
And sayd: " Lord, I thè werne,
In this world is non so sterne!
On knees we tolde hym our tale,
But us ne gaynyd no gale.
Off thy golde wolde he take non;
He swore he hadde beter won
Off ryche tresour, thenne hast thou.
To us he sayd, ' I geve it yow;
Tresore of sylvyr, gold and palle,
Deles it among yow alle!'
To mete he bad us abyde,
We were set at bord hym besyde,
That stood K[ing Richard n]egh,
But non off us, before hym segh

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No bred brought, ne whyt, ne sour,
But salt, and non othir lycour.
What mes fyrst before hym come,
Weel I beheld, good keep I nome.
A knyght brought, fro the kechyn,
An hed soden off a Sarezyn!
Withouten her, on a plater brode,
His name beforne hys hed schowde,
Was i-wrete aboven hys yghe:
Me standes non awe for to lye.
Whos hed it was my seres aske?
It was the Sawdone's sone off Damaske!
At borde as we saten in fere,
We wer servyd in thys manere;
Every, an hed betwen tweye:
For sorwe we wende for to deye!
Ther com, before my felaw and me,
The kynges sone of Nynyvé;
His off Perce, hym that sat me by;
The thrydde, hys off Samarye;
The ferthe hys of Egypte:
(Thoo ilkon off us hys eyen wypte;)
The fyffthe hys off Aufryke:
For sorwe thoo we gan to syke;
Us thoughte our herte brast ryght in sunder.
Lord yit thou myght here a wundyr!
Before the kyng, a knyght, in haste
Karff off the hed, and he eet faste.

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With teeth he gnew the flessch ful harde,
As a wood lyoun, or lybbarde.
With hy eyen sterne and grym,
And spak, and we behelde hym;
For drede we wende for to sterve.
He bad us that we scholde kerve
Our mes, and eeten as he dede.
To Mahoun we bode our bede,
Fro deth to ben our waraunt!
He segh us make our semblaunt,
For drede hou we begunne to quake;
Our mes he bad hys men uptake,
And other mete thoo us fette;
Hoot whyt bred before us sette,
Gees, swannes, cranes, venysoun,
And othir wylde foul, gret foyson.
Whyte wyn and red, pyment and clarré,
And sayde, 'Ye be welcom to me!
Bes blythe, yiff it be your wylle,
Dos gladly, and lykes not ylle,
For I know nought nothyng your gyse.
In my court this is the servyse.
Be servyd ferste, I, and myn hynys,
With hedes hote off Sarezynys.'—
Off him and hys we stode swilke eye,
For drede and dool we wende to deye,
None off us eete morsel off bred,
Ne drank of wyn, whyt ne red,

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Ne eete off flesch, baken ne brede,
So sory wer we thenne for drede.
After mete we gunne take leve.
He spak to us wordys breve :
' Ye schole gon in saff coundyte ;
No man schal do ye despyte.'
He sente thè certayn aunswere,
Or that we myghte come ther,
Men off rycheste kynne wer slawe.
He gyves ryght nought, though thou withdrawe,
And hyde stor al froo hys hoost.
He says, and hys men make boost,
He schal not leete on lyve,
In al thy lond, man, chyld, ne wyve ;
But slee alle that he may fynde,
And sethe the flesch and with teeth grynde :
Hungyr schal hem nevyr eyle ;
Into Yngelonde wole he nought seyle,
Tyl he have maad al playn werk
Off thy clothes of gold, into thy scherk."
Saladyn began to rase for yre.
Kynges, prynces, and many a syre,
Sayden allas, that they hadden lorn
Her gentyl heyrs of her blood born,
That wer so wyghte men and strong.
" Weylaway, they sayde, we leve to long !
Herde we never swylke mervayle.
It is a devyl withouten fayle.

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Alas this werre was begunne!
Kyng Richard has Acres wunne.
He has ment, yiff he may, forth
To wynne este, weste, south and north;
And eete bothe our chyldren and us.
Lord Saladyn, we rede thus:
Sende to hym, and beseke hym efft
For hem that ben on lyve lefft.
Lete hym goo, gyff so he wolde;
Geve hym, sithe he wole no golde,
Loode males, for the nones,
Ful off ryche preciouse stones,
Chargyd in harneys and in coffre:
Soo that he wole, thou hym proffre
To let Jesu and Mary,
To geve hym land a gret party,
That he be in pes, and lete the werre,—
For he is comen fro so ferre,
Wyst thou nought his travayle that he lese.
Graunt hym com hymself, and chese
The landes that hym thynkes best,
And make hym Sawdoun heyest,
Aftyr thyselfe, and rycheste kyng:
Confirme it hym and hys ofspring.
Yiff he be payed so to doo,
Swithe in pes he com and goo.
Though he have thy land i-schent,
Thou schalt forgeve al maltalent;

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As thy brothir love hym, and kysse,
And he schal thè teche and wysse
In werre to be bold and wys,
Off al the world to ber the prys."
Saladyn, by hys serjeauntes,
Sende Kyng Richard these presauntes:
And he bethoughte hym off hys men,
That he had in hostage then,
And yiff he wolde Jesu forsake,
And Appolyn to lorde take,
Off Surrye he wolde make hym kyng,
And off Egypte, that ryche thyng,
Off Damas, and off Babyloune,
Off Arabye, and off Cessoyne,
Off Affryke, and of Bogye,
And off the lond of Alisaundrye,
Off grete Greece, and off Tyre,
And off many a ryche empyre:
And make hym he wolde Sawdon anon
Off al Ynde, unto Preter Jhon.
Kyng Richard aunswered the messangers:
" Fy upon you, losyngeres,
On you and Saladyn your lorde!
The devyl hange you be a corde!
Gos, I sayde, to Saladyn,
That he make to morwe fyn
For al his dogges in hostage;
Or they schol dye in evyl rage:

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And, yiff I mowe leve a fewe yer,
Off all the lands ye have nempnid her,
I schal hym leve nought halff foote,
So God doo my soule boote!
And but I have the croys to morwe,
They schole dye with mekyl sorwe."
Thenne aunsweryd off hem some,
They n'yste wher the croys was become.
Quod Kyng Richard: "Sithe it is soo
I wot weel what I have to doo.
Your Sawdoun is nought slye,
So queyntyly to blere myn eye."
He callyd hys knyghtes everilkon,
And bad hem into Acres gon,
"And take Sarezynes syxty thousandes,
And knytte behynde hem her handes;
And ledes hem oute off the cyté,
And hedes hem withouten pyté;
And so schal I telle Saladyn,
To pray me leve on Appolyn!"
They wer brought out off the toun,
Save twenty, he heeld to raunsoun.
They wer led into the place ful evene:
Ther they herden aungeles off hevene:
They sayde: "*Seynyors, tuez, tuez!*
Spares hem nought, behedith these!"
Kyng Richard herde the aungelys voys,
And thankyd God, and the holy croys.

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Ther wer they behedyd hastelyche,
And caste into a foule dyche.
Thus Kyng Richard wan Acres,
God geve hys soule moche blys!
Hys doughty dedes whoso wyl here,
Herkenes now and ye mowe here.

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RICHARD COER DE LION.

PART II.

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RICHARD COER DE LION.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

CONTENTS.

Richard rewards his host, and advises Philip to take no ransom, but to slay all who refuse baptism.—But Philip having taken the towns of Taburet and Archane, takes ransom and an oath of fealty from them.—King Richard besieges and conquers Sowdan-Surry; and Thomas Multon takes Castle Orglyous; and, in consequence of a treasonable attempt of the inhabitants, puts all the Saracens to death.

Merye is, in the tyme off May,
Whenne foulis synge in her lay;
Floures on appyl trees, and perye;
Smale foules synge merye.
Ladyes strowe here boures
With rede roses, and lylye flowres.

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Gret joye is in frith and lake;
Best and byrd playes with his make;
The damyseles lede daunse;
Knyghtes play with scheeld and launse;
In joustes and turnementes they ryde;
Many a chas hem betyde,
Many chaunces and strokes hard!
So befel to Kyng Richard.
Kyng Rychard Phelyp to feste bad.
Aftyr mete, thoo they were glad,
Richard gaff gyftes, grete wones,
Gold and sylvyr, and preciouse stones,
To herawdes, and to discours,
To tabourers, and to trumpours.
Hors and robes to ber her los:
Thorwgh her cry, her renoun ras,
Hou he was curteys and free!
Ful noble was that ensemblè!
Kyng Richard gaff castels and touns,
To hys eerlys and to barouns,
To have therinne her sustynaunce.
King Richard bad the King of Fraunce,
"Geve off thy gold and off thy purchase
To eerl, baroun, knyght, and servaunt off mace!
Frely acquite you hem her travayle,
They swonke for thè in batayle,
Yiff thou have efft with hem to done,
They wole be the gladder effsone,

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To helpe thè at thy nède."
Kyng Phelyp took theroff non hede,
But layde thertoo a deff ear,
And gaff hym ryght non answere.
Kyng Richardys words he took in vain;
Richard he gan unto hym sayn:
"Among us be pes and acord;
Graced be Jesu Cryst our Lord,
That gaff us myght thys toun to wynne!
To ryde forth lat us begynne,
Saladyn the Sawdon to anoy,
And fonde hym for to destroy.
Yiff he scounfithe us in bekyr,
Yiff nede be, we mowe be sykyr,
Yiff God have us lyff i-schape,
And we may hedyr ascape,
And come quyk wythynne the walle,
For Saladyn and hys folk alle,
(And the gates be weel i-schet)
We bé sykyr off strong recet."
Kyng Richard gan Phelyp to telle,
"I rede we her no longer dwelle;
Ryde we forth the cuntry to seche;
And, Phelyp, doo as I thè teche.
Myn hoost I schal parte on three,
And Kyng Phelyp, tok thy meyné,
Departe hem in hoostes tweye,
And loke thou doo as I thè say:

Toun, cyté, and castel yiff thou wynne,
Slee alle the folk that be withinne!
In Godys name I thee forbede,
For gold, sylvyr, ne for no mede,
That they may proffer and geve,
Ryche ne pore lat non leve,
Husbonde ne wyff, mayd ne grom,
But yiff he wole take Crystendom!"
  Phelyp the wurdes undyrstood;
Anon he gan to change mood,
That Kyng Richard at his devys,
Sette hym and hys at so lytyl prys.
Phelyp to hym was cumpanyable,
He gan to glose and maken fable,
And thankyd hym, with glad semblaunt,
And sayde: "Brother, I thè graunt,
To doo as thou sayst, sykyrly,
For thou art wyser man than I,
And off werre canst well more."—
Netheles, he was agrevyd sore.
For drede, he and hys men so dede,
As Kyng Richard hadde hem bede,
In aventure that he hente knokkes;
Hys men he delys in twoo flokkes.
Richard with his hoost went hys way
And fro hym, to wynne pray.
With love they departyd asundyr.
But now ye may her a wundyr

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Frensche men arn arwe, and feynte,
And Sarezynys be war and queynte;
And off her dedes engynous:
The Frensche men be covaytous;
Whenne they sitte at the tavèrne,
Ther they be stoute and sterne
Bostful wurdes for to crake,
And off her dedes yelpyng make.
Lytyl wurth they are and mekyl proude.
Fyghte they cunne, with wurdes lowde,
And telle, no man is her pere;
But, when they come to the myster,
And see men begynne strokes dele,
Anon they gimme to turne her hele;
And gunne to drawen in her hornes,
As a snayl among the thornes;
Slake a bore off bere boost.
Kyng Phelyp anon, wyth hys hoost,
A strong cyté he besette,
That was callyd Taburette.
With hys hoost he layd it aboute;
The Sarezynes myght neyther in ne oute,
Lest they scholde be to-hewe;
On the walles armyd they hem schewe;
Out off tourelles, and off kyrnelles,
Sette up baners, and penselles;
And manly gan hem to defende.
Ther to dye the Frensche wende.

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Trumpes loud for boot they blowe,
But durste they neyther schete ne throwe
With bowe, slynge, ne arweblast
To make the Sarezynes with agast;
Ne the cyté for to assayle.
But off the toun the chef amyrayle,
His name was callyd Tryabaute:
" Lord, ar thou geve us assawte,
Alle the folk off this toun
Proffre hem to knele adown,
And rewefully with oo cry
To seke thè myldely off mercy;
And the toun they wole unto thè yelde,
And alle the goodes that they welde,
Man, wumman, every Sarazyn,
Grauntith thè with herte fyn,
Every man to pay a besaunt,
Ser, on swilk a covenaunt,
That thou graunte that they crave,
Her lyves and lemes for to have,
Bestes, catel, and tresore:
And thus they wole, for ever more,
Off thyn heyres holden this toun!"
Phelyp off hem took raunsoun:
For mede he sparyd hys foon.
Thus with hem he was at on;
And bad hys folk, up lyff and leme,
Noo good off hem for to neme;

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Mete, ne drynk, catel ne cloth.
Auntre, they swore hym hool oth
To be hys men that wer there,
And hys baner they up rere
On a schaft in the heyeste tour,
With flour de lys off gold and asur.
Thoo they hadde this i-wunne,
To breke sege therme they begunne.
They charged in waynes and in cartes,
Swerdes, and speres, scheelds, and dartes;
Kyng, eerls, barouns, knyghts, and squyers,
Ryden ryally on trappyd destrérs;
The foote-men yede on her feete;
Ryght soo they helde the hyghe strete,
That they turne nought ne entraye.
They trumpyd, and her baners displaye
Off sylk, sendel, and many a fane,
Ful ryght way wenten to Archane.
Phelyp off hem took raunsoun,
Ryght as he dede at the othir toun;
And leet hem leve forth in pes,
But for the less the more he les.
Kyng Richard with his hoost gan ryde,
And went be anothir syde,
With many an erle and baroun,
I-born off Ynglysche natioun.
Alle hardy men, and stronge off bones,
And weel armyd for the nones.

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They seten on stedes good and strong.
Many Gascoyn was hem among,
And soo ther wer off Lumbardy,
Wol good knyghtes, and hardy;
And folk off the coost off Alemayne,
And hys eme Henry off Champayne;
And hys maystyr Robert off Leycettre,
Among hem alle was non hys bettre:
Fouk Doyly, and Thomas Multone,
That evir yit was his wone
In fyght ferste to bede,
To helpe hys kyng wel to spede;
Off the coost off Braundys with him nam,
A noble baroun that hyght Bertram,
And hys clergy and hys freres,
And Templeres and hys Hospytalers.
The number was, be ryght ascent,
Off hors-men, an hundryd thousent,
And off foote-men swylke ten,
Gascoynes, Lumbardes, and Ynglyshmen.
Alle becoveryd wer feeldes and pleynes
With knyghtes, footmen, and with sweynes.
Kyng Richard hovyd, and beheeld,
And devysyd hys hoost in the feeld,
And to hys hoost he sayde thus:
"Folk inow we have with us;
I rede we departe them in three.
That on part schal wende with me;

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That othir, certayn, for alle cas,
Schal lede off Multon Ser Thomas;
And Fouk Doyly schal lede the thrydde.
On lyff and leme now I yow bydde,
Toun, cyté, castel, yiff that ye wynne,
Spares none that is therinne.
Sles hem alle, and takes her good,
But yiff they graunte, with mylde mood,
To be baptysyd in fount ston:
Elles, on lyff loke ye leve non!"
Kyng Richard, with his cumpany,
Went to Sudan Surry;
Thomas, a knyght engynous,
Wente with hys host to Orglyous;
And Ser Fouk the Doyly,
Wente to the cyté off Ebedy.
Every man belayde the toun aboute,
No Sarezyn durste come withoute;
For the sege was so strong and hard.
But speke we now of Kyng Richard,
That Sudan Surry had belayd.
The Sarezynes, at the ferste brayd,
Her brygges wounden up in haste,
And her gates barryd faste;
Hem to defende they gunne assaye.
Kyng Rychard hys baner leet displaye;
When Sarezynes saugh it arerde,
Off hym they were sore aferde,

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For drede they begynne to quake.
Her wardayn has hys counsayl take,
(He was callyd Grandary)
In the cyté he let make a cry,
Ilke man, that myghte armes bere,
Goo to the walle the toun to were.
The Sarezynes, armyd, forth lepe
Upon the walles the toun to kepe,
Stout in touret, and in hardys.
Richard bent an arweblast off vys,
And schotte it to a tour ful queme,
And it smot thorwgh Sarezynes sevene.
Dede fylle the dogges vyle.
But lystenes off a queynte gyle!
Kyng Richard leet hys folk aparayle,
On that on halff the toun to assayle;
The toun folk drowgh to that on syde.
Kyng Richard sente off hys men that tyde,
On hyghe laddres for to gon in,
That were i-wrought off queynte gyn,
With yrene hokes, good and stronge.
On the walles they ganne hem honge:
Sevene men myghte gon in on brede.
Thus men ovyr the walles yede,
Thre thousand, or the Sarezynes wende:
So they ganne the toun deffende.
The Crystene come in, or they weten;
They schotte to hem, and hard smeten.

Gret people of hem doun felle;
But thoo the cunstable herd telle,
That the Crystene wer incomen,
Ten thousand he has i-nomen,
The other he lete kepe the toun,
" For these, he sayde, gos no raunsoun,
That here mercy crave:
Kyng Richard schal hem nevyr save:
Anon ryght they schole deye."
When Kyng Richard herde him so seye,
For scorne he gan to lawghe schrylle,
And bad his men be off good wylle:
" And prove we thys toun to wynne,
Rescue thys folk that be withinne."
The Sarezynes kydde her myght,
The Crystene to sle doun ryght,
That wer comen ovyr the walle.
Our folk togedyr heeld hem alle.
Arwes and quarelles to hem drowgh;
Al that they hitte anon they slowgh;
With egre mayn gaff hem bekyr,
Off good help for they wer sekyr
Off Kyng Richard that was withoute.
Oure Crystene men ran aboute,
And some to the gates they sterte,
Alle that they founde thorwgh they gerte;
And threw hem oute off the tour,
And grede: " Ser kyng, do us socour!

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Ganely thou schalt in come,
In lytyl whyle it schal be nome!"
Thus they gunnen Kyng Richard grete,
And the brygges doun they lete,
And setten the gates up on brode.
Kyng Richard was the fyrst that in rode,
And next hym Robert Tourneham,
Robert of Leycetre and Ser Bertram.
These rydden in the vawmewarde;
To slee the houndes none ne sparde.
Kyng Richard hys ax in hond he hente,
And payde Sarezynys her rente:
Swilke levery he hem delte,
Al that he hytte anon they swelte.
They slowe every Sarezyn,
And toke the temple of Apolyn.
They felde it down, and hende Mahoun,
And al the tresore off the toun;
He gaff to knyght and squyer and suane,
Al so mekyl as they wolde hane.
Sarezynes non on lyve he laft,
But, in a tour, on a heygh schafft,
Kyng Richard sette up hys baner
And wan the toun in this manere.
Now leth in pes, lystenes apas!
I schal yow telle of selcouth cas.
The noble baron off Multoun,
That lay, with many a moder son,

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At Orglyous, a strong castel,
Lystenes now what chaunce befel!
The Sarezynes, for felounie,
Soone senten out a spie,
That hadde be Crystene in hys youthe;
Many an evil wrenche he couthe!
He come to Thomas and thus sayde,
And thought to have hym betrayde:
"Ser, I am a Crystene man;
I brak prisoun, and out I wan.
Truste, ryght wel, to my speche!
Yiff thou wil do, as I thè teche,
Thou schalt wynne hem in a whyle.
In al the toun ther is no gyle;
The sothe to thè I am beknowe."
Quod Thomas: "Bynd hym in a throw!
Al is les that the thef saith:
He is at the Sarezynes faith;
He was sent us to beswyke;
His comyng schal hym evele lyke.
Therfore he schol anon dyen;
So schal men teche hym to lyen;
And hys eere in twoo slyttes,
And to hys fete a strong rope knyttes,
And hanges hym up tyl he dye."
Quod the renay: "Mercy I crye!
To no vyle deeth ye me dooth;
Al that I can I schal seye sooth.

Yiff ye me fyndes in falshede,
Othir in wurde, othir in dede,
That ye mowe ever see or wryten,
Anon my hed ye off smyten!
I was sent to betray yow;
I schal yow telle: herkenes how!
Before the gate there is a brygge;—
Lystenes wel what I schal sygge:—
Under the brygge ther is a swyke,
Corven clos, joynand queyntlyke;
And undernethe is an hasp,
Schet with a stapyl and a clasp;
And in that hasp a pyn is pylt;
Thou myghte beware yiff thou wilt.
Me were wol loth that thou mys-tydde;
Though thou and thy folk wer in the mydde,
And the pyns mete out were,
Doun ye scholde fallen there,
In a pyt syxty fadme deep:
Therfore beware, and tak good keep!
At the passyng ovyr the trappe,
Many on has had ful evyl happe.
Be pays it closes togeder agen;
Where it is no man may seen."—
" Now, Sarezyn, anon me rede
How we schole doo at thys nede?"—
" [Take] thow horsmen and vyttayle,
Er thanne thou the toun asayle,

Ye have with yow good engynes,
Swilke knowe but few Sarezynes
A mangenel thou doo arere,
And soo thou schalt hem wel afere.
Into the toun thou slynge a ston grete,
And al so swythe thou me lete
Passe into the toun agen;
And al so soon, thou schalt seen,
The toun they schole yelde soone.
But I bidde thè a boone;
Yiff I doo thè wynne this toun,
That thou geve me my warysoun."
Quod Thomas: "Thertoo I graunte."
They departed with that covenaunte.
The engyne was bente, and set al preste;
A gret ston into the toun was keste.
They slowe men and houses down bare,
Or ony man off hem was ware.
"We be ded! Help Mahoun!" they cryde;
On every syde away they hyde,
To hyden hem for woo and drede.
The renay into the toun yede,
And sayd to the wardayn Orgayl,
"We be dede withouten fayl!
He that the ston to you threwe,
Al your tresoun ful wel he knewe:
How your brygges gos in sunder,
And al the tresoun that is ther under;

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And hou it gos agayn be peys.
Bes war, barounes, and burgeys!
It helpes yow nought your gates to schet,
Hym and hys men out for to lette.
Yiff ye fyght and yow deffende,
Moo stones he wol yow sende,
Schende yow and the toun down bete:
Stondyng hous wyl he non lete.
It is beter let hym in stylle,
Than hereinne that he yow spille.
Thenne we may betrast to leve."
But, whenne he hadde this counsayl geve,
As he hem sayde, they dede anon.
" Mercy, Thomas! they cryede echon,
Have here the keys off this cyté;
Doo therwith what thy wyll be,
Yiff soo thou graunte us our lyves,
And our chyldren and our wyves."
Thomas off Multon the keyes fong,
And an other stone i-slong
To ser Mahouns habitacle,
And smot out a gret binacle.
Out com the wardayn Orgayl,
And an hundryd knyghtes in hys parayle,
Barefoot, ungyrt, withouten hood:
" Mercy, Thomas, spylle not our blood!
Take thee al the goods that we have,
With that thou wylt our lyves save,

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Lett us passe away al nakyd."
" Brekes the brygge, (quod Thomas) that ye have
makyd,
And lyme and stone throwes in the pyt;
Or, be Jesu, that in hevene sit,
Alle therinne ye schal brenne,
That non schal goo ne out renne,
Off yow alle, pore ne ryche,
But yiff ye fylle weel the dyche,
To the banke, al in a resse,
That we anon may fast in presse."
The amyrayl theroff was blythe,
And brak the brygges al soo swythe;
And lyme and stone keste in the pytte;
Anon it was feld and fordytte,
Up to the bank maad al playn;
In lengthe and brede ful-trust, certayn.
That twenty men, othir besyde,
On armed stedes myghte in ryde,
Withouten drede have entree.
Thus they come to that cyté.
The toun folk comen, al and some,
And fayre hym they gunne welcome.
Cryede, mercy! with loud stevene;
Agayn on Crystene-man, they wer sevene,
In that cyté, off Sarezynes.
Gold and sylvyr, and bawdekynes

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To Sere Thomas anon they proffer;
And with good wyll to hym offer
Landes, houses, and tresore,
Off hym to holde fee evermore.
Before Thomas com the renay:
" Mercy, Lord! thynk, I thè pray,
For this toun what thou me hyghte,
As thou wer a gentyl knyghte.
No more wol I that thou me geve,
But mete and drynk whyl that I leve.
Barefoot, on my bare feet,
I schal walk, in snow and sleet,
Me to amende off my synne,
The joye off hevene for to wynne!"
To a preest he schroff hym clene.
The covenaunt that was hem betwene,
Thomas grauntyd with good wylle,
Thus with hym he leffte stylle,
In werre and pes, whenne he gan wende,
Ever unto hys lyves ende.
Lordyngs, heres to my pleynte,
Ye schal here off a treson queynte;
Hou the Sarezynes bespoke,
Off Crystene men to be awroke;
Hou the amyrayl hem redde,—
" Whenne the Crystene be to bedde,
And ther be in their fyrste sleepe,
We schol come, armyd, on an heepe.

On schal dwelle the clos withinne,
The gate to unschette and unpynne,
And stylly to unschette the lok.
We schol com pryvyly in a flok,
And slee Thomas off Multone,
And with hym every modyr sone,
That he has with hym brought."
Theroff Ser Thomas wyst ryght nought.
They soden flesch, rost and brede,
And to the soper faste they yede.
Plenty ther was off bred and wyn,
Pyment, clarry, good and fyn;
Off cranes, and swannes, and venysoun,
Partryhches, plovers, and heròun,
Off larkes, and smale volatyle.
The Sarezynes, al for gyle,
Off strengeste wyn gaff hem to drynke.
They wer wery, and lest weel wynke;
They slepte faste and gun to route.
The Sarezynes they wer al withoute,
And comen armyd to the gate;
The renay stood redy therat.
They knokkyd at the wycket;
He leet it stande stylle y-schet,
And tolde Thomas that he herde,
Al togedyr hou it ferde.
Ser Thomas no bost gan make,
Anon hys folk he gan to awake;

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" For Godes love, —he hem bed, —
Dyghte you tyght, or ye ben ded!"
They sterte up, and wer affrayde,
For that he hadde to hem sayde.
They armyd hem swythe yerne,
And wenten out by a posterne.
Er thenne the Sarezynes wyste;
That whyle they hovyd, and gunne to preste,
With streingthe wolden in have wunnen,
The Crystene to the gates runnen,
And schette faste with the kaye.
By that began to springe the daye;
Bowe and arweblast the Crystene bente;
Thorwghout every street they wente,
And schotten arwes and quarrél;
Many Sarazyn ded doun fel.
They ne lefte, be way ne hous,
No man lyvande in Orglyous,
Burgeys, ne wyff, ne chyldren ying.
Whenne they had made thys rekening,
He gaff hys men, withouten othis,
Al the tresore, and the clothis,
Sylvyr and gold, every grot;
Every man hadde his lot.
Ther was non so lytyl page,
That ne hadde to hys wage,
Off gold and sylvyr, and gret tresor,
To be ryche for evermore.

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Thomas leet, or he went then,
Out of prisoun the Crystene men,
Every pylgrym and palmere,
Gaff hym rente and hous there.
With hem stablid the toun agen;
Who soo com ther myght wel seen,
In ilke an hygh chef touret,
Kyng Richardes armes werr y-sette.

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CHAP. II.

CONTENTS.

Fouk Doyly, after a sharp siege, takes Ebedy.—All the commanders join King Richard, and, after a feast, relate their achievements.—The King of France is blamed for sparing the inhabitants of Taburet and Archane.—The whole host marches to these towns, where Philip is refused entrance.—Richard storms them both, and puts all the people to the sword.

LORDYNGES, now ye have herd
Off these tounes hou it ferd;
How Kyng Richard with his maystry,
Wan the toss off Sudan Turry:
Orglyous wan Thomas Multone,
And slowgh every modyr's sone.
Off Ebedy we schol speke
That faste now hath her gate steke,
Whenne Fouk Doyly bylay,
That entre in nought he may.
The cytè was strong and stoute;
Sevene myle it was aboute:

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Thrytty pryse-toures be tale;
In every tour a chef amyrayle.
Folk of armes, by ryght ascent,
Numbre ther wer fyffty thousent,
With other smal putayle,
That ther com into the batayle,
That ne cowde no man acounte,
To how many they wolde amounte.
Ser Fouke broughte good engynes,
Swylke knew but fewe Sarezynes:
In every half he leet hem arere,
Hys enemys a newe playe to lere.
A mangenel he leet bende,
To the prys-tour a ston gan sende.
That stone whanne it out fleygh,
The Sarezynes that it seygh,
"Allas!" they cryede and hadde wondyr.
It routes as it wer a thondyr!
On the tour the ston so hytte,
That twenty feet away it smytte.
To another a ston he threw,
For to make hem game newe;
Al that on syde he smot away,
And slowgh dogges off faloun fay.
They beet doun the toures alle,
In the toune and on the walle.
A prys-tour stood ovyr the gate;
He bent hys engynes and threw therate

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A great stone that harde droff,
That the tour al to-roff,
The barre, and the burdys;
The gate burste and the portecolys.
Therto he gaff another strok,
To brek the bemes al off rok,
And slowgh the folk that therinne stood;
The other fledde and wer nygh wood.
And sayde, it was the devylys dent!
"Allas, Mahoun! what has he ment,
Thys Inglyshe dogge, that hyghte Fouke?
He is no man, he is a pouke,
That out off helle is i-stole!
An evyl deth mote he thole!
For us he beseges fast;
Yiff he moo stones to us cast,
Alle this toun wole be doun bete;
Stondand hous wole he non lete!"
Ser Fouke gan hym apparàyle,
With hys folk the toun to assayle.
Or he the toun with strengthe wan,
Ther was slayn many a man!
The toun dykes on every syde,
They wer depe, and ful wyde,
Ful off grut, no man myghte swymme;
The wal stood fast upon the brymme:
Between hem myght no man stande.
The archers alle off this lande

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Schotte in with arwes smale;
The toun folk ne gaff no tale.
The Sarezynes went upon the walles,
And schotte with arweblaste and spryngalles,
And with quarelles they gan hem stonye;
Off our folk they schotte monye:
Envenymyd ther takyl was.
But when Fouk Doyly seygh that caas,
That hys men scholde be slawe,
He bad hem to withdrawe,—
"And bryngys trees and many a bowgh."
To don hys wylle folk com inowgh;
Crystene men made hem a targe
Off dores, and off wyndowes large;
Some caughte a bote and some an hach,
And broughten to tymbyr and rach,
And grete schydes, and the wood,
And slunge it into the mode,
And the thach abone theron,
That Crystene men myghte on gon
To the walle, and stonde sekyr,
And hand be hand to geve bekyr.
A sorye beverage ther was browen!
Quarelles and arwes thykke flowen;
The Ynglyssche slewe that they off-took,
Durste no man over the walles loke,
That the Crystene hem ovyr-threw,
And wylde fyrr ovyr the walles they blewe.

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Mony an hous anon ryght,
Bycome upon a fuyr lyght;
Many a lane and many a streete.—
The Sarezynes thoo, for heete,
Drowgh out godes and faste gan flye:
Allas! and help! loud gan they crye.
The Ynglyshemen herde the cry;
They wer strong and wel hardy;
To wynne the toun weel they wende.
They withinne weel hem deffende:
Though it wer soo that on doun falle,
Another styrte upon the walle,
In the stede ther he stood,
And weryd it well with herte good.
Among the toun folk was no game;
To counsayl they gaderyd hem insame.
Then sayde the chef amyrayl,
"Lordynges, lystnes to my tale!
This sege is gret, this fyrr is stronge;
Thus may we nought dure longe.
To slen us they have gret desyre;
They have set our toun affyre.
Pes off hem tydes us no graunt,
But it be at swilke a covenaunt,
That we our God Mahoun forsake,
And Crystendom undertake,
And trow in Jesu and Mary.
Despyte it wer and velony,

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That we scholden leve on fals lay!
So arme hym every man that may,
That strong is wepene for to bere,
And fonde we this toun to were!
Off hoost we haven swylke ten,
As he has off Crystene men,
To fyght with us now hedyr brought.
Bes bolde, and doutes hym ryght nought.
Beter it is that we out renne,
Thenne as wrehches in house to brenne,
And frye inne oure owne gres!
Ynglysshe be flynte and herteles;
Off mete and drynke they have defawte,
We schole hem sley alle inne assawte,
And felle hem alle in the feelde;
Hangyd be he that this toun yelde,
To Crystene men, whyl he may leve!
But whenne he hadde this counsayl geve,
Every men his armes on kestę,
And to hym they com alle prest.
For to fyght they wer ful fell;
And to her temple they wente full snell,
Ilke a man armyd in hys queyntise,
And made ther her sacryfyse,
To Mahoun, and to Jupiterre,
That he hem helpe in her werre:
" We hadde never nede or now!
And her we make hym our avow,

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The prys this day yiff that we wynne,
That we schole never blynne,
For to fyght with Crystene schrewe
Tyl that they ben al to-hewe."
In foure partyes they delte her route,
And at the foure gates they isuyd oute.
The fyrste hoost Ser Arcade ledde,
Al aboute on brede they spredde;
Ser Cudary ledde the other,
And with hym Orthyas hys brother;
The thrydde hoost with hym gan lede
Ser Materbé, wyght in wede;
Sere Gargoyle ledde the ferthe;
Ther they rede, al the erthe
Under the hors feet it quoke.
Ser Fouk beheeld and gan to loke:
Her folk wer rengyd in that playn,
Fourescore thousand, forsothe to sayn,
Off footmen, knyghtes, and squyers,
And off lordes with baners,
Ther wer syxty amyrales,
The sothe to say, in certayn tales.
On stedes wel trappyd armyd they ryde,
Redy, batayle to abyde.
Sere Fouk gan hys folk ordayne,
As they scholde hem demeyne:
Foremeste he sette hys arweblasteres,
And aftyr that hys good archeres

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And aftyr hys staff-slyngeres,
And othir with scheeldes and with speres:
He devysyd the ferthe part,
With swerd and ax, knyff and dart;
The men off armes com al the last.
Quod Fouke, " Seres, beth nought agast,
Though that they ben moo than wee!"
They blyssyd hem, and felle on knee.
" Fadyr, Sone, and Holy Gost,
Quod Fouke, kepe the Crystene hoost!"
Mary mylde our errande bede!
Thy chylde us helpe at our nede,
And kepe our honour, we thè praye!
Prest we ben for thè to deye,
And for hys love that deyd on rood!"
The Sarezynes, with egre moode,
Her wepnes begunne for to grype;
They trumpyd anon and gunne to pype.
To fyghte the Crystene wer ful swyffte:
Ilke lord his baner gan upliffte,
Off kynde armys off hys owen,
That hys men scholde byknowen,
And to folewe hym that tyde,
In the batayle wher they gan ryde.
Sarezynes com with gret wylle;
When the Crystene myght draw hem tylle,
To schete the arweblasteres hem dresse,
And the archeres to hem gesse.

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Sere Fouke leet set up a standard,
With armes off the Kyng Richard:
When the Sarezynes it sen,
They wende Kyng Richard hadde ther i-ben,
Among hem alle in batayle thore;
Off hym they were adred ful sore.
Knyghtes and amyrales prowde,
" Kylles doun ryght! they cryede lowde,
Brynges the cyté out off cares!
Hangyd be he that hys foo spares."
Ser Archadé took a gret launce,
And come prykand with bombance.
To Fouk Doyly he gan it bere,
And with anothir Fouk mette hym ther;
Ryght in pleyn cours in the feelde,
He hytte hym upon the scheelde.
Ryght thorwout the herte it karff;
The mysbelevyd Paynym starff.
With bost com Sere Cudary,
Agayn a Crystene knyght hardy.
With a fawchon he gan hym smyte,
Sekyrly it wolde wel byte.
In the neckke he hyt hym withal,
That the hed trendelyd off as a bal.
On a rabyte com Orphyas;
For bost he prekyd a gret pas;
A gret fawchoun in hand he bare,
" Come fyte with me now who that dare!"

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Jhon Doyly, Ser Foukes nevewe,
A yonge knyght off gret vertew,
In hand he took a spere long,
That was bothe styffe and strong,
And in hys scheeld he smot hym soo
That it clevede evene in twoo,
And slowgh hym ther sekyrly;
And sayde: "Dogge, ther thou ly,
And reste thè ther tyl domesday,
For thou art payede off thy pay!"
Togedyr when the hpostes mete,
The archeres myghte no more schete:
Men off armes the swerdes outbreyde;
Balles out off hoodes, soone they pleyde.
Swylke strokes they hem geve,
That helm and bacynet al to-reve,
That on the schuldre fel the brayn.
The Crystene men slowgh hem with mayn.
The foote folk and sympyl knaves,
In hande they hente ful good staves;
Ther was no Sarezyn in that flok,
But, yiff that he hadde had a knok,
With a staff wel i-sett
On helm, other on bacynet,
That he ne yede doun, sauns fayle,
Off hys hors, top on tayle.
Soone, withinne a lytyl stounde,
The moste party yede to grounde.

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The lordes seygh hou that they spedde,
Anon hastely they fledde,
Into the toun they wolde agayn;
Ser Fouk and hys men theroff wer fayn:
The paas to kepe and to lette,
On every halff they hem with-sette,
That non off hem ne myght ascape.
The Crystene on hem gan fast to frape.
When the foot folk wer i-slawe,
Grete lordynges doun they drawe,
Off stedes and rabytes trappyd;
Anon her hedes wer off chappyd.
That Jesu hem helpyd it was wel sene.
The Sarezynes wer i-slayn al clene,
Stryppyd hem nakyd to the sarke.
But when they had made alle playn wark,
Ser Fouk, that noble man and wys,
With trumpes he let blowe the prys.
No man wolde the dogges berrye;
Crystene men restyd and made hem merrye:
Off good wyn ilke man drank a draught:
And when that they herte hadde caught,
Colyd hem, and kepyd her state,
Anon they broke the toungate.
Syre Fouk with hys men in rode,
No Sarezyn tho hym abode.
Every Sarezen that they mette,
With swyche wessayl they him grette,

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For the love off her Mahoun,
That by the schuldren they schooff the croun.
The foote-men come byhynde,
And slowgh alle that they myghte fynde:
Man, wumman, alle yede to swerde,
Bothe in house, and eke in yerde.
The Crystene men the fyr gan quenche.
Ther was more good then man might thenche;
Off sylver and gold, in that cyté,
The Crystene men hadde gret plenté.
Ful curteysly seyde Ser Fouk,
" Every man hys wynnyng brouke,
Amonges yow alle to dele and dyght."
For good was no nede to fyght.
Crystene menne Sere Fouk lete,
In every lane, in every strete,
To take keep, and to wake,
By nyght and day warde to make,
For to save [hem] weel affyn,
From the Sawdon Saladyn.
On the toun wal, on every corner,
He lete sette up a baner,
Upon a schaffte brode displayde,
With Kyng Richardes armes pourtrayed;
In sygne to bere record,
That Kyng Richard was her ovyr-lord.
Whenne he had stabelyd the toun,
With hys hoost, he wente boun,

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To Orglyous to Sere Thomas.
Forth they wente a gret paas,
To Kyng Richard to Sudan Turry,
And he hem took and sette hym by.
Every man told othiris chaunce.
To hym come the Kyng of Fraunce.
Unto Acres they ganne turne,
Aftyr swynk ther too sujurn,
To dwelle and reste hem a stounde,
To hele hem that hadde gret wound.
Upon a day aftyrward,
Kyng Phelyp eet with Kyng Richard.
Dukes, eerles, and barouns,
Men of Fraunce off most renouns;
With hem al the knyghtes free,
That they brought fro beyonde the see,
Thomas off Multon, Fouk Doyly,
Erles, and barouns, sykyrly,
Off Yngelond, Gascoyne, and off Spayne,
Off Lumbardy, Gyan, and Alemayne.
Trumpes blewen, tabours dashen,
Mete was graythid, they gunne to waschen.
They wer set doun at a table,
And wel i-servyd, withouten fable,
To her talent, off flessch and fyssen;
Frenschemen, Lumbards, Gascoynes alyche.
Off ryche wyn ther was plenté,
Pyment and ryche clarré,

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Aftyr mete the cloth was drawe,
Off her comyng Richard was fawe.
Aftyr mete they maden game;
They begynne to speke insame.
Quod Kyng Richard: "Every man telle
How he has don, hou hym befelle;
Whoo has been in moost dystresse,
And who has don the most prowesse."
Quod Richard: "I myself wan Sudan Turry;
Off the folk had I no mercy.
Al tha that ther wer I and myn hoost slowgh,
And wunne therinne tresore inowgh.
Crystene men therinne wone."
Thomas gan hys dedes mone:
"And I wan castel Orglyous;
Maydyn, and grome, hosebonde, and spous
Myn hoost slowgh, and non ovyr-laff:
Al the tresor that hem I gaff."
Thoo tolde Fouk Doyly:
"And I wan the cyté off Ebedy.
Gaynyd hem no mercy to crye;
What scholde dogges doo but dye?
Alle the flok hoppyd hedless;
In this manere I made pes;
Destroyed alle hethene blood.
To Crystene men alle the good
I gaff that I therinne found;
And stablyd it to Crystene hond."

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Quod Phelyp, " I dede nought soo,
Taburet and Archane I wente too :
The folk come off both cytees,
Cryde mercy, and felle on knees.
For every hed I took raunsoun;
They yolde to me every toun,
And up they sette my baner :
We weren at one in this maner.
To sloo men was me nevyr leef."
Kyng Richard took it to greef;
And on hym gan to look rowe.—
" Cursyd be he that thy werk alowe!
Thou wer wel worthy maugry to have,
Sarezynes that thou woldest save.
For to graunte hem lyff, for mede,
Thou dost God a gret falshede.
Thou hast done us gret schame :
Thou wer wurthy to have blame
Al swylke werkes I refuse :
And thou, Ser Kyng, yiff thou it use,
Thou dedest nought as I thè bad!
Yiff thou be efte in fyght bestad,
Thou schalt fynd hem everilkon;
They schal ben thy mooste foon.
Yiff thou haddest hem al slayn,
Thenne myghtest thou have be fayn,
And wunnen al the good therinne.
Now is it eft newe to beginne;

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And that thyself now schalt sen."
Quod Phelyp, " I wole wende ayèn,
For to prove yiff it be sothe,
Whether the folk me gyle dothe,
Be aboute me to anoye,
I schal hem brenne, sloo and stroye,
They schal nevyr have grith."—
Quod Richard, " Yiff I wende thè with,
The betere hap thè may betyde."
On morwe they begunne to ryde,
With her hoost to Taburet:
The folk withinne the gates schet.
They callyd: " Phelyp, feynte coward!
False wrehche, thou broke foreward!
Thou gaff us lyff for raunsoun:
Thè tydes no more off this toun,
Henne to the worldes ende!"
Quod Kyng Richard: " Phelyp, tak in mende!
I sayde the sothe now may thou wete!"
Anon, his baner doun they smete,
And brak it up in gret despyt,
To pesys brak it al so tyght;
And out into the dyke it throwen;
And setten up on off her owen,
And bad hym: " Now doo thy best!"
Quod Richard: " Frendes, haves no rest;
This toun assayle we now swythe:
Every man hys strengthe kythe.

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On thes dogges to be wroke!"—
Whenne Kyng Richard thus hadde spoke,
The Crystene men gunne make a scryke:
Anon they wunnen ovyr the dyke.
The folk on the walles above,
To deffende faste they prove,
In alle that they may and cunne.
Stones and stokkes they threw doun;
Some off the Crystenes they herte;
For drede, archeres abak they sterte.
The Sarezynes they gunnen greten,
Arwes, quarelles, thykke they scheten,
And slowen that they ovyrtook.
Over the walles durste no man look.
The Crystene the walles undermyne;
Quod Richard: "I schal nevyr fyn,
Sytte on ground, drynke, ne eeten,
Tyl I have this toun i-geten."
In the dyke the walle ovyrthrewe;
The hoost wan inne, and on hem hewe,
With swerdes, axes and kene knyves,
And slowgh men, chyldren, and wyves.
The hoost wolde no lenger be thare;
Toward Archane gunne they fare.
The folk off the toun the gates schet,
Kyng Phelyp out for to let;
And sayden, "Coward, goo thy way!
Her hast thou lost thy pray.

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Thou gaff us lyff for tresor;
Off this toun tydes thè no more.
Alle at ones thy pay thou grepe;
Her hast thou lost thy lordshepe!
Thou art a fals faynt wrèhche!
Hangyd be he that off thè rehche!
Al that thou may do us, doo!"
For that they despysyd hym soo,
Kyng Richard swoor and was agreved,
The Sarezynes therinne, that mysbeleved,
Schalle non off hem be savyd quykke.
Arwes, quarelles flowe thykke.
The Crystene men the gates brente;
They broke the walles and inne they wente.
The Sarezynes fledde, away gunne fyke,
The Crystenes folwe, sley, and styke,
And gaff alle her folk her bane;
Thus Kyng Phelyp wan Archane.
Quod Richard, "Phelyp, tak to thè
The goodes of ayther cyté;
Thus thou myghtyst have don or this.
Certes, Phelyp, thou art nought wys.
Thee be forgeven thé fyrste gylt:
Thou may bewar, yiff that thou wilt.
Nowe be we frendes bothe,
But, sykyrly, we schole be wrothe,
Swylke folyes yiff thou haunte,
Sarezynes lyff yiff thou graunte.

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Bewar, though thou gold coveyte,
In this land doo us no deceyte!
Yiff thou be eft founden with gyle,
Wher thorwgh we fallen in peryle,
Be the chyld in our lady barme,
Soo schalt thou nought, withouten harme!
Off gold shalt thou have thy fylle."
He gan to moorne, and held hym stylle;
He glowtyd, and gan to syke,
With Kyng Richard gan hym evyl lyke,
For wordes he gan to hym dele.
Kyng Richard gan hym to counsayl:
" Be trewe! doo as I thè teche!
Goo we forth this cuntree to seche,
To slewe our foos and wynne the croys!"
Kyng Phelyp, withouten noys,
Sayde: " In me schal be no delay,
To helpe thertoo, that I may!"
Kyng Richard and Phelyp, with her hoost;
Wente fqorth be the see-coost.
Agaynes hem comen her naveye,
Cogges, and dromoundes, many galeye,
Berges, schoutes, trayeres fele,
That were chargyd with al weel,
With armour and with other vytayle,
That nothyng in the hoost scholde fayle.

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CHAP. III.

CONTENTS.

Richard, on his march to Caiphas, is attacked by Saladin, but defeats him and enters that town, and afterwards the city of Palestine, where he waits for supplies of victuals.—In the mean time, Saladin destroys his castles, and sends a defiance, which is accepted.—Richard gains a decisive victory, and takes the city of Arsour.—He resolves next to besiege Nineveh, but previously fights and defeats another Sarazen army.—The fate of Nineveh is decided by a combat of three against three, and all the inhabitants are baptised.

It was before Seynt Jamys tyde,
When fouks begunne merrye to chyde,
The kyng dede turn his pas
Toward the cytè of Cayphas,
Ever forth be the maryn,
By the rever off Chalyn.
Saladyn it herde telle,
And com flyngand aftyr snelle,

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With syxty thousand Sarezynes kene,
And thoughte to doo Crystene-men tene;
And ovyrtooke the rerewarde,
And begunne to bekyr harde.
Hastely swerdes they drowe,
And many a Crystene-man they slowe.
Unarmyd was the rerewarde;
They fledde in haste to Kyng Richard.
Whenne Kyng Richard wyste this,
The Sawdon slew his men, I wis,
On Favel of Cypres he sat falewe,
Al so swyfte as ony swalewe.
Hys baner anon was unfolde,
The Sarezynes anon gan behold:
Thoo that myght the baner see,
Alle they gunne for to flee.
Kyng Richard after hem gan to ryde,
And therwith turnyd hem that tyde,
And smot nedyr with swylke randoun,
As yiff alle the world scholde down.
Kyng Richard before smot;
With hys ax that byttyrly boot,
He gan to hewe faste and to kerve;
Manye undyr hys hand gan sterve;
And many Crystene, I telle yow sekyr,
Hente her deth in that bekyr,
Thorwgh a cart, that was Hubertes Gawtyre,
That was set al in a myre.

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The carter les his hand ryght;
Ther was slayn many a knyght.
For the harneys kepyd fourty,
And theroff wer i-slayn thrytty.
Kyng Richard hyed thedyr with thate,
Almost hadde he come to late!
He layde on with hys ax good;
Many Sarezynes he leet blood.
Ther was no armure, verrayment,
So good that myght withstand hys dent:
And the Long-espay, that tyde,
Layde on be every syde,
That doun it wente al that he smot,
With hys fawchoun that byttyr bot:
And the batayle was dotous,
And to hys folk was wel pytous;
For the wynde was so strong,
And the dust ros hem among,
And forstoppyd the Crystene onde,
That they fel ded upon the sonde.
Moo dyede for hete, at schorte werdes,
Thenne for dent off sper or swerdes.
Kyng Richard was almoost ateynt,
And in the smoke nygh adreynt.
On his knees he gan doun falle;
Help! to Jesu he gan calle,
For love off his modyr Mary;
And as I fynde in hys story,

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He seygh come St George, the knyght,
Upon a stede good and lyght,
In armes whyte as the flour,
With a croys off red colour.
Alle that he mette in that stounde,
Hors and man, wente to grounde;
And the wynd gan wexe lythe,
Sterne strokes they gynne to kythe.
Whenne Kyng Richard seygh that syght,
In herte he was glad and lyght;
And egrely, withouten fayle,
The Sarezynes he gan assayle.
Bertram Braundys, the good Lumbard,
Robert Tourneham and Kyng Richard,
All that agayn hem gan dryve,
Soone they reffte hem off her lyve.
The Sarezynes fledden to recet,
To the mount of Nazareth withouten let.
They wer so hyyd at the spore,
That mekyl off her folk was lore.
  Kyng Richard went, a gret paas,
Toward the cyté off Cayphas,
And thankyd Jesu, kyng of glorye,
And Mary hys modyr off the victorye.
Al they maden gret solas,
For the wynnyng of Cayphas.
  At morwe, Kyng Richard let crye,
Among hys hoost, that they scholden hye

Ones more forth by the maryn
To the cyté off Palestyn.
Ther her pavyloune they telde,
And al to long ther they dwelde
For to abyde her vytayle,
That come by water, sauns fayle.
Certes, that was the werste dwellyng,
That ever dwellyd Richard our kyng!
That whyle, the Sawdon Saladyn
Sente many a Sarezyn
To bete adoun many castèls,
Cytés, tounes, and tourelles.
Fyrst they bete doun the castele,
That was callyd Myrabele;
And aftyr, the castel Calaphyne,
That was ful off good engyne:
Off Seracye they fellyd the walle,
And the tour off Arsour alle:
Jaffé castel they bete adoun,
And the good castel Touroun;
Castel-Pylgrym they felden there,
And the good castel La Fere:
The castel of St George de Reyn,
They felden doun and made al pleyn:
The walles they felde off Jerusalem,
And eke the walles off Bedlem:
Maydenes-castel they lete stande,
And the castel of Aukesland;

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Be that coost wer no moo leten,
But they wer feld and doun beten;
And this he dede withouten lette,
For Richard scholde have no recette.
Whenne he hadde thus i-doo,
Kyng Richard he sente untoo,
And sayde, he wolde, the next morwe,
Mete hym in the feeld with sorwe,
And with a launce to hym ryde,
Yiff that he durste hym abyde;
Undyr the forest off Arsour
He wolde assaye hys valour.
Kyng Richard made it nought towgh,
But for that tydyng faste he lowgh.
He leet crye in hys hoost,
In the name off the Holy Gost,
That they scholden with vygour,
That nyght rest before Arsour,
And dyghten hem al redy than,
At morwe to fyght with the Sowdan.
On St Marye eve, the nativité,
This ilke batayle scholde be.
Manye was the hethene man,
With Saladyn that come than
Off Ynde, off Perse, off Babylone,
Off Arabye, and off Cessoyne,
Off Aufryk, and off Bogye,
Off al the land off Alysandrye,

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Off Greece, and off Tyre alsoo,
And off many empyres and kyngdomes moo;
Off moo landes than ony can telle,
Save he that made hevene and helle.
That nyght was Kyng Richard before Arsour,
Undyr the forest off Lysour.
With hym ther wer, off Yngeland,
Wyse knyghtes doughty off hand;
Manye Frensche folk and Templeres,
Gascoynes, and Hospytaleres,
Off Provynce a fayre cumpanye,
Off Poyle and off Lumbardye,
Off Gene, off Sesyle, off Tuskayn;
Ther wer doughty men of mayn
Off Ostrych, and off Alemayn,
That weel cowde fyght in the playne.
Off Crystene knyghtes that wer hende,
The fayrest hoost to the worldes ende:
And ye schal here, as it is wrete,
How the batayle was i-smete.
Saladyn com be a mountayn,
That ovyrspradde hyl and playn.
Syxty thousand, sayde the spye,
Was in the fyrste cumpanye,
With longe speres on her stedes;
Off gold and asure were her wedes.
Syxty thousand com aftyrwarde,
Off Sarezynes stoute and hard,

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With many a pensel of sykelatoun,
And off sendel grene and broun;
Almoost come fyff and fyffty thousind,
With Saladyn that com behind.
They comen al stylle nought fer behende,
Her armure ferd al as it brende.
Thre thousand Turkes com at the last,
With bowe-Turkeys, and arweblaste.
A thousand taboures and yit moo,
Al at once they smeten thoo.
Al the erthe donyd hem undyr:
Ther myght men see a syght off wundyr.
Now speke we of Richard our kyng,
Hou he cam to batayle with hys gyng.
He was armyd in splentes off steel,
And sat upon hys hors Favel.
Weel hym lovede baroun and knyght,
For he cowde weel araye a fyght.
The fyrste batayle to the Templeres
He gaff, and to the Hospytaleres,
And bad hem goo, in Godes name,
The feend to schentschepe and to schame.
Jakes Deneyn, and Jhon de Neles,
Before they wenten in that pres.
In this world, theme, wer there
No beter knyghtes theme they were.
Forth they prykkyd, as I fynde,
With knyghtes ful twenty thousynde;

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And the Sarezynes they mette,
With grimly launce they hem grette,
Many Sarezyn hadden her fyn,
And wenten to Mahoun and Apolyn;
And tho that caughte deth off oure,
Wenten to Cryst our Saveoure.
Jakes Deneys was a noble knyght,
To slee Paynyms he dede his myght:
He prekyd before the folk to rathe
With his twoo sones, and that was scathe.
Thre thousand Turkes com, with host,
Betwen Jakes and his hoost,
That non help myghte come him too,
For non helpe that they cowde doo.
Ne he ne myghte him withdrawe,
For the folk off hethene lawe.
It was gret scathe theroff, he Cryst!
Kyng Richard theroff nought ne wyst,
For he was yit al behynde,
To ordeyne othir twenty thousynde;
Thoo scholde the Duke of Burgoyne
Lede, with the Erl off Boloyne.
These comen, and dede her devers
Agayn the hethene pawteners;
And Jakes, and hys sones twoo,
Almost weren i-slayn thoo.
He layde on every syde ryght,
And steryd hym as a noble knyght.

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Twenty he slowgh, and ayther soue ten,
Off the vyle hethene men;
And nyne, sethyn his hors was felde;
And evyr he covyrde hym with his schelde.
He had non helpe off Templere,
Ne off non other Hospytalere;
He layd on with his sworde,
And ever he sayde: "Jesu Lorde!
I schal dye for thy love:
Resseive my soule to hevene above!"
The Sarezynes layde on with mace,
And al to-frassched hym in the place,
Hym and hys sones bothe;
Therfore Kyng Richard was ful wrothe.
Whenne Kyng Richard wyste this,
That ded was Jakes Denis,
"Allas, he sayde, that is wronge!
Behynde I dwellyd al to longe!"
He smot Favel with spores off golde,
Sewe hym that sewe wolde.
A launce in hys hand he helde,
He smot an amyrale in the schelde.
The dynt smot thorwgh the hethene herte,
I undyrstande it gan hym smerte.
Kyng Richard his arme withdrowgh,
With that launce a kyng he slowgh;
So he dede an amyrale,
And fyve dukes withouten fayle.

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With that ilke launce selve,
Kynge Richard slowgh kynges twelve.
The thryttenethe to the chyn he kerff;
The launce barst, the Sarezyn starff.
Hys ax on his fore-arsoun hyng,
Anon it took Richard our kyng.
On he hytte on the schuldyr bon,
And karff hym to the sadel anon.
None armour, i-wrought with hand,
Myght Kyng Richard's ax withstand.
Off my tale bes nowght a wundryd;
The Frensche says he slowgh an hundryd,
(Wheroff is made this Ynglysche sawe,)
Or he reste hym ony thrawe.
Hym folewyd many an Ynglysche knyght,
That egyrly halp hym for to fyght;
And layd on as they wer wood,
Tyl váleys runnen al of blood.
The Sarezynes sayde, in her pavylouns,
The Crystene ferde as wylde lyouns.
Upon her stedes manly they lepen,
Swerdes and speres many they grepen.
Manye man ther slowgh othir,
Many a Sarezyn loste ther his brothir,
And many of the hethene houndes,
With her teeth gnow on the groundes.
By the blood upon the gras,
Men myght see where Richard was!

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Brayn and blood he schadde inowgh:
Many an hors his guttes drowgh.
Ther was a many a voyd sadyl,
That it bewepte the chyld in cradyl.
He thoughte rescue Jhon Denayn,
And ar he com he was i-slayn.
For he, and his sones, anon
Were to-fruschyd, flesch and bon.
He ledde hym to his pavyloun,
In despyte off her Mahoun.
Thoo delte Richard on ilke syde,
The Sarezynes durste no longer abyde.
Syx thousand, and seven score,
At onys he droff hym before,
Up agayn an heygh cleve;
They fledde as deer that hadde be dreve.
And for drede off Kyng Richard,
Off the clyff they flowgh dounward,
And al to-barste hors and men,
That never non com to lyff off hem.
That seygh the Sawdon Saladyn.
He was ful sekyr hys lyff to tyn;
He loste hys pavylouns and his tente,
And fledde away verraymente.
Whenne Kyng Richard seygh hym fleande,
He sewyd afftyr fast prykkande.
To sloo the Sawdon was hys thought,
But, for he myght hym overtake nought,

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Off a footman a bowe he took;
He drowgh an arwe up to the hook,
And sente it to the Sawdon anon,
And smot hym thorwgh the schuldyr bon.
Thus the Sawdon, with dolour,
Fledde fro the batayle off Arsour.
Syxty thousand ther wer slawe,
Sarezynes off hethene lawe;
And off Crystene but ten score.
Blessyd be Jesu Cryst therfore!
Kyng Richard took the pavylouns,
Off sendels and off sykelatouns,
They were schape off castelles;
Off gold and sylwyr the penselles.
Many wer the fayre geste
Theron were wryten, and wylde beste,
Tygrys, dragons, leons, lupard:
Al this wan the Kyng Richard.
Bounden coffres, and gret males,
He hadde ther withouten tales.
Off tresore they hadde so mekyl wonne,
They wyste no wher her goods to done.
Kyng Richard wente, with honour,
Into the cyté off Arsour,
And restyd there al that nyght.
On morwe, whenne it was daylyght,
Kyng Richard ful erely ros:
Hys dedes were ryche and his los.

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Off Naples he callyd Ser Gawter,
That was hys maystyr Hospytaler;
He bad hym take with hym knyghtes,
Strong in armes, stoute in fyghtes,
And agayn to the feelde tee,
There the batayle hade i-bee,
And lede Jakes, the noble baroun,
Into Jerusalem toun;
And berye hys body there in erthe;
For he was man that was wel werthe.
Al was don, withouten cheste,
Hastely Kyng Richardes heste.
Thus Kyng Richard wan Arsour:
God graunt hys soule mekyl honour!
  At morwe he sent to the Kyng off Fraunce,
And sayde to hym, withoute bombance:
" Wende we to the Nynyvé,
That is a swythe strong cyté.
For hadde we that toun i-wunne,
Then wer our game fayr bigunne.
Hadde we that, and Massydoyne,
We schulde wende to Babyloyne.
Thenne myghte we saffly ryde,
An hundryd myle by ilke a syde."
  Richard and Phelyp in Arsour lay:
A messanger thenne com to say,
That the Sarezynes wolde abyde,
And in batayle to hem ryde,

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In the playn Odoh, sothe to saye,
Ther they wole leve or deye.
Kyng Richard hem aunsweryd anon:
" I schal yow telle by Seynt Jhon,
And I wyste what day it wore,
I scholde mete with hem thore!"
The messanger sayde, by his say,
That it scholde be the sevenethe day.
That tym com, as he teld;
The Sarezynes com into the feld,
With syxty thousand and weel moo.
Kyng Richard com ayeynes hem thoo;
His host he delte in four manèr,
As they sayde that ther wer,
Fouk Doyly, be that on syde,
Thomas be that othir to abyde;
Kyng Phelyp the thrydde part,
And the fourthe Kyng Richard.
Thus they besette hem without
The Sarezynes that wer bold and stout.
In every hoost, Crystene men
Sarezynes banners out-putte then.
The Sarezynes wenden then anon,
They hadde ben Sarezynes everilkon.
Soone so Richard seygh this,
That the Sarezynes hoost beclosyd is,
His own baner was soon arerde.
Thenne wer the Sarezynes sore aferde,

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And abaschyd hem in a throwe.
The Crystene gan the baner to knowe;
They smeten on in that stounde,
And slowgh many an hethene hound.
Kynge Richard upon Favel gan ryde,
And slowgh dounryght on ilke a syde;
And alle hys folk dede alsoo,
Alle foure hoostes layden too.
Many Sarezyn they schente.
Allas, an hoost from hem wente;
By the kyngys syde of Fraunce,
The hoost passyd, by a chaunce,
Into Nynyvé again thoo:
Therfore was Kyng Richard woo.
The Sarezynes that they founde thore,
They yede to deth lasse and more.
The numbre that ther togedyr yede,
Fyftene thousand as I yow rede.
Kyng Richard wente with hys meyné,
Toward the cyté of Nynyvé;
Kyng Phelyp wente hym by,
With a gret hoost sekyrly,
Till they com to Nynyvé,
And tylde her pavyloun besyde the cyté.
Kyng Richard, on morwe, when it was day,
To armes he commanded al that may;
And hastely, withouten pytée,
To assayle that cyté,

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With arweblaste, and with othir gynne,
Yiff they myghte the cyté wynne.
Alle the folk, withoute chydyng,
Dede Kyng Richardys byddyng.
The gynours mangeneles bente,
And stones to the cyté they sente;
Harde stones in they threwe,
The Sarezynes that wel knewe,
Arweblast off vys, with quarel,
With staffe-slynges that smyte wel,
With trepeiettes they slungen alsoó,
That wroughte hem ful mekyl woo;
And blewe wylde-fyr in trumpes of gynne,
To mekyl sorwe to hem withinne.
Now seygh the Sarezynes ylkone,
That they schulde to deth gone.
A messenger anon they sente;
To Kyng Richard forth he wente,
And prayed, yiff his wylle be,
Off batayle betwen thre;
Three off hem, and three off hys:
Whether off hem that wynne the prys,
And who that haves the heyer hand,
Have the cyté and al her land,
And have it for evermore.
Kyng Richard grauntyd hem thore,
And bad hem come hastely.
The messangeres wente in onhy,

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And sayden to the amyrayle,
That Kyng Richard, withouten fayle,
Weel armyd, with spere and scheeld,
Wolde meete hym in the feelde,
And with hym other twoo barouns,
Noble men off gret renouns,
For to fyght with swylke three,
As ye wole sende off this cyté.
Then on rabytes wer they dyghte,
Three amyrayles, bold and wyght.
Her names I schal yow telle anon:
What they hyghte everilkon.
These are chosyn in fyrst rod,
Coudyrbras hovyd and abode:
Sere Calabre hovyd stylle:
To see who wolde ryde hym tylle.
Kyng Richard the noble knyght,
Again Sere Archolyn hym dyght.
They smeten togedyr dyntes sare;
He ne schal kerve never mare;
And he gaff Richard a sory flatt,
That foundryd bacynet and hat.
Kyng Rychard was agrevyd sore,
For the stroke that he hadde thore.
Kyng Richard took his ax ful strong,
And on the Sarezyn fast he dong,
On the helm above the crown;
He cleff hym to the sadyl arsoun.

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Hys lyff forsothe not longe lest,
For King Richard was hys preest.
Sere Coudyrbras forth gan ryde;
Sere Thomas thoughte hym to abyde.
They reden togedyr, as we rede,
That bothe to the erthe they yede.
Up they styrte in that stounde,
And smeten togedyr with grym wounde.
They foughten ful sore, with fawchouns kene;
Strong batayle was hem betwene.
Cowdyrbras, for felonye,
Smot Sere Thomas, withouten lye,
On hys spawdeler off hys scheeld,
That it fleygh into the feeld.
Thomas was agrevyd sore,
And thoughte to anoye hym more.
He took to hys mace off bras,
That faylyd hym never in no cas,
And gaff hym a sory weffe,
That hys helme al to-cleff,
And al to-brosyd hys herne-panne,
Kyd he was a doughty man;
Out off hys sadyl he hym glente,
And with the rabyte forthe he wente.
Sere Calabre hovyd stylle,
To see who wolde ryde hym tylle.
He nyste whethir hym was moost fayn,
For to fyghte or turne agayn.

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Sere Fouk Doyly weel it say,
Lothe hym were he scapyd away.
To hym he prekyd upon a stede,
Agayn hym that other yede;
With egyr yre togedyr rode,
That eyther stede to grounde glode,
And brak her nekkes in that stounde,
That they lay ded upon the grounde.
Her speres scheveryd in the feeldes,
So eyther hytte othir in the scheeldes.
Eythir gaff othir strokes felle,
Dere they gunne her lyves selle.
Calabre was stout and wyght,
That Fouk ne myght hym hytte nought ryght,
But at the last he gaff hym on,
That he brak hys schuldre-bon,
And hys on arme thertoo:
Theme was hys fyttyng doo;
On knees he fel doun, and cryde, "Créaunt,
For Mahoun, and Termagaunt!"
But Sere Fouk wolde nought soo;
The hedde he smot the body froo.
The lordynges of that cyté
Agayn hem com and fell on knee,
And the keyes, with hem they brought;
Off mercy Kyng Richard besought,
Yiff he wolde save her lyff,
They wold be crystened, man and wyff,

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And wenden with hym, withouten fayle,
Into the brest off every batayle,
And off hym holden that cyté.
Kyng Richard grauntede with herte free.
A bysschop he leet com anon,
And dede hem crystene everilkon.
Lytyl, mekyl, lasse and more,
In that tyme crystenyd wore.
Kyng Richard a whyle ther leffte stylle;
The comouners servyd hym at wylle;
Off alle that he with hym broughte,
Betere myghte they serve hym nought.

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CHAP. IV.

CONTENTS.

Richard and Philip besiege Babylon.—The latter makes truce with the Saracens.—Saladin offers to fight Richard in a general battle, which he accepts.—A steed is presented to him by Saladin, of which he is warned by an angel.—The Saracens are totally defeated, and Babylon surrenders.—Saladin having been wounded by King Richard flies.—The armies march to Jerusalem, where King Philip quarrels with King Richard, and departs with his army for France.

The cheff Sawdon off Hethenysse
To Babyloyne was flowen, I wysse.
Hys counseyl he off-sente that tyme;
They semblyd many a bold Paynyme.
Syxty thousand ther wer telde,
Off gylte spores in the felde;
Withouten footmen and putayle,
That ther com into batayle;
As he sayde that was the spye
That tolde the folk on both partye,

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Two hundred thousand off hethene men,
To batayle hadde the Sawden.
Lystenes, lordes, yunge and olde,
For hys love that Judas solde!
The men that love trewethe and ryght,
Ever he sendes hem strengthe and myght:
That was ther ful wel seen.
Oure Crystene hoost, withouten ween,
Was, as we in booke fynde,
No more but foure score thousynd.
Kyng Richard thrytty thousand ladde;
For Phelyp, and hys men wer badde,
Fyffty thousand hadde he,
By that on syde off that cyté,
That kepte withinne Sarezynes stout:
Was non so bold to passen oute:
And Kyng Richard on that othir syde lay,
And batayled redy every day.
With mangeneles and with spryngeles,
With many arewes and quarelles.
Was no Sarezyn so stoute,
Ovyr the walles to loken oute.
The cyté was ful strong withinne,
That no man myghte into hem wynne.
Our stronge engynes, for the nonce,
Broken her walles with harde stones,
Her gatys, and her barbycan.
Be ye sekyr, the hethene man,

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Gaff the encountre hard and strong,
That many a man was slayn among:
For hadde Phelyp trewe be,
At that sege off that cytee,
Hadde ther non escapyd than,
Hethene kyng, ne Sawdan,
That they ne hadde be slayn downryght;
For Kyng Richard ever, upon the nyght,
Whenne the sunne was gon to reste,
With hys hoost he was al preste,
Gaff the batayle hard and smerte,
That no Paynym myght withsterte,
And slough hem doun gret plenté,
And wylde fyrr caste into the cyté.
The Sarezynes deffendyd hem faste
With bowe-Turkeys, and arweblaste.
Harde fytt was hente bytwene;
So sayde they that it sene.
Quarelles, arwes, al so thykk flye,
As it were thondyr in the skye;
And wylde fyrr the folk to brenne.
A counsayl took the hethen menne,
To fyghte with him in the feelde.
They wolde nought the cyté yelde;
Off Kyng Richard myght they nought spede,
To take trewes for no mede.
" For no thyng, sayd Richard than,
Tyl I have slaw the Sawdan,

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And brent that is in the cyté!"
The Sarezynes thoo turnyd ayee,
To that other syde off the toun,
And cryede, trewes! with gret soun,
To the false Kyng off Fraunse;
And he hem grauntyd, with a myschaunce,
For a porcioun off golde.
Ellys had the toun be yolde,
And the Sarezynes i-slayn;
But thenne were they ful fayne,
And al ther folk on Richard felle,
For that othir syde was stylle.
Kyng Richard wende that Phelyp foughte,
And he and his men dede ryght nought,
But maden hem merrye al that nyght,
And weren traytours in that fyght.
He lovyd nought crownes for to crake,
But doo tresoun and tresore take.
Tho Kyng Phelyp to Richard sende,
Hou he myghte no lenger deffende;
For hungyr, he and hys men alsoo,
Moste breke sege and goo.
Woo was Kyng Richard than,
And sayde: "Traytour! false man!
For covaytise off tresore,
He doos hymself gret dishonour,
That he schal Sarezynes respyt gyve;
It is harme that swylke men lyve."

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He brekes sege and gynnes to withdrawe :
Then wer the Sarezynes wundyr fawe.
Gret joye was hem among,
Carolyd, trumpyd, and merrye song.
The nexte day after than,
Messangers com fro the Sawdan,
And grette Richard in fayr manere ;
And sayde : " Ser, yiff thy wylle were,
My lord, the Sowdan, to thè sente,
Yiff thou wilt graunte in presènte ;
Thou art strong in flesch and bones,
And he doughty for the nones ;
Thou dost hym gret harme, he says,
And destroyest hys countrays,
Slees hys men, and eetes among,
Al that thou werres, it is with wrong.
Thou cravyst heritage in this land,
And he doos thè wel to undyrstand,
That thou hast therto no ryght !
Thou sayest, thy God is ful of myght—
Wylt thou graunt, with spere and scheeld,
Deraye the ryght in the feeld,
With helm, hawberk and brondes bryght,
On strong stedes, good and lyght,
Whether is off more powèr,
Jesu, or Jubyter ?
And he sente thè to say this,
Yiff thou wilt have an hors hys ?

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In alle the landes ther thou hast gon,
Swylk on say thou nevyr non!
Favel off Cypre, ne Lyard off prys,
Are nought at nede as that he is;
And, yiff thou wylt, this selve day,
It shal be brought thè to asay."
Quod Kyng Richard: "Thou sayest wel:
Swylke an hors, by Seynt Mychel,
I wolde have to ryde upon,
For myn ar wery and forgon;
And I schal, for my lordys love,
That syttes heyghe in hevene above,
And hys owne hors be good,
With a spere schede hys blood.
Yiff he wole graunte, and holde,
In this manere that thou hast tolde,
As I most God my soule yelde,
I schal hym meten in the feelde.
Bydde hym sende that horse to me;
I schal asaye, what that he be.
Yiff he be trusty, withoute fayle,
I kepe non othir in batayle."
The messanger thenne home wente,
And tolde the Sawdon in presènte,
Hou Kyng Richard wolde hym mete.
The ryche Sawdon, al so skete,
A noble clerk he sente for thenne,
A maytyr Negromacien,

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That conjuryd, as you telle,
Thorwgh the feendes craft off helle,
Twoo stronge feendes off the eyr,
In lyknesse off twoo stedes feyr,
Lyke, bothe of hewe and here;
As they sayde that wer there,
Never was ther seen non slyke.
That on was a mere lyke,
That other a colt, a noble stede.
Wher he were, in ony nede,
Was never kyng ne knyght so bolde,
That, whenne the dame neyghe wolde,
Scholde hym holde agayn hys wylle,
That he ne wolde reune her tylle,
And knele adoun, and souke hys dame:
That whyle, the Sawdon with schame,
Scholde Kyng Richard soone aquelle.
All thus an aungyl gan hym telle,
That cam to hym aftyr mydnyght;
And sayd: "Awake, thou Goddes knyght!
My Lord dos thè to undyrstande,
Thè schal com an hors to hande;
Fayre he is off body pyght;
Betraye thè yiff the Sawdon myght.
On hym to ryde have thou no drede;
He schal thè help at thy nede.
Furneye a tree, styff and strong,
Though he be fourty foote long,

And trusse it ovyrthwert hys mane;
Al that he metes, schal have hys bane,
With that tree he schal doun felle.
It is a feend, as I thè telle;
Ryde upon hym in Goddes name;
For he may do thè no schame.
Tak a brydyl,—the aungyl sayd,—
And make it fast upon hys hed,
And, be the brydyl in hys mouth,
Thou schalt turn hym north and south.
He schal thè serve al to thy wylle,
When the Sawdon rydes thè tylle;
Have her a sper-hed off steel:
He has non armure i-wrought so weel,
That it ne wole perce it bold."
But whenne he had thus i-told,
Agayn to hevene he is wente.
At morwe hys hors was to hym sente;
Kyng Richard off the hors was blythe,
And dyghte hym a sadyl al so swythe.
Both hys arsoums weren off yren,
For they scholde [be] strong and dyren.
With a cheyne they gyrd hym faste;
The brydyl upon hys hed he cast,
As the aungyll hadde hym taught.
Twoo good hookes, forgat he nought,
On hys arsoun he sette before;
With wax he stoppyd hys eeres thore;

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And sayde: "Be the aposteles twelve,
Though thou be the devyl hymselve,
Thou schalt me serve at this nede!
He that on the rood gan blede,
And suffryd grymly woundes fyve,
And sethen rose from deth to lyve,
And boughte mankynd out off helle,
And, sithen, the fendes pousté gan felle,
And afftyr fleygh up into hevene,
Now God, for hys names sevene,
That is on God in Trinité,
In hys name I comaunde thè
That thou serve me at wylle!"—
He schook hys hed and stood full stylle.
At morwe, as soon as it was lyght,
And Kyng Richard was thus dyght,
Syxe Sawdones, with gret route,
Off the cyté comen oute,
And bataylyd hem on a ryvèr,
With brode scheeldes and helmes cler.
That day was told, withouten lesynges,
Off Sawdons, and off hethene kynges,
An hondryd, and yit wel moo.
The leste brought with hym thoo
Twenty thousand and yitt ten.
Agayn on off our Crystene men,
Ther were a doseyn be the leste.
As men myghten se in her foreste,

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Off Sarezynes so ferde the hoost,
Weel a ten myle acoost.
They made scheltroun and bataylyde;
Messangers betwen gan ryde,
To Phelyp and Kyng Richard,
Yiff they wolde holde foreward,
That they made the day before;
The Sarezynes ful redy wore.
Three hundryd thousand and moo ther be.
Kyng Richard lookyd and gan to see,
As snowgh lygges on the mountaynes,
Be-helyd were hylles and playnes,
With hawbęrk bryghte and helmes clere.
Off trumpes and off tabourere,
To here the noyse it was wundyr;
As though the world above and undyr
Scholde falle,—so ferde the soun!
Our Crystene men maden hem boun.
Kyng Richard hem no thyng ne dradde.
To hys men hys armes he badde,
And sayde: "Felawes, for love off God,
Look ye ben off comfort good!
And, yiff ye gete the prys this day,
Off Hethenesse al the noblay,
For evermore we have wunne:
For he that made mone and sunne
Be oure helpe, and our myght!
Beholdes hou myself shal fyght,

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With spere, swerd, and ax off steel:
But I this day note hem weel,
Evermore, fro henne foreward,
Holdes me a feynt coward!
But every Crystene man, and page,
Have this nyght, unto hys wage,
An hed off a Sarezyn,
Thorwgh Godes help, and alsoo myn.
Swylk werk I schal among hem make,
Off tho that I may ovyrtake,
That fro this to domesday,
They schole speke off my pay."—
Our Crystene men ben arrayd weel,
Both in yren and in steel.
The kyng off Fraunce, with hys batayle,
Is redy the Sarezynes to assayle.
Above, the Sarezynes they ryden,
And scheltron pyght, and batayle abyden,
And forstoppyd the land ways,
They myght nowght flee in the cuntrays,
Ne no socour to hem come,
But yiff they wer slayn or nome.
The Frensche gunne blowe bost, and make,
To sloo Sarezynes, and crownes crake,
But, in geste as it is tolde,
None off hem was so bolde
For to breke the Sarezynes scheltrome,
Tyl Kyng Richard hymself come.

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Now sewyd Richard with hys hoost,
And closyd hem in, by anothir coost,
Betwyxe hem and the cyté,
That no Sarezyn myghte flee.
Thenne hadde Richard hoostes three:
That on gaff asawte to the cytee,
The othir twoo with hym he ladde.
To bryngen hym hys hors he badde,
That the Sawdon back hym sente.
He sayde: " With hys own presènte,
I schal hym mete long or nyght."
To lepe to hors thenne was he dyght:
Into the sadyl or he leep,
Off many thynge he tooke keep.
Hym lakkyd nought but he it hadde,
Hys men him brought al that he badde.
A quarry tree off fourty foote,
Before hys sadyl anon did hote
Faste that men scholde it brace,
That it faylyd for no case.
So they dede with hokes off yren,
That wondyr wel wolde last and dyren.
Other festnynge none ther was,
Then yryne cheynes for alle cas;
And thoo were i-wrought ful wel,
Both in gerthes and peytral.
A queyntyse off the kynges owen,
Upon hys hors was i-throwen;

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Before his arsoun his ax off steel,
By that other syde hys masnel.
Hymself was rychely begoo,
From the crest unto the too.
He was armyd wondyr weel,
And al with plates off good steel;
And ther aboven, an hawberk;
A schafft wrought off trusty werk;
On his schuldre a scheeld off steel,
With three lupardes wrought ful weel.
An helme he hadde off ryche entayle;
Trusty and trewe hys ventayle;
On hys crest a douve whyte,
Sygnyfycacioun off the Holy Spryte:
Upon a croys the douve stood,
Off golde wrought ryche and good.
God hymself, Mary, and Jhon,
As he was naylyd the roode upon,
In sygne off hym for whom he faught.
The spere-hed forgatt he naught:
Upon hys spere he wolde it have,
Goddes hygh name theron was grave.
Now herkenes what oth they swore,
Ar they to the batayle wore:
Yiff it wer soo, that Richard myght
Sloo the Sawdon, in feeld with fyght,
Hee, and alle hys scholde gon,
At her wylle everilkon,

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Into the cytè off Babyloyne;
And the kyngdom of Massidoyne
He scholde have, undyr hys hand:
And yiff the Sawdon off that land,
Myghte sloo Richard in that feeld,
With swerd or spere undyr scheeld,
That Crystene men scholde goo,
Out off that land, for ever moo,
And Sarezynes have her wylle in wolde.
Quod Kyng Richard: "Thertoo I holde
Thertoo my glove, as I am knyght!"
They ben armyd and wel i-dyght.
Kyng Richard into the sadyl leep;
Who that wolde theroff took keep,
To see that syght was ful fayr.
The stede ran ryght, with gret ayr,
Al so harde as they myght dure,
Aftyr her feet sprong the fure.
Tabours beten, and trumpes blowe;
Ther myghte men see, in a throwe,
How Kyng Richard, the noble man,
Encounteryd with the Sawdan,
That cheef was told off Damas.
Hys trust upon hys mere was.
Therfoore, as the booke telles,
Hys crouper heeng al full off belles,
And hys peytrel, and hys arsoun;
Three myle myghte men here the soun.

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The mere gan nyghe, her belles to ryng.
For grete pryde, withoute lesyng,
A brod fawchoun to hym he bar,
For he thought that he wolde thar
Have slayn Kyng Richard with tresoun,
Whenne hys hors had knelyd doun,
As a colt that scholde souke;
And he was war off that pouke.
Hys eeres with wax wer stoppyd fast,
Therfore was he nought agast.
He strook the feend that undyr hym yede,
And gaff the Sawdon a dynt off dede.
In his blasoun, verrayment,
Was i-paynted a serpent.
With the spere that Richard heeld,
He bar hym thorwgh and undyr the scheeld.
None off hys armes myghte laste;
Brydyl and peytrel al to-brast;
Hys gerth, and hys stiropes alsoo;
The mere to the grounde gan goo.
Mawgry hym he garte hym stoupe,
Bakward ovyr hys meres croupe;
The feet toward the fyrmament.
Behynd the Sawdon the spere out went.
He leet hym lye upon the grene;
He prekyd the feend with spores kene;
In the name off the Holy Gost,
He dryves into the hethene hoost,

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And al so soone as he was come,
He brak asunder the scheltrome;
For al that ever before hym stode,
Hors and man, to erthe yode,
Twenty foot on every syde.
Whom that he ovyr-raught that tyde,
Off lyff ne was her waraunt non.
Thorwghout he made hys hors to gon.
As bees swarmen in the hyves,
Crystene men in aftyr dryves;
Stryken thorwgh that doun lygges,
Thorwgh the myddyl and the rygges.
Whenne they of Fraunce wyste,
That the maystry hadde the Chryste,
They wer bolde, her herte they tooke;
Stedes prekyd, schaufftes schooke.
The Kyng Phelyp, with a spere,
An hethene kyng gan doun bere,
And over, eerles and barouns,
Stronge men off gret renouns,
Slowghen the Sarezynes dounryght.
Off Yngelonde, many a noble knyght,
Wroughte weel ther that day.
Off Salysbury the Long-Espay,
To ground he feelde, with his brond,
Al that he before hym fond;
Next Kyng Richard evyr he was,
And the noble baroun Ser Thomas,

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Fouk Doyly, Robert Leycetre,
In Crystendom ther wer non beter.
Wher that ony off hem come,
They sparyd neythyr lord ne grome,
That they ne dreven alle adoun.
The Sarezynes that wer withinne the toun,
For gret sorwe that they seyen,
They wepte with bothe her eyen;
And "Mercy!" loude then they cryde.
They wolden kaste up gates wyde,
And lete hem at her wylle in come.
The Crystene men have the cyté nome.
Anon hastely, withalle,
They setten baners upon the walle,
The kynges armes off Yngelande.
Whenne Saladyn gan undyrstande,
That the cyté yolden was,
He gan to cry, "Allas, allas!
The prys of hethenesse is done!"—
And gan to flee al so sone,
And fayn alle thoo that myght.
And Kyng Richard, that noble knyght,
Whenne he seygh the Sawdon fleygh,
"Abyde, coward! he cryde on heygh,
And I schal thè proven fals,
And thy cursyd goddes als."
Kyng Richard dryves afftyr fast;
The Sawdon was ful sore agast;

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A gret woode he before hym sees,
Thedyr in fol haste he flees.
Kyng Richard neyghyd the wode nere,
He doutyd for encumbrere,
He myghte nought in for hys tree;
Hys hors agayn sone turnyd he,
And mette with an hethene kyng.
He took hys ax out off the ryng,
And hytte hym on heygh upon the crest,
And cleff hym doun unto the brest.
Anothyr he rawght upon the scheeld,
That helme and hed fleygh into the feeld.
Syxe he slewgh off hethene kynges.
To telle the sothe in alle thynges,
In the geste as we fynde,
That moo than syxty thousynde
Off empty stedes abouten yode,
Up to the feetlakkes in blood.
Astray they yeden with the brydyl,
To ryde on hem men wer nought ydyl.
The batayle last tyl it was nyght;
But whenne they were i-slayne dounryght
The Sarezynes they myght ovyrtake,
Gret joye gan the Crystene make,
Knelyd and thankyd God off hevene,
Wurschippyd hym and hys names sevene.
On bothe sydes wer folk slawe:
The numbre off the Crystene lawe,

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That lay ded in the felde,
(To God they gunne the soules yelde,)
Ther wer slawen hundredes three;
Off Sarezynes was ther more plentè,
Syxty thousand and yitt moo.
Loo, swylke grace God sente thoo!
The Crystene to the cyté gon;
Off gold and sylvyr and precious ston,
They found inowe withouten fayle,
Mete and drynk and othyr vytayle.
At morwe, whenne Kyng Richard aros,
Hys dedes wer noble and hys los.
Sarezynes before hym came,
And askyd off hym Crystyndame.
Ther wer crystenyd, as I fynde,
More than fourty thousynde.
Kyrkes they made off Crystene lawe,
And her Mawmettes lete down drawe;
And they that wolde nought Crystene become,
Richard leet slen hem alle and some.
Then he departyd the gret tresoùr
Among the Crystene, with honoùr,
Eerl, baroun, knyght, and knave,
As mekyl as they wolde have.
Ther they sojournyd fourtene nyght.
On a day they have hem dyght,
Toward Jerusalem gunne they ryde.
Kyng Phelyp spak a word off pryde;

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" Kyng Richard, lystenes to me;
Jerusalem, that ryche cytée,
Though thou it wynne it schal be myn."
" By God, quod Richard, and Seynt Austyn,
And as God doo my soule boote,
Off my wynnyng half a foote
Thou ne schalt have off no lande,
I doo thè wel to undyrstande!
And, yiff thou wylt have it, he sayde then,
Goo, and gete it with thy men!
Myn offeryng, quod Richard, loo it here!
I wyl com the cyté no nere!"
An arweblaste-off-vys he bente,
A floryng to the cyté he sente:
That was, in sygnifyaunce,
Off Jesu Crystys honoraunce.
For yre become syke the kyng off Fraunce;
The leche sayd, withouten doutaunce,
That he myght nought hool ben,
But he to Fraunce wolde turne agen.
The kyng hys counsayl undyrstood,
And thought it was bothe trewe and good.
Hys schyppes he leet dyght, more and lesse,
And wente home at Alhalewe-messe.
Kyng Richard on hym gan crye,
And sayd, he dede gret velonye
To wende home for maladye
Out of the londe off Surrye,

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Tyl done were Godes servyse,
For lyff or deth, in ony wyse.
The kyng of Fraunce wolde hym nought here,
But departyd in this manere;
And aftyr that partyng, forsothe,
Ever yitt they were wrothe.

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CHAP. V.

CONTENTS.

King Richard fortifies Jaffa and Chaloyn.—His dispute with the Duke of Austria, who leaves him with his army.—Richard successively takes Castle Albany, and the castles Daroun, Gatrys, Leffunyde, and Gybelyn.

Kyng Richard, withouten bost,
To Jaffa wente with his hoost.
The kynges pavyloun, affyn,
He leete tylde in on gardyn.
Other lordes gan abouten sprede
Her pavyloun, in a fayr mede.
Kyng Richard, with his meynè alle,
Off the cyté leet make the walle,
That never was non, in Sarezynèys,
So strong wrought and off gret rycheys.
That castle was strong and ryche,
In the world was non it lyche.

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Thedyr myght men come to the see,
Off every good gret plenté.
He made here warde off noble knyghtes,
Stoute in armes and strong in fyghtes.
Inowe men myghte wende aboute,
Many a myle withouten doute.
Kyng Richard dwellyd with honoùre,
Tyl that Jaffé was made al sure.
Fro thennes to Chaloyn they wente,
And fonde the walles al to-rente.
Large and fayr was that cyté;
Kyng Richard theroff hadde pyté.
He besoughte the lordes alle,
Off the cyté to make the walle;
And the lordes everilkon,
Grauntyd hym hys askyng anon,
Save the duke of Ostryke;
Kyng Richard he thoughte to beswyke.
Kyng Richard gan to travayle,
Abouten the walles, sauns fayle;
So they dede on and othir,
Fadyr and sone, eme and brothir,
Made morter, and layde ston,
With here myght, everilkon.
Every kyng and emperere,
Bare stones and mortere,
Than the duke, ful off pryde,
He ne wolde hem helpe for no nede.

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On a day Kyng Richard hym mette,
And hendely the kyng hym grette,
And bad hym, for hys curteysye,
Make off the walles hys partye;
And he aunsweryd in this manere:
"My fadyr was mason, ne carpentere;
And though your walles should all to-schake,
I schall nevir helpe hem to make."
Kyng Richard pokyd gret errour
Wrathe dede hym chaung colour;
The duke, with hys foot, he smot
Agayn the brest, God it wot,
That on a stone he him owirthrewe:
It was evyl don be Seynt Mathèwe!
"Fy! *a debles*, vyle coward!
In helle be thou hangyd hard!
Goo quyckly out off our hoost;
Curse hast thou off the Holy Gost!
For, be Marye, that bar Jesus,
Fynde I thè, traytour, among us,
Ovyr this ilke dayes thre,
Myself schal thy bane be!
Traytour, we travayle day and nyght
In werre, in wakyng, and in fyght,
And thou lyes as a vyle glotoun,
And restes in thy pavyloun,
And drynkes the wyn good and strong,
And slepes alle the nyght long.

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I schal breke thy banere
And slynge it into the ryvere!"—
Home wente the duke ful wroth;
Hys owne lyff hym wax loth.
Off that dyspyte he was unblythe,
And trussyd hys harneys, al so swythe;
And swore, by Jesu in Trynytè,
And he myghte ever hys tyme see,
Off Richard sholde he be so awreke,
That al the worlde scholde theroff speke.
He heeld hym al to weel foreward:
In helle myght he be hangyd hard!
For, thorwgh hys tresoun and trehcherye,
And thorwgh the waytyng off hys aspye,
Kyng Richard he dede gret schame,
That turnyd all Yngeland to grame.
A lytyl lenger had he most
Have lyvyd, by the Holy Gost,
Ovir king, duke, and emperour,
He hadde ben lord and conqueror:
Alle Crystyanté, and al Paynym,
Scholde have holde under hym.
The Duke off Ostrych hyyd hym faste
Away, with hys meyné in haste.
With hym the Duke off Burgoyne,
The folk off Fraunce, and the erl off Boloyne.
Kyng Richard brak the dukes banere,
And keste it into the ryvere,

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And cryyd on hym with voys ful stepe,
" Home, schrewe! coward! and slepe!
Come no more, in no wyse,
Never eft in Godes servyse!"
The duke away prekyd thenne,
For yre hys herte gan bren.
Kyng Richard leffte with hys Englys,
Tuskaynes, Lumbards, Gascoyns, I wis,
Scottys, Irysch, folk off Bretayne,
Genayes, Baseles, and off Spayne,
And made the walle day and nyght,
Tyl it wer maad strong aplyght.
Aftyr, Kyng Richard armyd hym weel,
Both in yren and in steel;
Be the maryn forth they wente
To Albary, a castel gente,
That was a castel off Sarezynèsse,
Ful off stor and gret rychesse,
Bothe fat flessch and lene,
Whete and ooten, pesen and bene.
Kyng Richard it wan, and sojournyd there
Thre monethis al plenere;
And sente spyes every wayes,
For to aspye the cuntrayes.
Off castel Daroun Kyng Richard herde,
Altogedyr hou it ferde.
Al was it ful of Sarezynes,
That were Godes wytherwynes.

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Kyng Richard hyyd thedyr faste,
The Sarezynes for to make agaste.
So longe he wente by hys journay,
He come thedyr be Seynt Jamys day.
He besegyd castel Daroun,
To take the castel and the toun.
The castel was maad off swylke ston,
That they dowtyd sawt ryght non.
Aboute the castel was a dyke,
They hadde never i-sen non swyke.
The Sarezynes cryyd in her langage,
" Crystene houndes, off evyl rage!
But ye wenden swythe home,
Here have ye fette your dome!"
Whenne Kyng Richard herde that cry,
He swore his oth, by Seynt Mary,
The Sarezynes scholde be hangyd alle,
Or swylke a cas hem scholde befalle.
The Crystene assaylyd and they deffendyd;
Many a quarelle out they sendyd.
Alle that day and alle that nyght
They and the Crystene helde the fyght.
The Crystene, sen they myght nought spede,
Kyng Richard took another rede.
Kyng Richard garte al the Ynglys
Schere rysches in the marys,
To fylle the dykes of Daroun,
To take the castel and the toun.

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Twoo grete gynnes, for the nones,
Kyng Richard sente for to caste stones.
To wate they were i-brought anon;
The Mate-Griffon was that on,
That was sette upon an hel,
To breke doun tour and castel:
That other hyghte Robinet,
That on another hyl was set.
Kyng Richard keste a mangenel,
That threw to anothir tourel.
Kyng Richard dede the rysches faste
Bynden, and into the dyke caste,
And al plener the dykes made.
The Sarezynes theroff hadde no drade,
For wylde fyr theron they caste.
The rysches become on fyr in haste,
And brenden ryght to the grounde,
Ryght withinne a lytyl stounde.
Off our Crystene many an hundred
Wer theroff gret awunderyd.
The mangeneles threw alway,
And brak the walles nyght and day.
The Robynet and the Mate-Griffon,
Al that they hytte wente adoun.
So that withinne lytyl stounde,
The outermeste walle was layd to grounde,
And fyllyd ful the grete dyke,
And our men entryd hastelyke.

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Tho our Crystene men myghten wel
Entren into Daryen-castel.
The Erl off Leycetre, Sere Roberd,
The treweste knyght in myddyl-erde,
He was the fyrste, withouten fayle,
That Daroun-castel gan assayle,
Up he lyffte hys banere,
And smot, upon hys destrere.
The Sarezynes, with misaventoure,
Fled up into the heyeste toure,
And many off hem stode withoute,
And foughten faste in gret doute.
Agayn the erl, Sere Robard,
They gone many a dynt ful hard:
Many an helme was ther off-wevyd,
And many a bacynet with the hevyd;
Scheeldes fele schorn in two,
Many stedes stekyd alsoo.
Robert Tourneham, with hys fawchoun,
Ther he crakyd many a crown.
The Long-espay, the Erle of Rychemond,
Wolde spare non hethene hound.
Among hem come Kyng Richard,
To fyghte weel no thyng he spard.
Many on, in a lytyl stounde,
With hys ax he felde to grounde.
Al on foote they gan fyghte.
Whenne the Sarezynes hadden syghte,

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Hou plenté was hys payment,
Non ther durst abyde hys dent.
They wente quyk, withouten fable,
And slowgh her stedes in the stable;
The fayreste destreres and stedes,
That myght bere knyghtes in ony nedes:
Whete and flour, flesch and lardere,
Al togedyr they sette on fere.
They hadde lever to don soo,
Than with her vytayles helpe her foo.
By the brekyng Richard aspyde,
And slowgh down ryght, on ilke a syde,
Off thoo that he myght ovyrtake,
Myght he non amendes make.
They gunne asayle the heye tour,
With wyghte men off gret valour.
The Sarezynes, in the tour on hygh,
Seygh her endyng day was nygh.
Wylde fyr swythe, in haste,
Among the Crystene men they caste.
That fyr fleygh about so smerte,
That many Crystene men it herte.
They myght nought long suffre that thrawe,
Anon they gunnen hem withdraw.
A myle fro Daroun-castèl,
They caste abrode many fyr barèl,
So that, withinne a lytyl space,
Thorwgh the help off Goddys grace,

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The castel become on a fyr al,
Fro the tour to the outermeste wal.
Her houses brende and her hurdys:
Gret smok ther aros, I wis.
The Sarezynes, in the heye tour,
Were in swythe strong dolour.
In the hete they wer almost ateynt,
And in the smoke nygh adreynt.
Then they cryyd, at one word:
"Mercy Kyng Richard, wurthy lord!
Let us goo out off thys tour,
And thou schalt have good tresour;
With lyff and leme you let us goo,
A thousand pound we geve thè too."
"Nay, quod Richard, be Jesu Cryst,
By his deth and hys upryst,
Ye schole never come adoun,
Tyl payyd be yowr raunsoum:
And yitt, herafftyr, be at my wylle,
Whether I wole yow save or spylle.
Or elles ye schal her ryght sterve."—
"Lord, they sayd, wé schole thè serve,
At thy wylle with us thou doo,
With that we may come thè too."
Kyng Richard grauntyd than,
And comaundyd every Crystene man,
Set the Sarezynes to borwe,
Tyl the sunne ros on morwe.

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It was so don as I fynde.
The kyng hem comanndyd fast to bynde;
Upon a playn besyde the wal,
Kyng Richard bad let bryng hem alle;
And he that payd a thousand pound,
For hys hed, myghte go sound;
And that wolde so mekyl gyve,
Tyl a certayn tyme he leet hym lyve;
And he that payde no raunsoun,
Als tyght the hed was strykke doun:
And thus Kyng Richard wan Daroun.
God geve us alle hys benysoun!
Afftyr the wynnyng off Daroun,
Kyng Richard wente to anothir toun,
To Gatrys, with fayr meyné,
To besege that cyté.
Nou herkenes hou he it wan,
And [ye] may here off a doughty man,
A stout werrior and a queynte,
And never founden in herte feynte.
He that was lord off Gatris,
Hadde ben a man off mekyl prys,
And fel to fyght ageyns hys foo;
But that ilke tyme he was nought soo,
For he was fallen in elde,
That he myght non armes welde.

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But as he dede a fayr queyntyse,
Herkenes now al in what wyse!
In myddes the toun, upon a stage,
He leet make a marbyl ymage,
And crownyd hym as a kyng,
And bad hys folk, old and ying,
That they scholde never be aknow
To Crystene man, hygh ne low,
That they hadde no lord off dygnyté,
But that ymage in that cyté.
Kyng Richard, the werreor kene,
At that cyté he thoughte be sene.
Anon hys mangeneles wer bente,
And stones to the cyté he sente.
The Sarezynes, "Mercy!" cryde.
They wolde keste up the gates wyde,
Yiff it were Richardes wylle,
That he wolde nought her peple spylle.
Kyng Richard grauntyd, withouten les;
And they had entrye, al in pes.
Kyng Richard askyd, at a word,
Off that cyté wher was the lord?
And they aunswerede to the kyng,
That they hadde non othir lordyng,
But that ymage of marbyl fyn,
And Mahoun her god and Appolyn.
"O Sarezynes, sayde Richard, withouten fayle;
Off your lord I have mervayle!

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Yiff I may, thorwgh my Lord so goode,
That bought us al upon the roode,
With a schafft breke hys nekk asunder,
And ye may see that gret wundyr,
Wole ye leve al upon my Lord?"—
"Ye!" they sayden at one word.
Kyng Richard leet dyght hym a schafft,
Off trusty tree and kynde crafft:
And, for it scholde be stronge, and laste,
He leet bynde thertoo, ful faste,
Four yerdes off steel and yre:
And Kyng Richard, that grete syre,
Leete sette theron a corounal kene.
Whenne it was redy on to sene,
Favel off Cypre was forth fette,
And in the sadyl he hym sette.
He rode the cours to the stage,
And in the face he smot the imiage.
The hed and body fel in sundyr,
And slowgh fyve Sarezynes there undyr.
Alle the othyr sayde than,
"He was an aungyll and no man,"
And al become Crystene thore,
Old and yunge, lesse and more.
And hastely withoute lesyng,
Her olde lord they let forth bryng,
And tolde hys compassement.
Kyng Richard lowgh with good entent,

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And gaff hym the cyté to welde,
Though he levyd Adammys elde.
To Chaloyn Kyng Richard wente agayn,
Al be the maryn, sothe to sayn.
There he sojournyd fourte nyght,
With many a noble and doughty knyght.
On morwe he leet arme al weel,
To besege a strong castel,
That was lytyl besyde hym,
Thre myle fro Castel-Pylgrym,
With thykke walles and tours off pryde,
That was callyd Leffunyde.
The Sarezynes seygh the kyng come,
Weel they wende to be nome.
The gates they unschette ful yerne,
And fledde away by a posterne.
For al this wyde myddyl-erde,
Durste they nought abyde Kyng Richerde.
The noble castel, verayment,
Kyng Richard wan withouten dent.
Fro thennes he wente to Gybelyn,
That the Hospytaleres hadde wonyd in,
And Templeres, bothe in fere,
And kepte the cyté many a yere.
Whenne Bawdewyn was slayn with bronde,
Saladyn took that toun on honde.
In that cyté was Seynt Anne i-bore,
That our Lady was off core.

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Ther they pyghte her pavyloun,
And with gret fors they wunne the toun;
And slowgh the Sarezynes al in same,
That wolde nought leve on Crystes name.

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CHAP. VI.

CONTENTS.

Richard hears of his brother John's rebellion in England—He then marches to, and takes Bethany, and intercepts a large convoy of treasure on its way to Saladin.—He receives other messengers from England, and determines to return thither.—But previously he garrisons Jaffa, and then marches to Acre.—Saladin assembles a vast army, with which he besieges and takes Jaffa.—The Christians defend the citadel, and send for help to Richard, who dispatches Henry of Champagne to their relief, who flies at the sight of Saladin's army.—Richard himself embarks for Jaffa.

THENNE ther com most wykke tydyng
To Quer de Lyoun Richard, our kyng,
Hou off Yngelonde hys brother Jhon,
That was accursyd off flesch and bon,
Thorowgh help off the barouns some,
The chanceler they hadde i-nome;
And wolde, with maystry off hand,
Be crownyd kyng in Yngeland,
At Estir-day aftyrward.
Then answerde Kyng Richard:

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" What devyl, he sayde, hou gos thys?
Telles Jhon off me no more prys?
He wenes that I wyl nought lyve long;
Therfore he wyl do me wrong;
And yiff he wende I were on lyfe,
He wolde nought with me stryve.
I wole me off hym so bewreke,
That al the world theroff schal speke.
And Jhon hym crowne at Ester-tyde,
Wher wole he thenne me abyde?
Ther is no kyng in Crystyanté,
Certes, that schal hys waraunt be!
I ne may leve to-fore no nede
That Jhon my brother wil do this dede."—
" Yis, certes, quod the messangere,
He wole do so, by Seynt Rychere."
Kyng Richard al this tydyng
In herte heeld but as lesyng.
Fro Syblyn forth thene he wente
To Bethanye, a castel gente,
And slowgh ther many a hethene,
And the noble cyté wanne.
Ther come other messangeres,
That told Kyng Richard stout and fers,
That Jhon hys brothir wolde bere
Corowne at Estre, he wolde swere.
Richard was loth withdrawe hys hand,
Tyl he hadde wunnen the Holy Land,

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And slayn the Sawdoun with dynt off sword,
And avengyd Jesu our Lord:
But he bethoughte hym, aftyr thenne,
That he wolde leve ther al hys menne,
And, with hys pryvy meyné,
Into Yngelond thenne wolde be,
And asesse the werre anon,
Betwyxe hym and hys brother Jhon,
And come agayn in hyyng,
To fulfylle hys begynnyng.
And as he thoughte in hys herte,
A stout Sarezyn gan in sterte,
That oughte Kyng Richard ransoun,
For the wynnyng of Daroun.
He spak to the kyng apertelyke,
Among the peple pore and ryche.
" Sere, thou schalt aquyte me here,
And al our other hostagere,
Thorwgh my queyntyse, and my gynne,
I schal doo thè gret tresore to wynne;
More than an hundrid thousand pounde
Off floryns bothe red and sounde,
Off Saladynes cheeff tresore,
And mekyl rychesse off her store:
Thertoo I lay in hostage my lyff,
And my chyldren, and my wyff;
But yiff I doo thè to wynne thay preye,
On evele deth doo me to deye!"

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Quod Richard: "Thou myscreant!
So as thou byleuest on Termagaunt,
Tel me now what folk it is,
I wene it is but al feyntyse."
"Thoo that lede the tresore, sauns fayle,
Sere, they are three thousand chamayle;
And fyve hundred ther are alsoo
Off asses, and mules, and yitt moo,
That leden gold to Saladyn,
Tryyd sylvyr and tresore fyn,
Flour off whete and spysory,
Clothis off sylk and gold therby."
Sayd Kyng Richard: "So God thè deme
Is ther mekyl peple the tresore to yeme?"
"Ye, sere, he sayd, ther are before,
Knyghtes rydand syxty score,
And afftyrwarde thousandes ten
Off swythe stronge hethene men.
I herde hem speke in rowning,
They wer afferde off thè, Ser King."
Quod Kyng Richard: "They schal to-fynde,
Though ther wer syxty thousynde,
And I wer but myself alone,
I wold mete hem everilkone.
Soo now, sey me, anon ryght,
Wher may I fynd hem thys nyght?"—
The Sarezyne sayd, "I thè telle,
Wher thou wylt abyde and dwelle.

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Here be southe, mylys ten,
Thou may fynde the hethene men.
Ther they wole reste and abyde,
Tyl more folk com ther ryde."
The kyng hym graythyd, and wente anon;
Hys barouns afftyr everilkon.
Al that nyght, with fayr covey,
They rede forth by the way.
Then sayde the spye to the kyng,
" Sere, make here thy restyng,
They are loggyd in this toun,
I wyll goo, and aspye ther roun.
Anon I wole to hem goo,
And brewen hem a drynk off woo,
And say to hem that Kyng Richard,
Is at Jaffé, to Yngeland-ward:
They wole leve me with the beste;
Thenne wole they gon to reste.
Thenne may thou to hem wende,
And slay hem al faste slepende."
" Fy! *A debles!* quod the kyng,
God geve thè now an evyl endyng!
I am no traytour, tak thou keep,
To sloo men, whyl they slepe;
And ryght now here I wol abyde,
Tyl I see the Sarezynes come ryde,
Be cleer day upon the feeldes.
They schal see cloven helmes and scheeldes;

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Be they dukes, prynces, or kynges,
Here schole they make her endynges."
The Sarezyn the kyng aunswerde,
" Thy peer is nought in myddyl-erde,
Be non so mekyl off renoun;
Weel may thou hote Coer de Lyon!
Therfore, I wole it nought hele,
There are off Sarezynes twoo so fele,
As thou hast folk in this cuntree;
Certaynly, I telle thee."
Quod Kyng Richard: " God geve thè care!
Therfore is nought myn herte sare.
For, on off my Crystene men
Is wurth Sarezynes fyve and ten.
The more they be, the more I schal sloo,
And wreke Jesus off hys foo."
Forth wente the spye with then,
To aspye the hethene men.
Al he spyyd her compassyng,
And tolde it Richard our kyng.
He gan crye: " *As armes! gare!*
Coer de Lyon, loo now they fare!"
Anon lepe Kyng Richard,
Upon his good stede Lyard,
And his Ynglisch and hys Templers,
Lyghtly lepe on her destrers,
And flynges into the hethene hoost,
In the name off the Holy Goost

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As the Sarezynes, with her noblay,
To the Sawdon wer in her way,
Kyng Richard smot hem among.
There aros no blysseful song;
But to Termagaunt and Mahoun
They cryede fast, and to Plotoun.
Kyng Richard a kyng gan bere
Thorwgh the herte with a spere.
Aftyrward hys ax he drowgh,
And many an hethene hounde he slowgh.
Some he clevyd into the sadyl;
It bewept the chyld al in the cradyl.
A kyng he cleff unto the arsoun,
That hym halp nought his God Mahoun.
Many an hethene Sarezyne,
He sente there to helle pyne.
The Templers and the Hospytalers,
Wunne ther many fayr destrers.
So long they fought, so says the story,
That Kyng Richard hadde the victory,
Thorwgh help off hys good knyghtes,
Stout in armes and strong in fyghtes;
And many scapyd with dedly wound,
That ne levyd nought no stounde.
They wolde afftyr no more mete
Kyng Richard, be way ne strete.
Now may ye here the wynnyng
That ther wan Richard our kyng.

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Hors of prys and gret camayle,
Five hundred and ten, sauns fayle ;
Syxe hundred hors, off gret coursours,
Chargyd al with ryche tresours,
That were in coffres bound ferlye,
With fyn sylvyr and gold ful trye :
Ther wer three hundryd mules and moo,
That pennys and spyses boren thoo :
And afftyr, fyftene hundryd asse
Bar wyn and oyle, more and lasse,
And als manye with whete-brede ;
It was to Richard a gracious dede.
Whenne he al this tresore wan,
Home he wente to hys men than,
Into the cyté off Bethanye the noble,
With that tresore and the moble.
He gaff the ryche and the lowe,
Off hys pourchas, good inowe.
He gaff hem destrers and coursours,
And delt among hem hys tresours.
So Richard partyd hys purchas,
Off al Crystendom belovyd he was.
Therafftyr in a lytyl stounde,
Come messangers off mekyl mound :
The bisschop of Chestre was that on,
That othir the abbot off Seynt Albon,
That brought hym lettres speciele,
Aselyd with the barouns sele,

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That tolden hym, hys brothir Jhon
Wolde do corowne hym anon,
At the Pask, be comen dome,
But he the rather wolde come home;
For the kyng off Fraunce, with envye,
Hath aryvyd in Normandye.
Quod Kyng Richard: "Be Goddes payne,
The devyl has to mekyl mayne!
Al here host, and here deray,
They schal abeye it some day!"
And there he dwellyd tyl Halewemes,
And thenne he passyd to Jaffés.
For sevene yer, and yitt more,
The castel he gan astore.
Fyftene thousand, I fynd in book,
He lefte, that cyté for to look;
For to keepe weel that land
Out off Saladynys hand,
Tyl he agayn come myght,
For to Yngelonde he hadde tyght;
And thenne he wente to Acres-ward,
The doughty body Kyng Richard.
Now off Saladyn speke we,
What dool he made and pyté,
Whenne he wyste off that caas,
That hys tresore robbyd was,
And for hys men that wer slawe.
He warryd hys God and cursyd hys lawe,

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And swore he wolde awroken be,
Myghte he evyr hys tyme i-see.
Soo that tyme a spye come in,
And sayde thus to Saladyn:
" Lorde, he sayde, be blythe off mode,
For I thè brynge tydyngs goode,
To thyn herte a blythe present:
Kyng Richard is to Acres went;
For ovyr he wyl to Yngelonde;
For hym is come swylke a sonde,
That Jhon his brothir, I thè swere,
Wole elles hys corowne bere.
Jaffès was astoryd aryght,
With many a baroun and gentyl knyght.
Fyftene thousand, I wot ful weel,
Schal kepen wel that castèl,
Yiff he may so weel spede,
Tyl he come from hys thede.
But see, lord, withouten fayl,
From his body kyttes the tayl."
Offte was Saladyn wel and woo,
But nevyr soo glad as he was thoo.
The spye he gaff an hundred besaunts,
That broughte hym that presauntes,
And alsoo a fayr destrere,
And a robe i-furryd with blaun and nere.
Thenne wolde he no lenger abyde;
He sente aboute on ylke a syde,

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Upon lymme and upon lyff,
Upon chyldren, and upon wyff,
That they come to hym belyve,
To help hym out off lond dryve
Kyng Richard with hys grete tayle.
To hym come many an amyrayle,
Many a duke and many a kyng,
And many a ful gret lordyng
Off Egypt and off Arabye,
Off Cappados, and off Barbarye,
Off Europe, and off Asclavoyne,
Off Ynde, and off Babyloyne,
Off Grece, and Tyre alsoo,
Off empyres and kyndomes many moo,
Off all hethene land, I fynde,
Fro the Grekysche see to Gret Ynde.
Charles kyng, ne Alysaundre,
Off whom has ben so gret sclandre,
Ne hadde never swilke an hoost,
In the cuntree ther he lay acoost.
Fyve myle it was off brede,
And more I wene, so God me rede:
Twenty myle it was off lengthe;
It was an hoost off gret strengthe.
To Jaffé cyté they comen skete,
The Crystene men the gates dyd schette.
Ther was, withinne a lytyl thrawe,
On bothe half many man slawe.

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So strong and hard was that batayle,
That it ferd, withouten fayle,
As it hadde fro hevene lyght
Among the swerdes that wer so bryght:
And ever the Crystene ful wel faught,
And slowen Sarezynes; but it servyd naught,
For it ferde thar no man axen,
As they out off the ground wer waxen;
That no slaughtyr off swerdes kene
Myght ther nothyng be seen.
The Crystene fled into the castel,
And kepten the gates swythe wel.
The Sarezynes have the cyté take;
The Crystene men they thought to awake.
Then began the Sarezynes,
Undyr the walle to make mynes;
The Crystene men for the nones,
Al to-fruschyd hem with stones.
The Sarezynes yede about the walle,
And threw, and schotten in, ovyr alle.
Many a brennande scharp quarèlle,
They schotten into Jaffé castèl.
They soughten wher they myghte best
Our Crystene men agreve mest.
At the last, a gate they founde
Nought fast schet, at that stounde.
Ther they found strong metyng,
With swerdes and speres ful grevyng,

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To wedde they left a thousand men,
And off the Crystene were slayn ten.
The Sarezynes, though they wer stout,
At the gate men putte hem out.
The Sarezynes for no nede,
That day ne myghte they nought spede.
At nyght, be the mone cler,
The Crystene sente a messanger.
To Kyng Richard to Acres cyté,
And prayde the kyng for Godes pyté,
That he scholde come to hem than,
Or ellys they scholde ben alle i-tan.
They tolde hym the hard caas,
Off the Sawdouns hoost, hou it was:
And but he come to hem anon,
They wer forlorne everilkon.
Kyng Richard aunsweryd, anon ryght,
" Weel I knowe the Sawdons fyght;
He wole make a lytyl deray,
And al soo tyght he wole hys way.
I n'ele for hym to hem wende;
But some socour I schal hem sende."
He callyd to hym hys nevew,
A baroun off ryght gret vertew,
That hyghte Henry off Champayne,
And bad hym wende to Jaffé playn.
" Tak, he sayde, with thè thyn hoost,
And abate the Sawdonys boost."

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" *Az armys!*" anon he gan crye
Among hys hoost; they scholde hyghe
With Sere Henry for to wende,
Jaffé to socour and to deffende
Agayn the Sawdoun Saladyn,
And many a cursyd Sarazyn.
On morwe went they with Ser Henry,
Many a baroun and knyght hardy.
Spaynnysch, Gascoyn, and Lumbard,
For the byddyng off Kyng Richard.
They wenten forth be the maryn,
Tyl they come to Palestyn.
Off Saladynes hoost they seyen thenne,
Al the cuntree coveryd with hethene men:
And when the Sawdon off hem herde,
Agayn hym alsoo soon he ferde:
And whenne the Duke Henry it wiste,
He fledde ayen, be Jesu Chryst,
That he ne made no tarrying,
Tyl he com to Richard our kyng;
And sayde, he ne seygh never, ne herde,
In alle this wyde mydyl-erde,
Halvyndel the peple off men,
That Saladyn has, be doun and den;—
" No tungge, he sayde, may hem telle!
I wene they comen out off helle."
Then aunsweryd Kyng Richard,
" Fy! *a debles!* vyle coward!

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Schal I never, be God above,
Trusten unto Frensche-mans love!
My menne, that in Jaffé be,
Yiff they be slayn, I wyte it thè:
For thy defawte, I am adred
My good barouns beth hard bested.
Now, for the love off Seynte Marye,
Schewe me quykly my galeye.
Now to schyp, on and othir,
Fadyr and sone, eme and brothir,
Alle that ever love me
Nowe to schyppe, *par charité!*"
Al that wepne ber myghte,
They wenten to schyp anon ryght,
And wente agayn to Jaffé-ward,
With the noble Kyng Richard.

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CHAP. VII.

CONTENTS.

Richard drives the Saracens out of Jaffa, and on the following morning defeats them in another great battle.—He then asks a truce of three years, which is granted by Saladyn.—Conclusion.

Now herkenes to my tale sothe,
Though I swere yow an othe,
I wole reden romaunces non
Off Paris, ne off Ypomydone,
Off Alisaundre, ne Charlemagne,
Off Arthour, ne off Sere Gawain,
Nor off Sere Launcelot-the-lake,
Off Beffs, ne Gy, ne Sere Sidrake,
Ne off Ury, ne off Octavyan,
Ne off Hector the strong man,
Ne off Jason, neither off Hercules,
Ne off Eneas, neither Achilles.

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I wene never, *par ma fay*,
That in the tyme off here day,
Dede ony off hem so doughty dede,
Off strong batayle and wyghthede,
As dede Kyng Richard, sauns fayle,
At the cyté off Jaffé in that batayle,
With hys axe and hys sword.
Hys soule have Jesu our lord!
It was before the heygh mayd nyght,
The moon and the sterres schon ful bryght,
Kyng Richard unto Jaffé was come,
With hys galeys al and some.
They lookyd up to the castèl,
They herde no pype, ne flagel.
They drowgh hem nygh to the lande,
Yiff they myghten undyrstande,
And they ne cowde nought aspye,
Ne ne voys off menstralsie,
That quyk man in the castel ware.
Kyng Richard then become ful off care:
" Alas, he sayd, that I was born,
My goode barouns ben forlorn!
Slayn is Robert off Leycetre,
That was myn owne curteys maystre;
Ilke lym off hym was wurth a knyght!
And Robert Tourneham, that was so wyght,
And Sere Bertram, and Sere Pypard,
In batayle that wer wys and hard,

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And alsoo myne othir barouns,
The beste in al my regiouns,
They ben slayne and forlore:
Hou may I lenger leve therfore!
Had I ben [in] tyme comen hedyr,
I myght have savyd altogedyr:
Tyl I be wreken off Saladyn,
Certes, my joye schal I tyne!"
Thus waylyd Kyng Richard ay,
Tyl it wer sprynge al off the day:
A wayte ther com in a kernel,
And a'pypyd a moot in a flagel.
He ne pypyd but on sythe,
He made many a herte blythe.
He lokyd doun and seye the galèy
Off Kyng Richard, and hys navèy.
Schyppys and galeys wel he knewe;
Thenne a meryere note he blewe,
And pypyd: "*Seynyours! or sus! or sus!*
Kyng Richard is i-comen to us!"
But whenne the Crystene wiste this,
In herte they hadde gret joye, I wis.
Erl, baroun, squyer and knyght,
To the walles they sterten anon ryght,
And seygh Kyng Richard her owne lord,
They cryede to hym with mylde word:
"Welcome, lord, in Goddes name!
Our care is turnyd al to game."

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Kyng Richard hadde never, I wis,
Halvyndel so mekyl joy and blyss.
" *Az armes!*" he cryede, " make yow yare!"
To hem that wyth hym comen ware.
" We have, he sayde, lyff but on:
Selle we it, bothe flesch and bon,
For to cleyme our herytage,
Slee we the houndes full off rage!
Who so doutes for her menace,
Have he never syght off Goddes face!
Here armure no more I ne doute,
Thenne I doo a pylche-cloute.
Thorwgh grace off God in trinité,
Thys day men schal the sothe i-see!"
Al the fyrst on land he leep;
Off a doseyn he made an heep.
He gan to cry with voys ful cler,
" Wher be these hethene pawtener,
That have the cyté off Jaffé i-take?
Unwyvvely I schal yow wake.
To waraunt that I have i-doo,
Wesseyl I schal drynk yow too!"
He leyde on ilke a syde ryght,
And slowgh the Sarezynes aplyght;
The Sarezynes fledde and were al mate;
With sorwe they ranne out off the gate.
In there herte they were soo yarwe,
Alle here yates they thought too narwe.

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Both walles they fledde off the towne,
On every syde they felle adoun.
Some off hem broke her swere,
Legges and armes, al in fere,
And ilkon cryede in this manere,
As ye schal afterward here:
" *Malcan staran naw arbru*
Lor fermoir toir me moru."
This is to saye in Englys,
" The Englyshe devyl i-comen is:
Yiff he us mete, we schal deye,
Flee we faste out off hys weye!"
Out off the toun they fledde ylkone,
That ther leffte never one,
But four hundryd or fyve,
That Richard brought out off lyve.
At the gate he sette porters,
And stablede up hys destrers.
He leep upon hys stede Favel,
Wel armyd in yren and in stel.
The folk hym armyd al in fere,
That out off the galeys comen were,
And many comen out off the castel
That weren armyd wundyr wel.
Kyng Richard rode out at the gate,
Twoo kynges he founde therate,
With sixty thousand Sarezynes fers,
With armes bryght, and brode baners.

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That on upon the hood he hyt,
That to the sadyl he hym slytte;
That other he hint upon the hood,
That at the gyrdyl-steed it stood:
And hys Templers, and hys barouns,
And Hospytalers, egre as lyouns,
They slowen Sarezynes al soo swythe,
As gres fallyth fro the sythe.
The Sarezynes seyghen no beter won,
But flowghen agayn everylkon,
Unto Saladynes gret hoost,
That fyftene myle lay acoost.
Two and thrytty thousand, forsothe to say,
The Sowdan loste that ilke day:
For their armure fared as wax,
Ayenst Kyng Richardys ax.
Many a Sarazyn, and hygh lordynge,
Yelded than to Richard our kyng.
Richard putte them in hostage tho.
There were a thousand prysoners and mo.
The chace lested swythe longe,
Tyl the tyme of even songe.
Richard rod aftyr tyl it was nyght;
So many of hem to deth he dyght,
That no nombre it may acounte
How many of them it wolde amounte.
Richard left, withoute the towne,
And pyghte ther hys pavylonne:

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And that nyght, with mekyl herte,
He confortyd hys barouns smerte.
And ye schal here, on the morwe,
How ther was a daye of sorwe,
For the gretest batayle, I understonde,
That never was on ony londe:
And ye, that this batayl wyl lere,
Herkene now, and he schal here!
As Kyng Richard sat at hys sopère,
And gladded hys barouns with mylde chere,
And comforted hem with ale and wyn
Two messangers come fro Saladyn,
And stode Kyng Richard before,
With longe berdes and with hore.
Off two mules they wer alyght,
In gold and sylk they wer i-dyght.
Eyther held other by the honde,
And sayde: "Kyng Richard, now undyrstonde,
Our lord Saladyn, the hyghe kyng,
Hath thee sente this askyng!
If that thou were so hardy a knyght,
That thou durste hym abyde in fyght
Tyl to morwe, that it day were,
Of blysse thou scholde ben at bare:
For thy lyff and thy barouns
He wyl not geve two skalouns.
He wyl thè take with strength off hondes,
For he hath folk of mony londes,

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Egyptiens, and of Turkey,
Of Moryens, and of Arabye,
Basyles, and Ambosyens,
Withe egyr knyghtes of defens,
Egyptiens, and of Surry,
Of Ynde, Moroc, and of Cappadocye,
Of Medes, and of Asclamoyne,
Of Samarye, and of Babyloyne;
Two hundred knyghtes withoute fayle,
Fyve hundred of amorayle;
The ground ne may hem unnethe bere,
The folk that cometh thè to dere.
By our rede do ryght wel,
And tourne agayn to Jaffè castèl:
In safe warde thou myght there be
Tyl thou have sente after thy meyné:
And yf thou se thou may not stonde
Tourne agayn to thyn owne londe!"
In anger Richard toke up a lofe,
And in hys hands it alle to-rofe;
And sayde to that Sarazyn:
"God geve thè wel evyl pyne!
And Saladyn yowr lorde,
The devyl hym hange with a corde!
For your counsayl and your tydyng,
God geve you wel evyl endyng!
Now, go and say to Saladyn,
In despyte of hys god Appolyn,

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I wyl abide hym betyme,
Though he com to-morrow at pryme:
And though I were but myself alone,
I wolde abyde hem everychone.
And, if the dogge wyl come to me,
My pollax schal hys bane be:
And saye, that I hym desyre,
And al his cursed cumpany in fere.
Go now, and saye to hym thus,
The curse have he of swete Jesùs!"
The messangers wente to Saladyn,
And al the begynnynge tolde hym,
Saladyn mervayled than,
And sayde, it was non erthly man,—
"He is a devyl, or a saynt,
Hys myght ne found I never faynt."
Anon he made hys ordeynyng,
For to take Richard our kyng.
Therof Richard toke no kepe,
But al nyght lay and slepe,
Tyl agaynst the dawnyng;
Thenne herde he a schryll crying.
Thorwgh Goddys grace, an aungel of hevene
Tho sayde to hym, with mylde stevene,
"Arys, and lepe on thy gode stede Favel,
And tourne agayn to Jaffe castèl,
Thou hast slepte long inowgh:
Thou schalt fynde hard and towgh,

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Or thou come to that cytè
Thou schalt be wrapped, and thy meyné.
After the batayle, withouten les,
With the Sowdan thou mak thy pes!
Tak trewes, and let thy baronage,
Unto the flome do her vyage,
To Nazareth, and to Bedlem,
To Calvary, and to Jerusalem;
And let them wende after thenne,
And come thou after with thy schyp-men:
For enemyes thou hast, I understonde,
There in thyn owne londe.
Up!" sayde the aungel, "and wel thè spede!
Thou ne haddest never more nede!"
Richard aros, and toke hys wede,
And lept on Favel hys gode stede,
And sayde: "Lordynges! *Or sus! Or sus!*
That hath us warned swete Jesus!"
Az armes! he let crye there
Ayenst the Sarazyns for to fare.
But Saladyn and hys tem,
Was bytwene Jaffè and them.
That was to Richard moche payne,
That he ne myght hys hoost ordayne;
But prekyd forth upon Favel,
And garte hys launse byte ful wel.
Therwith he slowgh, withouten doute,
Thre kynges off the Sawdones route.

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Hys stede was strong, hymselve good,
Hors no man hym non withstood.
He hewe upon the hethene with fors,
That unto grounde fel her cors.
Whoso hadde sene hys cuntenaunse,
Wolde euer had hym in remembraunse.
They gunnen on hym als thykk to fleen,
As out off the hyve doth the been:
And with hys axe doun he swepe,
Off the Sarezynes, as bere doth schepe.
Ynglysche and Frenssche gan aftyr ryde,
To fyghte they wer ful fresche that tyde;
And layden on with al her myght,
And slowen the Sarezynes dounryght.
But theroff was but lytyl keep,
To many ther wer upon an heep,
That no slaughtyr, in that batayle,
Myght be sene, withouten fayle.
A myre ther was, withouten Jaffès,
A myle brode, withouten les.
Mawgre the Sarezynes, Richard the syre
Thre thousand Sarezynes droff into the myre.
Thoo myghte man see the hethene men,
Lyggen and bathe hem in the fen;
And thoo that wolde have come uppe,
They dranke off Kyng Richardes cuppe.
What ther wer drownyd, and what wer slawe,
The Sawdon loste off hethene lawe,

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Syxty thousand in lytyl stounde,
As it is in the Frensche i-founde.
Kyng Richard wente agayn,
To help hys hoost with myght and mayn,
Now was there, now was here,
To governe hys hoost with hys powère.
Seygh never man, I have herd telle,
Half so many Sarezynes felle,
And the moste peryle off the batayle,
Kyng Richard seygh withouten fayle,
Hys eme, Sere Henry off Champayne,
Feld off hys hors doun on the playn.
The Sarezynes hadde hym undyr honde,
To sleyen hym ful faste they fonde.
It hadde been hys daye laste,
No hadde Kyng Richard come in haste.
Kyng Richard cryede with loude voys :
" Help God, and the holy croys !
Thys ilke day myn eme thou schelde,
Fro deth off these doggys wylde.
Lordynges," he sayde, " layes upon ;
Letes off these houndes ascape non :
And I myself schal prove to smyte,
Yiff my pollax can ought byte."
Men myghten see Crystene, with al their mayn,
Schede the Sarezynes blood and brayn.
Upon the place that grene was,
Many soule wente to Sathanas.

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Be the dymmyng off the more,
Men myghte see, where Richard fore.
The Templers comen hym to socour;
There began a strong stour;
They layd on as they wer wood,
Tyl valeys runnen al on blood.
The Longespay was a noble knyght;
As a lyoun he gan to fyghte.
The erl off Leycetre, Sere Robard,
The erl off Rychemond, and Kyng Richard,
Many Sarezyn they slowgh, sauns fayle,
Soo layde they on in that batayle.
Ther these ilke knyghtes rod,
That day was the way all brod,
That four waynes myghte on mete,
So many Sarezynes les the swete.
On bothe half was many body
Slayn, strong, bold and hardy;
And at the last, with gret payne,
Kyng Richard wan the erl off Champayne,
And sett hym upon a stede,
That swythe good was at nede,
And bad hym wende by hys syde,
And nought a fote fro hym ryde.
A messanger com swythe rydyng
To speke with Richard our kyng,
And sayde: "Sere, *par charyté*
Turne agayn to Jaffé cyte!

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Helyd is both mount and playn;
Kyng Alysaundre, ne Charlemayn,
Hadde never swylke a route,
As is the cyté now aboute!
The gates be on fyrr i-sette,
Ryght off Jaffé castellette.
Thy men may neythyr in ne oute,
Lord, off thee I have grete doute.
For ye may nought to the cyté ryde,
In felde what a venture yow betyde!
And I yow warne, withouten fayle,
Mekyl apayryd is youre batayle.
The patryark i-taken is,
And Jhon the Neel is slayn, I wis:
William Arsour, and Sere Gerard,
Bertram Braundys, the good Lumbard,
They are slayn and yitt moo!"—
Kyng Richard bethought hym thoo,
And gan to crye: "Turne arere
Every man with his banere!"
And many thousand before hym schete,
With swerdes and with launses grete.
With fawchouns and with maces bothe,
Kyng Richard they made ful wrothe.
They slowen Favel under hym;
Then was Kyng Richard wroth and grym.
Hys ax from hys arsoun he drowgh,
That ilke Sarezyn sone he slowgh,

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That steked under hym hys stede.
Therfore he loste hys lyff to mede.
On foot he was, and he on layde;
Manye under hys hand ther deyde.
Al that hys ax areche myght,
Hors and man he slowgh doun ryght.
What before and what behynde,
A thousand and moo, as I fynde,
He slowgh, whyle he was on foot,
That hym com never helpe ne boote.
Saladynes twoo sones come ryde,
Ten thousand Sarezynes by her syde,
And gan to cry to Kyng Richard,
"Yelde thè theff, traytour, coward!
Or I schal sloo thè in this place!"
"Nay, quod Richard, be Godes grace!"—
And with hys ax he smot hym thoo,
That hys mydyl flowgh in twoo.
The half the body fel adoun,
And that othir half lefte in the arsoun.
"Off thè, quod Kyng Richard, I am sekyr."
Hys brothir come to that bekyr,
Upon a stede with gret randoun,
He thoughte to bere Kyng Richard doun,
And gaff hym a wounde thorwgh the arme;
That dede our kyng mekyl harme.
Upon the spere-hed was venym;
And Kyng Richard stoutly smot hym,

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That man and hors fyl ded to grounde.
" Lygge there, he sayd, thou hethene hounde!
Schalte thou never telle Saladyne
That thou madest me my lyff to tyne!"
With that fyve dukes off Hethenys
Come with her hoost, withouten mys,
Bysette about Richard oure kyng,
And thoughte hym to deth brynge:
Kyng Richard in a lytyl thrawe,
The fyve dukes hadde i-slawe;
And fele hundryd aftyr then,
Off stronge hethene men.
And at the last, though it wer late,
They wunnen unto Jaffés gate:
Thenne wer our Crystene men ful sekyr,
That they scholde overcome the bekyr.
The erl off Leycetre, Ser Robard,
Brought our kyng hys stede Lyard.
Kyng Richard into the sadyl leap;
Then fledde the Sarezynes as they wer scheep.
Our kyng rode afftyr tyl it was nyght,
And slowgh off hem that he take myght.
Ther wer slayn, in playn and den,
Two hundryd thousand hethene men.
That nyght, withouten les,
Kyng Richard wan into Jaffés;
And thankyd Jesu, kyng off glorye,
And hys modyr off that victorye:

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For sithe the world was ferste begun,
A fayrer batayle was never i-wunne.
At morwe he sente Robert Saboyle,
And Sere Wyllyam Watevyle,
Hubert, and Robert Tourneham,
Gawter Gyffard, and Jhon Seynt Jhan,
And bad hym seye to the Sawden,—
" That hymself agayn fyve and twenty men,
In wylde field wolde fyghte,
To derayne Godes ryghte;
Yiff he it wynne, to have the land,
Ever in Crystene-mennys hand;
And yiff the Sarezynes myghte hym slee,
The lande scholde evyr the Sawdons be:
And yiff he wole nought here hys sawes,
Sayes, thre yer, thre monethys and thre dawes,
I aske trewes off the Sawdan
To wende home and come agyn than.
The messangers gunne to wende,
And tolde the Sawdon wurde and ende.
He wolde nought consente to that batayle,
Fyve hundred agayn Richard, sauns fayle:
At morwe yiff he wolde come,
The trewes scholde ben i-nome.
Thus he tolde the messangers,
And they it tolde Richard the fers.
The next day, he made forewarde
Off trewes to the Kyng Richard;

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Thre yer and more, to the flome
Fro Acres that wolde come.
Thoo afterward al the thre yere,
Crystene-men, both ferre and nere,
Yeden the way to Jerusalem,
To the Sepulchre and to Bedlem,
To Olivet and to Nazarel,
And to Emaus castel,
And to alle other pylgrymage,
Withouten harme or damage.
  Kyng Richard, doughty off hand,
Turnyd homward to Yngeland.
Kyng Richard reynyd here
No more but ten yere.
Sythe he was schot, alas!
In Castel-Gaylard ther he was.
  Thus endyd Richard our kyng:
God geve us alle good endyng,
And hys soule reste and roo,
And oure soules whenne we com thertoo!

AMEN. EXPLICIT.

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THE

LYFE OF IPOMYDON.

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THE

LYFE OF IPOMYDON.

FIT I.

MEKELY, lordynges gentyll and fre,
Lysten awhile and herken to me:
I schall you telle of a kynge,
A dowghty man withowte lesynge;
In his tyme he was full bolde,
A worthy man and wele of-tolde;
Feyre he was on fote and hand,
And wele belouyd in all that lande;
Off body he was styffe and stronge,
And to no man he wolde do wronge.
Of Poyle-lond lord was he:
Gold and sylver he had plenté;
Hye and low louyd hym alle;
Moche honoure to hym was falle.

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Hys name was Kynge Ermonès, .
He hated wronge and louyd pees.
His quene was bothe bryght and shene ;
Moche goodnesse was hem bytwene.
To God they preyd after an eyre ;
He sent theym one bothe good and feyre,
Feyre he was of flessche and blode :
They thangkyd God with myld mode.
To chyrche they bare the chyld thanne,
And crystenyd hym Ipomydon.
Till a noryce they dyd hym take,
And for that chyld grete joy they make.
Many ladyes hym to yeme,
That serued all that chyld to queme.
The childe was feyre, and waxe withall,
And playd in chamber and in hall.
The kynge of hym had joy plentè ;
A feyrer child myght no man see.
He lette calle a knyght full trew,
That namyd was Syr Tholomew ;
He was a knyght of grete poustè,
And well bylouyd in that contrè,
Bothe of more and of lesse,
For hym followyd all goodnesse.
Curteyse he was and hend of mouthe ;
Of norture, I wys, myche he couthe,
That lordys vsyd in there halle,
And ladyes in chamber grete and smalle.

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Hermonès sayd in all manère :
" I haue a sonne that me ys dere,
That shall be eyre of all my lande :
I wille ye haue hym to vndyrstand,
And to teche hym in all manère,
Lyke as he thyne owne were."
" Sir,—quod this knyght myld of speche,—
Wold God I cowthe your sonne teche
Thyng that myght torne hym to prow!"
Ipomydon resseyueth he now.
Tholomew a clerk he toke,
That taught the chyld vppon the boke,
Bothe to synge and to rede ;
And after he taught hym other dede :
Aftirward to serve in halle,
Bothe to grete and to smalle :
Before the kyng mete to kerve,
Hye and low feyre to serve :
Bothe of howndis and haukis game
Aftir he taught hym, all and same,
In se, in feld, and eke in ryuère,
In wodde to chase the wild dere,
And in the feld to ryde a stede,
That all men had joy of his dede.
All that lond of hym spake good,
For he was so myld of mood ;
Hende he was, curteyse and fre,
A godelyer man myght no man see.

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They preysed hym bothe more and lesse,
Bothe man and woman, as I gesse;
All lovyd hym that were hym by,
For he bare hym so curtessely.
Now is he waxen a goodly man,
To all godnesse he yaff hym than.
He ys a myghty man for the nonys,
And wele i-schape with grete bonys.
In all that contrè was there none
To hym myght caste the tre ne stone.
The kyng of hym grete joy had,
For all folke of hym were glad.
Every yere the kyng wold,
At Whytsontyde a fest hold.
Of dukis, erlis and barons,
Many there come frome dyvers townes:
Ladyes, mayden gentill and fre,
Come thedyr from ferre contrè,
And grete lordys of ferre lond
Thedyr were prayd before hand.
When all were come togedyr than
There was joy of many a man.
Full riche, I wote, were hyr seruice,
For better myght no man devyse.
Ipomydon that day servyd in halle;
All spake of hym, bothe grete and smalle;
Ladies and maydens byheld hym on,
So godely a man they had sene none.

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His feyre chere in halle theym smert,
That many a lady smote throw the hert,
And in there hertis they made mone
That there lordis ne were suche one.
Aftyr mete they wente to pley
All the peple, as I you sey,
Some to chambre and some to boure,
And some to the hye towre;
And some in the halle stode,
And spake what hem thought gode;
Men that were of that cytè
Enquered of men of other contrè,
Of Calabre lond who was kynge;
And som answerd to his askynge,
" He ys dede sythe many a day,
And byhynde he lefte a feyre may,
That ys his doughter and his eyre:
In all that lond is non so feyre:
And so sayne all that hyr do see,
She is the feyreste that may bee;
For thoughe a man wold all this day
Hyr beautè discryue, he coude not sey
All hyr worshyp ne hyr porture:
She is a lady of grete honoure.
In all this world is non so wyse
That hir goodnesse kan devyse.
Kyngs and dukes comethe hyr to seke,
And so done emperoures eke,

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And wold have that mayde to wyfe;
But she will non that is on lyffe
But he doughtyeste be of hande,
That suche on is non lyvande."
  This word sprange wyde withall,
Bothe in chambre and in halle,
Of the eyre of Calabre that feyre may.
Ipomydon he herkenyd ay:
Bothe in chambre and in boure,
Men spake that lady grete honowre.
There was none that speke couthe,
But they the lady had in mouthe.
  Ipomydon drew hym nye tho,
And efte he herkenyd to and fro;
When he herd of hir so speke,
Hym thought his hert wold to-breke,
But if he myght se that mayde,
To wete if she were as they seyde.
Off hyr he had suche a thoght,
That in mornyng he was broght;
And so he mornythe nyght and day,
But yit to no man wold he sey.
By than com forthe Syr Tholomew,
That was hys master good and trew:
"Gode syr—he sayd—for charytè,
Telle me who hathe grevyd thè,
And why thou makyst this mornynge:
I swere by Jesu heuyn kynge,

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He shall abye on some manère,
But if it be thy fader dere!"
" Nay master, he sayd, not soo;
I schalle you telle or that I go.
But if I haue the helpe of thè,
Joye thou getest neuyr of me.
For now to you, syr, I will sey,
Myne herte ys sette vppon a may,
That sche may nevir oute of my thoght;
But I hyr se I worthe to noght.
The eyre of Calabre forsothe it is,
That men speke of so myche blysse:
But if I may that lady serve
For care and sorow my herte will sterve."
Tholomew sayd, " Lette be this wille!
Thynke ye nowe youreselfe to spille?
Ye ar the kynges son and hys eyre,
And may haue maryages gode and feyre;
There ys no man in Crystentè
That richer maryages may haue than ye."—
" Master, these wordis awaylethe noght:
But if I do as I haue thoght,
And to hyr go, as I you saye,
I dye for hyr withoute deley."
Sir Tholomew seyd, " Sythe it is so
That ye may not hyr forgo,
I shall go vnto the kynge,
And gete you leve withoute lettynge,

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That ye may go, sir, at your wille,
And se the mayden all youre fille."
Sir Tholomew forthe gan goe,
And to the kynge he went tho;
Vppon his knees he hym sette,
And the kyng full feyre he grette.
" Sir, of one thyng I you prey,
Besechyng you to sey not nay,
Off your sonne Ipomydon;
For he thynketh to be a man
Off your courte and youre norture.
He hathe wele lernyd, I you ensure.
He wold wend into strange contrè,
More in service for to bee;
So that ye take it not at greffe,
Full feyne he wolde prey you of leffe;
And I shall make me redy
To wend with hym in companye,
And serve hym as his owne knyght,
And honoure hym with all my myght."
Than seyd Hermonès the kynge:
" Iff this be his owne desyrynge
I am well payed of his wille,
For his askyng I hold skille;
And now I wote thou arte my frend,
Sithe that thow wilt with hym wend.
Take thou jnough of all thynge,
And loke ye want no spendynge."

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Sir Tholomew forthe gan goo,
And to Ipomydon come he tho,
And seyd: " Syr, withoute lesynge,
Your fadyr hathe granted youre askynge;
He bad that ye no thyng shuld spare,
And myself shall with you fare."—
" I pray God thanke you, master dere;
That ye me love I may se here."
Than they busked theym to goo,
Horse they toke and harnesse also;
Off all thynge they wantid none.
Now to his fader the child is gone;
On knees he felle byfore the kynge,
And prayde hym of his dere blessynge:—
" That blissyng haue thou my sonne trew,
That Marye gaff hir sonne Jesu!"
Now they go forthe on hir way.
Ipomydon to hys men gan sey,
That ther be none of hem alle
So hardy by hys name hym calle,
Where so they wende, ferre or nere,
Or ouer the strange ryuère,—
" Ne man telle what I am,
What I shall be, ne whens I cam."
All they granted hys comandement,
And forthe they went with one assent.
Ipomydon and Tholomew
Robys had on and mantillis new

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Off the richest that myght bee;
There was [none] suche in that contrè:
For many was the the ryche stone
That the mantillis was vppon.
So longe there weys they haue nome,
That to Calabre they ar come.
They com to the castelle-yate,
The porter was redy thereat.
The porter to theyme they gan calle,
And prayd hym, "Go into the halle,
And say thy lady gent and fre,
That come ar men of ferre contrè,
And, if it plese hyr, we wold hyr prey
That we myght ete with hyr to day."
The porter sayd full cortessly,
"Your erand to do I am redy."
The lady to hyr mete was sette;
The porter come and feyre hyr grette;
"Madame, he sayd, God you sane!
Atte your gate gestis ye haue,
Strange men as for to see,
They aske mete for charytè."
The lady comaundith sone anon
That the gates were vndone,—
"And bryng theym all byfore me,
For wele at ese shall they bee."
They toke hyr pagis, hors and alle.
These two men went into the halle:

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Ipomydon on knees hym sette,
And the lady feyre he grette;
" I am a man of strange contrè,
And pray you, yff your wille to be,
That I myght dwelle with you to yere,
Of your norture for to lere.
I am come frome ferre lond,
For speche I here byfore the hand
That your norture and your servyse
Ys holden of so grete empryse,
I pray you that I may dwelle here
Somme of your seruyse for to lere."
The lady byheld Ipomydon,
Hym semyd wele a gentil man;
She knew non suche in hyr londe,
So goodly a man and wele farand;
She saw also by his norture
He was a man of grete valure.
She cast full sone in hyr thoght,
That for no seruyce come he noght,
But it was worship hyr vnto,
In feyre seruyce hym to do."
She sayd: " Syr, welcome ye be,
And all that comyn be with thè.
Sithe ye haue had so grete trauayle
Of a service ye schall not fayle.
In thys contrè ye may dwelle here,
And at your will for to lere.

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Of the cuppe ye shall serue me,
And all your men with you shall be.
Ye may dwelle here at youre wille,
But your beryng be full ylle."
" Madame, he sayd, grantmercy!"
He thankid the lady cortesly.
She comandyth hym to the mete,
But, or he satte in any sete,
He saluted theym grete and smalle,
As a gentill man shuld in halle.
All they sayd sone anone,
They saw neuyr so goodly a man,
Ne so light, ne so glad,
Ne none that so ryche atyre had.
There was non that sat nor yede,
But they had mervelle of hys dede,
And sayd, he was no lytell syre,
That myght shew suche atyre.
Whan they had ete and grace sayd,
And the tabyll away was leyd,
Vpp than aroos Ipomydon,
And to the botery he went anon,
And [dyde] his mantille hym aboute.
On hym lokyd all the route;
And every man sayd to other there,
" Will ye se thè proude squeer,
Shall serue my lady of the wyne
In his mantell that is so fyne?"

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That they hym scornyd wist he noght,
On othyr thyng he had his thoght.
He toke the cuppe of the botelere,
And drew a lace of sylke full clere:
Adowne than felle hys mantylle by.
He prayd hym for his curtessy
That lytelle yifte that he wolde nome,
Tille efte sone a better come.
Vp it toke the botelere,
Byfore the lady he gan it bere,
And prayd the lady hertely
To thanke hym of his cortessye.
All that was tho in the halle
Grete honowre they spake hym alle,
And sayd, he was no lytelle man,
That suche yiftys yiffe kan.
There he dwellyd many a day,
And servid the lady wele to pay;
He bare hym on so feyre manere
To knyghtes, ladyes, and squyere,
All louyd hym that were hym by,
For he bare hym so cortesly.
The lady had a cosyne that hight Jason,
Full wele he louyd Ipomydon;
Where that he yede, in or oute,
Jason went with hym aboute.
The lady lay, but she slept noght,
For of the squyere she had grete thoght,

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How he was feyre and shape wele,
Body and armes and every dele.
Ther was non in all hir land,
So wele besemyd, doughty of hand.
But she kowde wete for no case
Whens he come ne what he was,
Ne of no man cowde enquere
Other than the strange squyere.
She hyr by-thought on a quentyse,
If she myght know, in ony wyse,
To wete whereof he were come:
Thys was hyr thoght, all and some.
She thought to wode hyr men to tame,
That she myght know hym by his game.
On the morow, whan it was day,
To hyr men than gan she say:
"To-morow whan it is daylyght
Loke ye be all redy dight,
With youre houndis more and lesse,
In the forest to take my grese;
And there I will myself be,
Youre game to byhold and see."
Ipomydon had houndis thre
That he broght frome his contrè;
When they were to the wodde gone,
This lady and hyr men jchone,
And with hem hyr howndis ladde,
All that euyr any howndis had,

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Sir Tholomew foryate he noght,
His mastres howndis thedyr he broght,
That many a day ne hadde ronne ere.
Full wele he thoght to note hem there.
Whan they come to the laund on hight,
The quenys pavylon there was pight,
That she myght se of the best
All the game of the forèst.
The wandlessours went throw the forèst,
And to the lady brought many a best,
Herte and hynde, buk and doo,
And othir bestis many moo.
The howndis that were of gret prise,
Pluckid downe dere all at a tryse.
Ipomydon with his houndis thoo
Drew downe bothe buk and doo;
More he tok with houndis thre
Than all that othyr compaignè.
There squyers vndyd hyr dere,
Iche man on his owne manere.
Ipomydon a dere yede vnto,
Full konnyngly gan he it vndo;
So feyre that veneson he gan to dight,
That bothe hym byheld squyer and knyght.
The lady lokyd oute of hyr pavyloun,
And saw hym dight the venyson;
There she had grete deyntè,
And so had all that dyd hym see;

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She saw all that he downe droughe,
Of huntyng she wist he cowde jnoughe,
And thoght in hyr herte than
That he was come of gentill men.
She bad Jason hyr men to calle;
Home they passyd grete and smalle,
Home they come sone anone.
This lady to hyr mete gan gone,
And of venery had hyr fille,
For they had take game at wille.
Ipomydon serued, as I vndirstand,
As he was wonte done byfore hand.
" Sir—she sayde—sanz fayle,
Ye have bene in grete travayle;
Anothyr man, as I you say,
Shall serue me at mete this day.
Go to youre mete sone on hye,
My cosyn Jason shall sytte you by."
The ladyes hert was on hym cast,
And she byheld hym wondir fast;
Euer on hym she kest hyr eye.
Ipomydon full wele it seye:
Anon it gaff hym in his thoght,
To loke ageyne lette wold he noght.
Nor no more coward thoght he to be
Off his lokyng, than was she.
The lady perseyued it full wele,
Of all his lokyng euery dele,

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And therewith bygan to shame,
For she myght lightly falle in blame,
If men perceyued it ony thyng,
Bytwyxe hem two suche lokynge;
Than wold they say all bydene,
That some loue were hem bytwene;
Than schuld she falle in shandre,
And lese myche of hyr honoure:
Sche thoght to werne hym preuely
By hyr cosyn that sat hym by.
" Jason—sche sayd—thou art to blame,
And therwith thè ought to shame,
To byhold my mayd in vayne;
Euery man to other wille seyne,
That bytwyx you is somme synne.
Of thy lokyng, I rede, thou blynne."
Ipomydon hym bythoght anone,
How that sche blamyd Jason,
Without deservyng euery dele:
But the encheson he perceyued wele.
Downe he lokyd and thoght grete shame
That Jason bare for hym the blame.
Stille he satte, and sayd no mare;
He thoght to dwelle no lenger there.
As the lady hyr chamber had tane,
Byfore hyr come Ipomydon,
And sayd: " Madame, God yeld it thè
The grete honoure thou hast done me!

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Haue good day; nowe wille I fare
Into the contrè that I was are."
" Felaw—she sayd—chese at thi wille,
Whether thou wilt wend or abyde stille."
He went anon into the halle,
And toke his leue of grete and smalle,
Bothe at lesse and at more,
And they thoght thereof ryght sore.
To Jason he wendith anone ryght
And taketh hys leue with hert vnlyght.
Than sayd Jason on hye,
" Leve syr, leve this folye,
And with my lady thou dwelle here;
She louythe thè in all manère.
Iff thou wende forth in this wille,
For sorow she wylle hyrself spylle."—
" Jason, felow, lett be thy thoght!
Lenger dwelle here ne wylle I noght;
For I shall wende home to my kynge,
And leve you here with all joyinge."—
" My odere frend, sythe it is so
That thou wilt algates goo,
Yeve me leve with thè to wend
Into what contrè that thou wilt lend.
I wold full fayne do it indede,
Grant-mercy, syr, God yif thè mede!"—
" With me hedyr come ye noght;
Ne schall with me but that I broght."

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He toke hys leve at Jason there
And went forthe ellys where.
Whan the lady wist that he was gone,
A sory woman than was she oon:
Vppon hyr bedde she gan hyr ley,
And to hyrself than gan she say:
"There is not suche a man in lande,
If he be doughty of his hande
As he is of body to see,
Of what lond that euyr he bee.
Allas—she sayd—and welleaway
That for a word he went away!
Had men sought all mankynde,
A feyrer body shuld no man fynde."
This lady that was of ryche blode
That nyght she cowde but lytell gode,
That she shuld suche mone make
For a strange mannys sake,
That no man wist what he was;
But yit she sayd ofte, "Allas!
For suche ys none in Crystentè!
Full wele hym semeth a knyght to be."
Thus she comfortyde hyr amonge,
And efte she felle in mornyng stronge.
Ipomydon went as ye may here.
Byhynde he lefte a messyngere,
For to brynge hym tythyngis newe;
Iff there were any that he knewe,

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What they were, he schuld hym brynge,
And that anon, withoute lettynge.
The land of Poyle he hathe nome,
And to the kyng his fader ys come,
And to the quene his modyr dere;
For hym they made ryght glad chere.
Curteyse he was, bothe stoute and bolde,
And myche in lande he was of-tolde;
All men hym louyd, suche was his grace.
Of chyld Ipomydon here is a space.

FIT II.[1]

THEY were togedyr many yere,
With myche myrth and game, in fere.
The kyng his sonne knyght gan make,
And many another for his sake.
Justes were cryed; ladyes to see
Thedyr come lordys grete plentè.
Turnementis atyred in the felde,
A M. armed with spere and shelde.
Knyghtis bygan to-gedir to ryde;
Somme were vnhorsyd on euery syde.

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Ipomydon that day was victoryus,
And there he gaff many a cours,
For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wold sette,
That aftir, within a lytell stounde,
Hors and man bothe went to ground.
The heraudes gaff the child the gree;
A M. pownd he had to fee.
Mynstrellys had yiftes of golde;
And fourty dayes thys fest was holde.
Off the eyre of Calabre here will I telle,
And of hyr baronage fayre and well,
How that they had at counselle bene,
And of assent was theym bytwene,
That here lady shuld take an husband,
To gouerne theyme and all there land,
Bycause she was of yonge age.
To hyr come all hyr baronage,
And sayd, "Madame, we will you pray
That we myght oure will sey.
Youre lond thynkyth ye do theyme wronge,
Withowte kyng to dwelle so longe,
That myght gouerne this land so feyre,
And bytwyxe you gete an eyre,
And hold this land in righte blode."
The lady answerd, with myld mode,
"Your counseyle ys gode euerychone,
But husband yit will I haue none."

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They toke leve and wente her way,
And bytaught the lady gode day.
To counselle new than gon they gone,
And full sone they were at one:
To King Melliager hyr eme they went,
And told hym of the ladyes entent;
For an husband thay had bene at hyrre,
And she yaff theym lyght answère.
Furthe they went, withoute lettyng,
To the land there he was kynge.
Kynge Melliager sone they found,
And anone they knelyd to ground,
Praying hym, as lord dere,
That he wold here prayere here.
They told hym all togedyr nowe
What that they had done and howe;
And suche answere she yaffe theyme tylle,
Husband to haue she had no wille,—
"Wherefore, lord, we wold you prey,
For we wote wele that ye best may,
Councelle wele oure lady nowe,
As best may be the remes prowe."
"Lordyngis, he sayd, withoutyn fayle,
I assent vnto your concelle:
For to my cosyn will I geo,
And make hyr, or I wend hyr fro,
Me to graunt husband to take,
Or clene my loue she shall forsake."

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Than they thankyd the kynge so free,
And went home to theyre contrè.
Kyng Mellyager to his cosyn ys gone,
And she hym welcomyd feyre anon,
And of his comyng she was glad,
And moche of hym she made.
Whan they had take hyr sporte in halle,
The kyng to counselle gan hyr calle,
And sayd, " Dere cosyn, here my wille:
An husband must ye take you tylle,
The whiche may of this land be kynge,
And gouerne it in all thynge;
For no woman may take on hand
Wele to gouerne suche a land."
" Sir, she sayde, ye be of my blode,
I hold your counselle feyre and good;
And aftir it feyne wolde I doo,
As most worship may be me to:
But sythe that I haue husband shalle,
Do make crye, vndir this castell walle,
Justes there, thre dayes to laste,
And who that there may bere hym best,
And that doughtyest ys of hande,
Shall wedde me and all this lande.
Syr, loke ye crye, withoute delaye,
By halfe yere afore the day,
That it be know ferre and nere,
On what day it shall be here."

Now thynkith this feyre may
On the strange squyere nyght and day,
" If he be suche as I hym holde,
Also doughty and so bolde,
For me than he wille be here,
And wynne me in alle manere."
Heraudes were callyd in hye,
Thrughe the land to make the crye.
This crye was knowen ouer all,
In all the land grete and smalle.
Ipomydon's messyngere anone,
Home to Poyle gan he gone.
The crye he vndyrstode wele,
And told his maister euery dele.
Ipomydon in hert was glad,
Whan that he the tythynges had.
He callyd his maister Tholomewe,
That euer was full gode and trewe,
And sayd, " Syr make vs redy,
For into Calabre now will I."
He purueyd hym iij noble stedis,
And also thre noble wedys:
That one was white as any mylke;
The trappure of hym was white sylke.
That other was rede, bothe styffe and stoure,
The trappure was of the same coloure.
Blake than was that other stede;
The same colour was his wede.

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Thre greyhondis with hym he ladde,
The best that his fader hadde;
Rede, and whyte, and blake they were
Whan he was dyght in this manere,
With hym he toke a feyre may,
And went forth on his jornèy;
Into Seseny the wey thay nome.
Within the land whan that he come,
He bad Tholomew take his stedys,
And his men and all his wedys,
" And take your inne in the cytè,
By nyght, that no man you see.
Lette no man se theyme, nyght ne day,
But them that schall here mete ley."
Hys owne wey forthe he nome
Vnto a forest tyll that he come.
There huntyd Kyng Mellyager in that forèst
Atte hert and hynd and wyld beste.
Ipomydon mette with a knyght,
And askyd hym, anone right,
Who that grete lord was,
That in the forest made the chase.
The knyght sayd, " Yff ye will here,
It ys the Kynge Mellyagere,
That thus huntithe here besyde."
Ipomydon vnto the kynge gan ryde,
And saluted hym as a kynge dere;
He welcomyd hym on feyre manere.

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He prayd the kynge, if it were his wille,
A lytelle stounde to stonde stille,
And here the speche of a knyght.
The kynge hym graunted anone right.
" I am a knyght, as ye may see,
And come I am frome ferre contrè ;
For nobley of you I haue herd telle,
All my desyre ys with you to dwelle,
In your contrè to be here,
The manere of this land to lere."
The kynge byheld the knyght than ;
Hym thoght he was a godely man.
In all this land, bothe ferre and nere,
Ys none so feyre a bachelere.
" Sir knyght—he seyd in feyre manere—
Gladly shall ye dwellen here."
Ipomydon sayd, " I shall you telle,
At this couenant wold I dwelle:
Full fayne I wold be redy bowne
To lede your quene bothe vp and downe,
Fro hyr chamber to hyr halle,
And my leman I wold hyr calle.
My maiden that is of honoure
Shall dwelle in the quenys boure.
At euery terme that I hyr lede
A kusse of the quene shall be my mede;
I will no more for my servyse."
The kyng anone, without avyse,

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Thoght he come for othyr thynge,
And grantyd hym his askynge.
Anone the kyng left his game,
Home they rode bothe in same,
And to the quene the covenantys seyd,—
" As ye haue done I hold me payd."
There he dwellyd many a day,
With myche myrthe, game, and play.
Full feyre he dyd his servyse,
And servyd the quene at hyr devyse;
Where that she went, in boure or halle,
The quene his lemman dyd he calle.
So it befelle vppon a day
That to the justes men dyd hem araye.
Thedyr wold Kyng Mellyagere,
With all the knyghtis that with hym were;
Sir Campanyus that good knyght,
In all that lond was none so wight,
And Sir Caymys the kyngis stewàrd,
A doughty knyght and no cowàrd.
The kynge sayd to Sir Ipomydon,
That called was the quenys lemman,
As he mette hym in the halle:
" The tyme ys come that juste we shalle;
Dight you now, go we oure way!
I wote ye thynke to wynne the may."
And he answerd with myld chere:
" Who shuld than serve my lady dere?

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For, certis, of justis can I noght;
To serve my lady is all my thoght.
If I hyr lefte for other dede
I were not worthy to haue my mede."
The kynge hym turnyd than away,
And to his knyghtis gan he say:
" So a feyre body as bereth hee,
Allas, a coward that he shuld be!"
Campanyus and all that stode hym by
Bymenyd that knyght curtesly.
They toke there leve at the quene,
And wente forthe all bydene.
Vnto Calabre they toke the way,
There they shuld just that other day.
Leve we theyme at the justynge,
And talke we now of other thynge,
Off Ipomydon and the lady shene,
That was at home with the quene.
Whan tyme come they shuld to mete,
Ipomydon brought hir to hyr sete.
Into the halle whan he hyr broght
To take hys cusse forgate he noght.
Whèn she had etyn to chambre she wente.
Ipomydon to the quene he wente,—
" To-morow madame I wald you pray,
With leue of you, whan yt is day,
Go to the forest to take a dere,
(My greyhondes ranne not this quartère)

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Whyle my lord ys at the justynge,
My greyhoundis I wold feyne se rennynge.
O thyng, madame, I wold you pray,
If I come not be tyme of day,
When ye se tyme to mete ye wend
For I wote neuyr how long I lend."
" Sir, she sayd, God you spede!"
He kyssyd hyr and forthe he yede.
Ipomydon callyd his master than,
Sir Tholomew that noble man:
" To my hostàge ye go by nyght;
My white stede, loke he be dight,
And with the armaure hedyr y-brynge,
To-morow, or the day sprynge.
Hye you oute at the castle yate,
And frome all syght kepe you all-gate."
Ipomydon went to the portère,
And prayd hym, if his wille were,
The yate myght by opyn or day.
The porter grantyd hym and toke hym the key,
And at the fryst cokke roosè hee.
Furthe he went with greyhondis thre,
In a lesshe he dyd hem do,
And blew a grete horne also.
He blew loud and shoke it wele
That it ronge all the castèlle.
The maydenys to the quene gan say:
" Youre lemman gothe to wynne the may."

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The quene answerd, withoute lettynge,
" All men konne not of justynge:
Thoughe he kanne not of suche dedys
He may be gode at other nedis."
Ipomydon is to Tholomew gone,
And toke hym hys houndis euerychon.
He prayd hym as his maister dere,
To note theyme wele in all manere,
And with the flesshe kepe theym in place
There that theyr stevyn sette was.
He sayd: " God spede thè, lord dere!
Thereto I shall do my deuère.
Ipomydon went forthe and his page,
Till he came to an ermytage.
He lokyd forthe and byheld;
Many a knyght he saw in feld;
Iche to other fast gan ryde,
With grete sperys on iche syde.
He toke his spere, anone ryght,
And lepte on his stede so light;
In he come amonge hem alle,
Throw the clowdis as he had falle.
The fryst knyght he gan to ryde,
With a spere that wold abyde,
In myddis the sheld he sette his spere,
That hors and man he gan downe bere.
Anothir knyght he mette also
That his bakke to-brast in two;

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The thryd he sloughe, withoute lettynge ;
The fourthe wente into the same rynge.
There was no knyght that he mette
That wold hys spere on hym sette,
But, if his spere all to-brakke,
He wold hym to the ground shake.
The lady lay ouer the castell walle,
And byheld the justis alle.
She sent speres white and blake
To all men that wold hem take.
Jason she sent vnto the knyght
That in white harneise was dight,
To bere hym sperys at his nede :
She thoght hym worthiest of dede.
And every man till othir gan saye,
He was the manlyest there that day.
Than all the people homeward went,
And Jason to the knyght hym bente,
Praying hym as lord dere,
" Come home here to thyne owne manère,
For wele I wote thou shalt be kynge,
The whiche is gretly to my lykynge."
" Jason, he sayd, God thè foryelde
Thy grete servyce to-day in the felde,
That thou hast done me in this place.'
Jason merveyled of that case :
" Sir, he said, for charytè,
What man be ye that knoweth me ?"—

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" It were merveile but I thè knew:
Some tyme thou were my felew trewe.
I am, he sayd, the strange squyère,
That servyd my lady this endris yere.
Grete hyr wele on all maneere:
This day for hyr I haue bene here,
But lenger dwelle here may I noght,
Suche tithyngis to me is broght.
Home frome myne owne contrè,
And forth I most as I telle thè."
" A! Sir, he sayd, art thou he?
For God that dyed vppon a tree,
Come now and with my lady speke,
Or ellis I wote hyr herte will breke;
For and she knew thou went away,
She lyveth nevir to-morow-day."—
" Thou shalt, Jason, vndirstond,
I wold not tarye for all this land."
He toke his leve and went his way.
Jason to the quene gan say
Word for word euery dele:
" The strange squyer grette you wele;
He was that ylke whyte knyght
That in the feld so richely was dight."
This lady to hyr chambre ys gone,
A sory woman was she one;
Vppon hyr bedde she gan downe falle
On swonne, afore hyr maydens alle;

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And whan she roos of swonnynge
Hir handis fast gan she wrynge,
" Allas!—she sayd—what I was wode,
A witteles thyng and cowde no goode!
My witte myght hane seruyd me
That suche a man doughty most be." 880
But yit she trowyd in hyr thoght
So lightly wold he love hyr noght;
That was hyr comfort most in care,
And ellis she had hyr self for-fare.
Ipomydon to his maister canme;
He found hym and his houndes anone:
Plentè of flesshe had he caught,
Hors and harneyse he hym bytaught,
And eyther passyd to hyr inne.
Ipomydon the flesshe toke with hym; 890
Byfore the quene he ganne it bere,
As she was sette at hyr sopère.
" Madame—he sayd—my lord the kynge
Hathe not thus sped with hys justynge."
All the halle that there were in same,
At hym they loughe and hed game.
Ipomydon went to his mete,
Faste he brak and faste he ete:
For he had fasted all that day;
Suche a lykynge he had in pley. 900
As they sat at there sopere,
In comythe the kyngis messyngere;

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Vppon his knee he hym sette,
And the quene feyre he gretts.
To hyr sent word hyr lord the kynge
How they had don at the justynge.
Tho askyd the quene anone right,
" Was there any with Campanyus dyd fight,
That was so doughty in the felde,
Outher with spere or with shelde ?"
" Ya, madame, so mot I thee,
Ther was oone worthe suche thre ;
In white armure was he dight ;
In alle the feld was none so wight,
But if it were my lord the kynge,
For he is passand in euery thynge."
The quene askyd, " What was hee ?"
The messyngere sayd : " So mot I thê,
At that tyme knew hym no man."
Than byspake Ipomydon,
And sayd : " Messyngere, I thè pray,
Vnto my lord the kyng thou saye,
That my good whyte greyhound
Hathe sleyne more dere and broght to ground,
Than wold hys haue done to-daye."
Ipomydon to the quene gan saye,
Praying he moste the kyng some bere,
To wete that he was no lyere.
The quene ys to hyr chambre gone ;
Thedir ledeth hyr Ipomydon.

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He prayd leue on the morow to play,
As he had done that othir day.
The quene hym grauntyd curtessly.
To hys maister he dyd hym hye,
And prayd hym, sone and anone,
To hys ostage that he shuld gone,
And brynge hym his rede stede,
Foryete noght the same wede,
In the place that they were ere,
And that he shuld be erly there.
Full erly was Ipomydon;
His horne, hys greyhondes he toke than;
He blew it loud, and wele gan shake,
That all the maydens tho gan awake.
Than sayd all that were thereinne:
"Your lemman gothe the mayd to wynne."
The quene answeryd as she dyd ere,
"He may more wynne than he were there."
The kyngis messengere forthe went,
And toke hym hole his present;
Euery word the kynge he tolde.
Than seyd the knyghtys, that were bolde:
"Allas! that such a knyght shuld leve,
But he to manhode wold hym yeve."
Ipomydon to his maister wente,
His armure and his stede he bent;
The rede greyhound he toke hym right.
That day he prayd hym do his myght,

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And in that place kepe the fleshe,
With the greyhoundis in the lesshe.
Forthe he wente in that stounde,
And to the ermytage he came sound.
Into the feld he lokyd thanne;
He saw many an armyd man.
Hym he armyd and forthe gan ryde.
Faste they justyd on euery syde;
And euyr beheld the lady bryght,
If she myght se the whyte knyght.
For she on hym non eye myght caste,
She thoght hyr hert wold to-breste.
Jason that day was made knyght,
And richely in the feld was dight.
Ipomydon this case he sawe,
That Jason was knyght his owne felàwe.
To hym he prekyd faste in hye,
Whan he shulde mete he rode hym by.
That day he taught hym so to done,
That worthely he wanne his shone.
But Ipomydon, as I you saye,
Many a knyght he fellyd that day.
So manye sperys he brakke on-sondre,
That all folke on hym had wonder.
They sayd there n'as in all that lande
Noon so manly man of hande;
For all they sayd tho full tyte,
The rede was better than the white.

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And so he bare hym that day
That knyghtys wexe wery of his play.
Whan euery knyght to hys inne gan ryde,
Sir Jason dyd with hym abyde,
And sayd: " Syr knyght, God thè foryelde
Thy grete helpe to-day in the felde.
Thrughe thè the more loue that I wanne,
That more desyre I ne canne.
I wote thou shalt be lord here,
For I know noon that is thi pere,
Saffe yistyrday the whyte knyght,
But he is out of lond dight."—
" Nay, Jason, my trew fere,
Thou shalt se that I am here.
But grete wele my lady dere;
For hyr to day haue I bene here,
The whyche I say, withouten fayle,
Will me torne to grete travaile,
And many an hors ryde to dede,
Or I come there that me most nede;
For all my lond I lese for ay,
But I be there by a certeyne day."
Jason seyd: " Syr, mercy,
And thynke vppon my lady!
For, and ye passe hyr thus froo,
For sorow she wille hyrselfe slo."
Ipomydon sayd, " By Heuyn Kynge,
At this tyme I will not lynge,

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But grete hyr wele, and haue gode day,
And I shall come whan that I may."
Sir Jason passyd forthe in hyee,
And this tale tolde to the lady:
" The rede knyght and the whyte ys one;
But, forsothe, now ys he goon."
Than sory was that swete thynge,
And efte she fell in mornynge;
But she bethought hyr, as she dyd are,
And ellis she had hyrselfe forfare.
Ipomydon to his maister yede,
And toke his armure and his stede;
He toke the flesshe, and the greyhound,
And gan to go toward the towne.
His hors he had and his huntyng wede.
Anone into the halle he yede;
Byfore the quene the flesshe he leyd:
" Here ys my dayes jorney," he sayde.
At hym they loughe and made glad chere.
The quene went to hyr sopere,
And hyr leman sat hyr by.
The kynges messengere com in hye,
And sayd, the kyng grete hyr wele.
The justis he tolde hir euery dele.
The fryst word the quene gan say:
" Come the white knyght there to-day?"
" Nay, he sayd, by God allmyght!
But there was a noble rede knyght,

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The whiche all men that gan hym see,
Said, that he was better than hee.
Ipomydon sayd to the messengere:
" Recomand me to my lord so dere,
And say that Gager my rede greyhounde
Moche dere hathe broght this day to ground;
I had more joye at hys rynnynge
Than to stand and stare to se the justynge!
Madame,—he seyd,—so God me amend,
Of youre game I rede ye hym send."
" Sir, she said, as ye thynke beste.
Farewele, for now I go to reste."
Vnto hyr chambre she went than;
Byfore hyr come Ipomydon,
Ones of leue he wold hyr praye,
He wolde not hunt after many a day.
She hym grantyd of his bone.
To his master he went sone.
He yede and fette, withoute lakke,
Stede and harnesse that was blakke.
He knew the way at the beste,
Where they shuld mete in the forèste.
The messyngere come vnto the kynge,
Hys present feyre he dyd hym brynge;
What he shuld sey forgatte he noght.
The kynge of hym wondir thoght,
And in his hert had grete pytè,
So goodly a man, as was hee,

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That euyr he was so lytell of prise,
And therto full of cowardise.
Whateuyr they thoght in here hert,
Many of hem he made to smerte.
Latte hym go, God hym spede!
Till efte sone we of hym rede.
Ipomydon rose erly there,
As he was wonte to done ere;
Forthe he rode blowyng his horne,
That all the maydens gan hym scorne,
And sayde, "Your leman goes to playe,
For he wille wynne vp all to-daye."
The quene hem blamyd wondir faste,
Hyr hert to hym was somwhat caste.
To hys master he went in hye,
And prayd hym full hertely
To take more dere, yf he myght,
Than he dyd the other day-light.
Anone his hors he gan dighte,
And rode to the feld forthe ryghte.
Armure blak, lyke the stede,
To the ermytage forthe he yede.
Anone his stede he bestrode;
Amonge hem all in he rode.
He was sone warre of a knyght,
That in rede atyre was dight.
"This rede knyght was here yisterday,
He justid for that feyr may.

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There was none bore hym so feyre;
Of Calabre he wille wynne the eyre."
The ledy lay on toure on hye,
The rede knyght full sonne she see;
She wende it were the strange squyère,
That she hopid shuld be hyr fere.
Her purpos was to hym to wende,
Whan the justes come to ende,
And brynge hym with feyre manère;
To hyr was none so leffe ne dere.
Right as the quene in thoght stode,
The rede knyght anone in-rode.
The blake toke a spere in honde,
To just with hym he thoght in londe;
And eyther with other sone they mette.
In mydde the sheld the stroke they sette.
The blak knyght spere was stiffe and stronge,
And therewith he gan fast thronge
The knyght and stede within a stounde,
That they lay bothe vppon the grounde.
Ipomydon toke the rede stede,
To hys men he gan hym lede.
Than come forthe Syr Caymys,
A proude knyght and a daynous;
Just he wold with the blak knyght,
But all to lytelle was hys myght.
With a spere that welle wold laste,
Knyght and hors downe he caste.

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Sir Camys hors he toke in hye;
The rede knyghtes he sette hym bye.
Syr Campaynus hym faste byhelde;
He thoght to just with hym in felde:
Hys thoght was to wynne the maye,
But he fayled foule of his praye.
Forthe they rode togedyr faste,
That there sperys asondre braste;
Bothe they were stiffe and stronge.
They liste to ryde, they taryed not longe,
And eyther of theym toke a spere.
Campaynus thoght hym downe to bere.
In mydde the place the knyghtes mette.
Ipomydon so Campanus grette,
That knyght and stede, in that case,
Felle on hepe, in mydde the place.
The blake knyght toke hys stede gode.
The kynge thereof began to wode,
That his knyghtes bore downe were.
He folowyd the knyght with a spere;
He had thoght to done hym harme,
For he smote hym throw the arme.
Ipomydon with that stroke abrayde,
And to the kynge thus he sayde:
" As thou arte kynde, gentill, and free,
Abyde and juste a cours with me,
And I foryiffe this vilanye."
The kynge sayd, " Therto grant I."

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Full fayne he wold haue bene away,
But for shame he sayd not nay.
The kynge and he, in place they mette;
The blake knyght suche a stroke hym sette,
That kynge and hors downe he caste,
That hym thoght hys nekke to-braste.
The kynges stede he ledde away,
That euery man to other gan say:
" He may wele be kynge of londe,
For the doughtyest man of honde,
That any man saw euer ere!"
And so sayd all that there were.
They gaffe hym the gre of felde,
For the doughtyest undyr shelde.
Herawdis discryued hys armes blake,
And sayd, in the world was not his make;
And they sayd, withoute lettynge,
He was worthy to be kynge.
Whan euery man homeward gan draw,
Jason went to his felàw:
" Come home, sir, I you pray,
To youre owne, I darre wele say.
Ye shal be made kynge of lond,
For the doughtiest man of hand,
Thou hast no pere, I darre wele say;
So sayd all that were here to-day."
" Jason, he sayd, God yeld it thè,
The grete honoure thou proferist me!"

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Jason sayd, " If youre willis bee,
What ar ye that knowis me ?"
" Some tyme I was thi felaw dere,
That callyd was the strange squyère.
I have bene [here] these thre dayes,
But now no lenger dwelle I maye."
" For Goddis loue, sayd Jason there,
Come brynge my lady oute of care,
And comforte hyr in all thynge,
And thynke also ye shal be kynge."
He sayd, " Jason, thi wordes thou spare,
That wold me torne to myche care ;
I have dwellyd here to longe,
The whiche will cause me travaile stronge.
Recomaund me to hyr anone righte,
For I must travayle day and nyght."
He toke hys leve and forthe ganne fare.
Jason tornyd home full of care ;
And whan he come into the halle,
He tolde the lady what was byfalle :
The blak knyght was the squyer stronge,
That had dwellyd with hyr so longe ;
And how he wanne hyr with his hand ;—
" But he is passid out of this lande."
The lady mornyd and was full woo,
And thoght hyr hert wold brest on two ;
But yit she trowed in hyr thoght,
So lightly wold he leve hyr noght,

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Sithe that he had' withoute fayle,
For hyr loue, so grete travaile.
Ipomydon forthe is goone,
With his stedis euerychone.
He fonde his master with flesshe jnoughe,
Hovynge vndir the grene-wodde boughe.
He toke hym the stedis euerychone,
And to his inne he bad hym gone.
He toke his houndis and his horne,
And leyd the flesshe hym beforne.
Byfore the quene he it leyd,
And in his game thus he sayd:
" Know ye any at the justynge
Hathe wonne halfe so myche thynge?"
The quene as she was wonnt to done,
To hyr sopet she went sone,
And hyr leman hyr byforne.
Scantly had they the mete corvyn,
That in comyth the kyngis messyngere,
And grette the lady in thys manere:
" Wele you gretithe my lord the kynge!
He byddythe you for any thynge,
That ye be to morow erely
At the chalenge of the lady."
The quene than ganne saye:
" Hathe the rede knyght wonne hyr to day?"
" I say, madame, so God me spede,
The rede knyght hathe lost his stede;

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My lord the kyng hathe his also,
Campaynus, Caymes, and other mo.
The blakke knyght hathe wonne hem alle;
Moche honoure to hym ys falle."
Than byspake Ipomydon:
" Bettyr is on huntynge goone,
In the forest, so God me spede,
Than thus lyghtly to lese a stede.
Wherefore, messyngere, I thè pray,
In my byhalfe that thou say,
When thou comyst to the kynge,
Grete hym wele in all thynge,
And say, my blak greyhound Gilmyn
To-day hathe bore hym welle and fyne;
For he hathe take wild bestis,
The grettest that was in the foreste:
And therefore, madame, if your wil be,
Sithe we have so grete plenté,
Sende hym somme while we may;
He wille it quyte another day."
Ipomydon was sore travailed
In the gamys that he had;
Hys arme vnstoppid; the blode gan falle
Vppon the tabyll, afore hem alle.
Then sayd the quene, " My leman dere,
How ar ye hurt? On what manère?"
" Forsothe, madame, I shall you say;
I lette renne at a dere to-daye,

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My palfrey I prekid aftir so faste,
That he stumblyd and me downe caste.
At that tyme I toke this harme,
A stubbe smote me throw the arme ;
And that was, for I shuld saye,
The gree of the feld I hadde to-daye."
So they laughyd at hym that nyght,
That somme myght not sytte vpryght.
The quene sayd, " My leman hende,
Tomorow wille we togedyr wende,
And see who hathe wonne the may."
Ipomydon answerd and sayd, " Naye,
Sithe I was not at the justynge,
I will not be at the chalengynge.
But one thynge, madame, I you pray,
Delyuere my mayde to me this day,
For suche tithyngis is come to me,
That I must home to my contree ;
And I shall be, bothe day and nyght,
While that I lyff, youre awne knyght."
The quene sayd, " Dwelle here stille !"
To lette hym go she had no wille.
He toke his leve at the lady,
And at the maydens that stode hyr by.
His owne mayde, that was so bryght,
To his ostage she went right ;
There she nyver come byfore,
Sithe his stedis harborowed thore.

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He sette hym downe in the halle ;
His oste to hym he lette calle.
Into the stable he hym ledis,
There as stode his goode stedis,
And sayd to hym, " My frend dere,
I wolde thè prey on this manère,
That thou my word vndirstand,
And this message take on hande.
Thou hast herd of the justyngè,
That hathe be for the lady yonge,
And also of the white knyght
The fryst day that justyd ryght.
I was that knyght that stondythe thè by,
And on this white stede rode I.
Of the rede knyght thou herd say,
That justed on that other daye :
That same knyght, forsothe, I was,
This rede stede I had in place.
Vppon the thrydde day thou herd telle
Of a blak knyght how it byfelle :
On this blak stede that day I satte,
And all these othyr on hym I gatte ;
Therefore, good syr, I thè pray,
That thou do as I thè saye :
Aryse vp in the mornynge,
And go to the maydens chalengynge.
Take this same white stede,
And a man dight in the same wede ;

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Vnto my lord kynge thou wende,
And grete hym wele as lorde hend.
Sey, the quenys leman hys awne knyght,
Sent hym this stede and armour bryght;
The fryste day he rode thereon thare,
He wote wele how he hym bare;
And say, that wele wouchesaffe I wolde,
Thoughe euery here were syluer and golde.
Take the rede stede, with the armour clere,
And grete wele my lady dere,
And say, hyr leman and hyr knyght
Sent hyr this stede and armour bryght.
Take the armour and the blak stede;
To Sir Campanus thou hym lede.
Take here the kyngis owne stede;
To the eyre of Calabre thou hym lede,"—
And all togedyr he gan hym saye
How he shuld presènt the fayre may.—
"Campanus stede thou take anone,
And lede hym to Sir Jason.
This other rede stede, withoute drede,
I to thè yeve for thy mede.
On hym thou shalt before ryde,
And all these othyr be thi syde."—
He taught hym, or he went away,
On what wise that he shuld say;
And for the herbegage of his stedys,
He yaff hym xx. l. to medes.

The burgeyse held vp his hand,
And thanked God that he hathe found;—
" Of Calabre I wote who shall be kynge:
Now am I glad of my herbowryng.
I shall make youre presènte
Right gladly with good entente."
The burgeyse toke the stedys thanne:
On euery stede he sette a manne;
On the thre that the knyghtes were
Men armyd in all hyr gere.
Forthe they went, withoute lesynge,
Toward the maydens chalengynge.
Sone they come to the cytè;
There lordis were grete and plentè.
Sone the lordis dyd them see,
There they satte in companye.
They had wondyr of the stedys,
And of the men in dyuerse wedis.
The kynge knew the burgeyse at alle:
Anone to hym he lette hym calle:
" Whose be those stedis that be so stronge?
Myne I know well hem amonge."—
" Sir, with youre leue, stille ye sytte,
And the truthe ye shall wette.
The quenys leman, syr, I wis,
Gretythe thè wele, with joy and blysse,
And sendithe thè this white stede,
And with hym the same wede,

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That he rode on the fryste day.
Hym to take he wolde you praye
Wouche hym saffe on you he wolde,
Thowgh euery here were syluer and golde.
He prayd God kepe you hole and sounde,
For the best lord that euyr he fownde."—
To the quene he wendithe there,
" Wele you gretith youre leman dere;
This rede stede, that is so swyfte,
He prayeth you to take hym of his gifte;
On you he woucheth saff, be Seynt Martyn,
Though euery here were syluer and gold fyne,
For his lady, gode and trewe,
And the curteyseste that euer he knewe."
To Syr Campanus forthe he went,—
" The quenys leman, syr, you sente
This blake stede, with the atyre, I say,
That he rode on the laste day;
He prayes you, ye wold hym take,
For a doughty knyght, by Goddis sake."—
To the mayde he wente there,
And grete hyr on this manere:—
" The strange squyer hath you sent
Thys ilke stede to presènt;
He stale hym nat, he bad me say,
He wanne hym vppon the light day;
And if ye leve hym not, bydene,
He bad yow axe the kynge your eme;

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And hold vp that ye haue hight,
To take no man but he were wight."
The kynge sayd, " I felt full wele,
How he bare hym euery dele;
Of his dedis I am full sore,
Suche a stroke I bore neuer are.
I darre wele say, by Goddis myght,
That he is a doughty knyght,
Withoute bost, stalworth of hand;
A queynter knyght is not in land."
Sir Campanus spake wordis than,
And sayd, " He is a doughty man,
To juste he lette as were ferd,
But foule he hathe our eyne bleryd."
The burgeyse to Jason sayd thus,
" This stede aught Sir Campanus;
He sent hym thè for hys fere,
To loke wele to his lady dere."
To Sir Caymes gan he say,
" He gretyth thè wele by me to-day;
He wold haue sent you stedis mo,
But he had none he myght forgo.
This rede stede hè gaffe to me,
Hys messyngere for to bee;
And for the herbegage of his stedis
He yaff me xx. l. to medis."
All they sayd, there they stode,
He was come of gentill blode.

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Than sayd the eyre of Calabre bright:
" Help to gete me that gentill knyght;
But I hym haue that in feld me wanne,
Forsothe, I shall nevir haue man."
Anone gan Sir Caymes say:
" His he stolyn thus away?
And broke my ladyes boure the quene,
And ledde away her mayden shene?
Worthe I nevir glad ne fayne,
But I brynge theym bothe agayne."
The kynge was bothe curteyse and gente;
Full goodly he reseyved his presènte.
Hertely he thankid the gentill knyght,
And sayd, in lond was none so wight.
He yaff the burgeyse, for his messàge,
An c.l. to herytage.
But Ipomydon forth is gone,
And his men euerychone.
His messengere he lefte stille there,
To brynge hym thithyngis if any were;
In suche manere as they felle,
What they were he schuld hym telle.
Ipomydon come by a forèste;
A while he thoght there to rest.
He was forwakyd and all werye;
To hys men he sayd on hye:
" Slepe I must, withoute fayle,
For I am wery for travayle."

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He layd his hede on his mayden barme
And felle on slepe; he thoght no harme.
He had not slepyd but a while,
Not the space of a myle
The mayden sawghe forthe comynge
An armyd knyght, faste rydynge.
She woke hyr lord and bad hym ryse;
For hyr hert bygan to gryse.
Than come forthe Caymys full stoute;
To hym he spake wordis proude:
" Traytour! he sayd, thou dydist dishonoùr,
Whan thou brakkist the quenys boure,
And toke hyr mayden and my stede!
Agayne to courte I will thè lede.
Aryse, traytour! I byd thè;
To court thou shalt agayne with me."
Ipomydon hym answerd now,
" To courte I darre as wele as thou;
But, for the torne, I n'ylle;
Not bot at myne owne wille.
For his love that us dere bought,
Sithe I haue haste, lette me noght."
Caymys than gan to hym sayne:
" Wilthow n'yllthow thou shalt agayne,
Or right here thou shalte abyde."
Ipomydon sterte vp that tyde;
Anone he worthyd vppon his stede.
They rode togedyr with good spede:

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Ipomydon vnhorsyd Caymys tho,
That his arme braste in two.
He bad hys men take his stede,
And lette a wors hors hym lede.
In his sadille they sette hym bakwarde,
And bound hym faste with a cord;
To the tayle was turnyd his visàge:
They bad hym lerne a new vsàge.
Thus Caymys rode toward the towne,
Whan he had lost all his renowne.
His hors hyeth hym homward to fare;
The master also with moche care.
His hors to the courte hym broght.
The kynge euyr on Caymys thoght,
And sayd, he wald not go to bedde,
Tille he wiste how the knyght spedde.
The hors broght Caymys to the yate;
The porter lette hym in thereatte.
Jason the hors in gan brynge,
And ledde the knyght byfore the kynge.
The kynge askyd, by Goddis payne,
Iff he had brought the knyght agayne.
Anone he answerd to the kynge,
And tolde hym his myslykynge,—
" Thoughe all the knyghtis in the halle
Come to hym, bothe grete and smalle,
He wolde of theyme yiff no thynge,
But if it were of you, syr kynge!"

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Than they loughe all insame,
And at his harme had good game.
There was none in that place
But they were glad of that case.
Thus Caymys hathe his seruyce quytte;
And of Ipomydon here is a fytte.

FIT III.

Ipomydon held forthe his way;
Full glad he was of his jornèy.
He saw grete folk agayn hym ryde,
The whiche had sought hym wondir wyde,
For to brynge hym new tidyngis,
That dede was his fadir the kynge.
Of whiche tithyngis he was wo;
But he may not agayne God do.
Throughe his lond he went rydynge;
All they honoryd hym as kynge:
And whan he come into that stede
That the kynge his fadyr was dede,
Throghe that land he lette crye,
That all men shuld thedir hye,

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Prestis and klerkis of every towne,
Byschoppis, erlys, and barowne.
There he made an entyrement,
With many messes, with good entente.
An ersbyschope beryed his fadir dere:
Prechynge there was of many a frere.
Pore men that sat vppon the ground,
Were delyd of many a pownde.
A grete feste there was dight
For erlys, and for many a knyght:
All men that wold thereof take,
Had mete there, for Goddis sake.
Whan this feste was brokyn vp,
Euery man his leve toke,
And went hyr way as I you telle.
Ipomydon thoght at home to dwelle;
His modir and he dwellyd insame,
With moche myrthe, joye and game;
Tille it befelle vppon a day
The quene to hyr sonne gan saye,
In pryuytè, and in counselle,
"Thou hast a brother, withouten fayle,
Preuely goten was me vppon,
Or I was weddyd to any man.
But hastely he was done fro me,
I n'ote yff he alyffe bee.
But he me sent this endyr-yere,
A riche rynge of gold full clere;

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And euyr he any brother had,
I shuld yeffe it hym, he bad;
That where he come, amonge hye or lowe,
By that rynge he shuld hym knowe.
Then take thys rynge, my sonne, of me;
In what contrè that he bee,
Who that knowith this ylk rynge,
He ys thy brothyr withoute lesynge!"
The ryngis he toke of his modyr,
And trustid wele to know his brothir.
Thus they partid in that place;
But aftir, within a shorte space,
To hym come his baronage,
That were men of grete parage.
There entente is to crowne hym kynge;
But his thoght was on other thynge.
For crowne wolde he none bere,
He wold be more assayed ere,
In othir londis, ferre and nere,
Of his strengthe and his powère.
He had an eme was stiffe and stronge;
Of mydille age, to lyve longe;
Sir Pers of Poyle was his name,
Men he distroyed that dyd shame.
Byfore his baronage, I vndirstand,
Ipomydon sesyd hym in his lande,
And yaffe hym the profyte for his sake,
Tylle that he the crowne wold take.

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Turne we now all the matère,
And speke we of Calabre the eyre.
A duke dwellythe Calabre besyde,
A stoute man, and of grete pryde.
He was myghty and of grete powère:
Men dred hym bothe ferre and nere;
His name was Duke Geron;
Of Sesseny lond he was baron.
This doughty duke herd saye,
The eyre of Calabre was such a may.
Messengers he sent anon,
Vnto Calabre for to gone.
He sayd, he wold haue hyr to wyffe,
If she wold, withouten stryffe;
And in case she wold not soo,—
"I shall make hyr moche woo,
For I shall distroye hyr landis alle,
Hyr men sle, bothe grete and smalle,
Hyr castelle breke and hyr toure;
With strenghe take hyr in hyr boure.
Lesse than she may fynde a knyght,
That for hyr loue with me darre fight."
Forthe went the messyngere,
And told the lady this matère.
The lady answerd ryght sone,
And sayd, she wold neuyr have none,—
"But hym that me wanne, so God me saffe!
Othyr husband will I none haue."

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This messyngere his erand gan sayne,
And homeward he went agayne.
He tolde the duke of his answère,
And anone he bygan grete werre;
For grete power gadryd he,
To wynne this mayde that was so fre.
Ipomydon his messyngere herde
Of this tithyngis, how it ferde.
To his master he went sone,
And told hym, bothe all and somme.
When he that herd, Ipomydon,
Then was he a sory man,
That he ne myght with that duke fight,
The whiche was holden so noble a knyght.
Righte vnsemely, on queynte manère,
He hym dight, as ye shall here.
A barbor he callyd, withouten more,
And shove hym bothe byhynd and before,
Queyntly endentyd, oute and in;
And also he shove halfe his chynne:
He semyd a fole, that queynte syre,
Bothe by hede and by atyre.
Armure he toke that was rusty,
And horsyd hym on an old rouncy;
An helme as blak as any panne;
A crokyd spere he toke hym than.
Whan that he was thus dight,
He semyd ylle a doghty knyght.

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To Sesseyn he went, as ye may here,
Vnto the Kynge Mellyagere,
And in his halle brak his spere,
Right as he wode were.
The trenchoune felle vpon the bord;
He faryd as he had bene wode.
The kynge and quene laughid light,
And sayd he was a fole welle dight.
" Fole, go to mete," the kyng gan say.
The fole answerd and sayd, " Nay,
For yit I wille not ete with thè
But thou a bone will grant mee.
The friste dede of armys I wille haue,
That any man of thè will craue."
" Fole go to mete! sayd the kynge.
I grant thè thyne askynge."
The fole yede to mete in hye,
And tyed his hors fast hym bye.
But, or he rose fro the borde,
Many men laughyd at his word.
Into the hall come rydynge a may,
Oute of Calabre, sothe to say,
On a white mule, byfore the kynge;
A dwerffe with hyr come rydynge.
" Sir kyng, my lady gretis welè thè,
And prayeth thè, for charytè,
To helpe hyr, in this mystère,
Agayne the dukis powère.

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He hathe distroyed hyr landis alle,
Right vnto hyr castelle-walle;
And, bot if she haue helpe of thè,
She wille leue hyr landis and flee."
The kynge answeryd anone,
And sayd, " All my knyghtes ar gone,
Campanus and other full bolde;
Helpe my cosyn fayne I wolde,
But they be all at a dede
To helpe a lady out of drede.
In this world wote I no knyght,
That durst his one with hym fyght."
Vp sterte the fole anone;
To the kynge he sayd full sone:
" Loo! I am here all redy dight,
That darre with hym allone fighte."
" Sitte downe fole!" the mayd gan saye,
" Vs list to speke of no playe.
Dryve thy folye where thow wille,
For no joye haue I theretille."
The fole sayd, " Be thou wrothe or glad,
Suche promyse of the kynge I had,
That I shuld haue the fryst dede."
The mayde turnyd and forthe yede.
The fole stert vp, withoute delaye,
And sayd, " Syr kynge, haue good day!"
He lepyd on his hors there,
And sayd, " Farwelle, and haue gode yere!"

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Somme sayd, he was a fole welle dight;
Somme sayd, he semyd a knyght,
That is come fro ferre contrè,
Bycause he wald not knowyn be.
He prekyd his hors wondir faste:
The mayde he saw as the laste.
As they rode by the way,
The mayde to the dwarfe gan saye,
" Vndo my tente, and sette it faste;
For here a whyle, I wille me ryste."
Mete and drynke bothe they had,
That was fro home with them lad:
Bothe they drank therof, and ete.
But euyr the fole withoute sete;
One morselle they n'old hym caste,
Thoughe he shuld for hungre brest.
The dwarfe sayd, " We ar to blame.
Yiff the fole somme mete for shame."
" Not one morselle! she gan say,
For hungre shall dryue hym away."
With that there come rydyng a knyght
To hyr tente anone ryght.
" Come forthe with me! to hyr be bad,
I haue thè spyed sythe thou oute yede.
Thou art my lemman as I haue thoght!"
The fole sayd, " That leve I noghte:
She ys myne! I wille hyr haue;
Fro thè I hope hyr wele to saue."

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The knyght sayd, " Fole, leve thy folye,
Or ellis thou shalt dere abye.
The fole stert vp to a tronchoune,
That bare vp the maydens pavilloun,
And smote the knyght on the crowne,
That sterke dede he fell to ground.
He yaffe the dwerffe the knyghtes gere;
To hymself he toke the spere.
Vp they rose and forthe yede,
Till efte to ryste they had nede.
They toke mete, and made them glad.
To the mayd the dwerf bad:
" Yif the fole somme mete, for shame,
He hathe sauyd you fro blame,
And thynke ye shuld haue be shent,
Had he be oute of youre presènt."
The mayde answeryd hym anone,
" Byfore God, mete getteth he none.
It was but foly, I prayse it noght!
I wald he were fro vs broght."
With that there come another knyght;
The mayde he chalengid anone ryght,
And sayd, " Come forthe my leman dere!"
The fole sayd, " Thou hast none here!
She is myne and longe hathe bene."
With that the knyght bygan to tene,
And sayd, " Fole, thou shalt abye,
Yff thou speke more of this folye."

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The fole sayd, " I will not blynne;
If thou hyr haue thou shalt hyr wynne."
With that he lepte on his hors lyght,
And eyther to other ganne hem dight.
The fole hym metithe with a spere,
That through the body he gan hym bere:
The knyght was dede throughe that dede.
To the dwerffe he yaff his stede.
Forthe they buskyd hem anone;
To a place they thoght to gone,
There they wold haue bene al nyght.
They myght ne ferther, for lak of light.
They toke them mete and drynke gode spede;
Vnnethe they wold the fole any bede.
Right as they satte and made hem glad,
There com a knyght, as the deville hym bad;
He was the dukis brother Geron;
All was blak that he had on,
Bothe his hors and his wede:
To the mayde he gan hym spede,
And sayd, " Sythe I fynd you here,
Ye shall be my leman dere."
The fole sayd, " Nay, not so;
Anothir she hathe tane hyr too;
That am I that thou seest here;
If thou hyr bye, she is to dere."
" Fole he sayd, thou bourdist grete;
With my spere I shall thè bete;

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Hyr tyme foule had she spedde
If she shold lye with thè in bedde!"
The fole sayd, " Twyse I hir bought;
With thy chydynge thou gettest hyr noght:
If thou hyr haue, thou shalt hyr bye
A peny derrere than euer dyd I."
There was no lenger to abyde,
But eyther of theym to othyr gan ryde;
The fole mette the knyght soo
That his bak braste on twoo.
With that stroke he hym sloughe,
And his armure of he droughe;
Anone ho toke the knyghtis stede,
And armyd hym in his wede.
Whan the fole was wele dight,
The mayde hym semyd a godely knight,
And trowyd wele fole was he none,
By the dedis that he had done.
They layde hem downe to take hyr reste;
The dwerf fulle sone slepyd faste,
But the mayde wakynge laye,
And on the fole thynkith ay.
She demyd he was a doughty knyght,
Wherefore to hym she gan hyr dight.
" Sir knyght, she sayd, slepe ye nowe?
Ye are no fole, that wele I knowe;
Ye be a knyght, doughty of hand,
I know none suche in all this land:

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And the same knyght, so trow I,
That sommetyme wanne my lady.
I trow full wele that thou be he;
Wilt thou hyr leve and wed me?
Thou shalt be of grete powère;
I am as ryche as is the eyre
Off Calabre lond, withoute doute."
The knyght lokyd faste aboute,
And euyr more stylle he lay,
And herd hyr speke, as I you say:
And whan that she had all sayd,
He stert vp in a brayde,
And bygan for to rese,
As he wold take hyr by the nese.
Euyr the fayrer that she spake,
The fouler braydes gan he make.
Thus he wrawled and wroth away;
One word to hyr he n'olde not say.
Whan she saw it wold not be,
" Sir knyght, she sayd, for charytè,
Trowest thow thou shalt not fayle,
To helpe my lady in this batayle,
And with the Duke Geron to fyght,
As thou Kyng Melliager hight?
What shall I to my lady say?
Whethyr will ye come or nay?"—
" Tomorow when I the duke see,
Paraunter, in suche plyte I may bee,

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That I wille the batailleatake ;
And so it may falle I wille it forsake :
For I am holdyn nothynge you tille,
Noght but at myne owne wille."
The mayden turnyd homeward and thoght ;
To his answere she coude sey noght.
She bad the knyght haue good day,
And he bade, " Farewelle, fayre may !"
In at a preuy posterne gate,
By night she stale in thereate ;
And to the lady she told sone,
What the fole had for hyr done,
And that he comythe for hyr to fight.
This lady was a sorowfull wight,
For on the morow the duke, with pryde,
Vnto the castell-gates gan ryde ;
But they were stokyn hym agayne.
With lowde voyse he gan to sayne,
" Come owte, leman, on feyre manere !
I wille no lenger tarye here,
Or ellys a knyght ye oute sende,
With me to fight, you to deffende !"
And as he stode thus talkynge,
He saw a knyght come rydynge.
A glad man tho was he :
His brothir he wende it had be.
It was not he, as ye shall here.
He answerd the duke on this manère :

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" What art thou that makist this crye,
And at this gate so grete mastrye ?"
" I am, he sayd, lorde of hereinne ;
For I am sekir this mayde to wynne,
And will so do or I hens gone ;
That othir husband gettyth she none !"
Ipomydon sayd, " That thou shalt mysse,
For all myne owne that lady ys,
And ful longe she hathe be soo ;
Therefore, I rede thé, hens goo !
I wille hyr deffend frome all men."
The duke answerd bitterly then :
" Traytour, he sayd, thou art anothir ;
I wende thou haddist bene my brothir :
His stede thou hast, his armour too ;
Thow hast hym slayne I trow also."
" That I hym slow I gaynesay noght ;
Thè so to serue haue I thoght."
With that word, withoute lye,
Fast togedir gan they hye,
That there sperys all to-brast ;
They drowghe swerdis and faught faste.
The lady lay in an hye toure,
And sawe bytwene theym all the stoure ;
But she ne wist whiche for hyr did fight,
For they in lyke wede were dight.
Gretter bataille myght none be,
For neyther wold for othyr flee ;

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They faught togedyr wondir longe ;
The bataille was bothe stiff and stronge,
That of there lyves neyther rought.
Ipomydon than hym bythought,
He was in poynte to lese there
That he had bought wondir dere.
Hys swerd in bothe handis he toke,—
It was sharpe, as saythe the boke,—
And hertely he dyd it vplyfte ;
Amyd the crowne he yaff him swifte,
Thrughe helme and bassenet it raught,
Hys crowne was shavyn at one draught.
The duke felt hym hurt full sore,
He prayed the knyght to smyte no more,—
" I am nye dede, I may not stande ;
I yelde me here vnto thyn hande,
And shall be thyne owne knyght,
At thy wille, bothe day and nyght.
I shall restore, into this lande,
More good than euyr I here fonde ;
And euyrmore while that I lyue,
A thousand pownd I wille thè yiffe."
Ipomydon sayd, " I grant thè here,
So that thou do on this manere ;
Thow come not nye this pavilloun,
But hye thè faste oute of this towne.
The duke hym grantyd hastely,
Out of the towne for to hye.

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He and all that with hym come,
Homeward they hyed hem full sone.
Ipomydon rode to the pavillon,
Right as it were Duke Geron.
Besyde the castelle wherein was the eyre,
Rennethe a ryuer longe and feyre,
With shippis and sayles manyfolde,
There stremes were of fyne golde,
This lady sayd, she wold flee,
Iff that the duke wan the gre.
These shippis were stuffyd with vytayle,
That with this lady sholde sayle.
She lokyd oute into the towne,
And saw one come to the pavilloun.
She wende the duke had wonne the gre,
Wherefore she buskyd hyr to flee.
Ipomydon to the yates wente;
Than the lady helde hyrself shent.
"Come forthe, he sayd, my leman dere;
For I haue thè now here."
The lady herde hym make suche crye;
To hyr shyppe she gan hyr hye.
They plukkyd vp sayles and forthe they paste,
She and hyr men, bothe more and lasse.
Turne we now anone ryghtes,
And speke of Kyng Melliagers knyghtes,
That whan hyr jorney was done,
They hem buskyd home full sone,

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Campanus and his felows full bolde.
But the tydynges were hem tolde
Off the eyre of Calabre, the fayre may,
And of the duke, as I you say,
And how she sent, aftir sokoure,
The preuyest mayden in hyr boure,
And how a fole hathe take on hond
To fight with hym in that londe.
Sir Campanus buskyd hym to fare,
To bryng this lady out of care;
And all the power that had the kynge
Buskyd theyme to that fyghtynge,
In all the hast that they myght,
With the duke for to fight.
Toward Calabre as they rode,
They saw shippis in the flode.
Anoone they callyd to theyme there,
And askyd hem of whens they were.
The shippemen sayd, "Of Calabre londe;
A duke hathe wonne it with his hand.
Here ys the lady, as ye may see,
She hathe forsake hyr owne contrè."
Campanus prayd the lady to dwelle,
And somwhat of hyr greffe to telle.
She herd they were hyr eme knyghtes,
And tornyd ayeyne anon ryghtes,
And tolde the knyghtes, all in hye,
Off the duke that was so doughty,

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And how the fole had hym borne
Off good poyntis there beforne ;
And how the duke hathe hym slayne,
" And comyn ys to my yates agayne."—
Campanus sayd, anone ryght,
" I darre lay it was the same knyght,
Was comyn oute of hys owne londe,
For he was doughty of his hand.
Madame, I rede, we torne agayne,
And we shall see who is slayne ;
And than we shall this dede awreke,
Iff we haue grace with hym to speke,
That all this land shall thereof here,
And ellys honge me by the swyre,
But I his hede vnto you brynge !"
All they grantyd withoute leynge.
This lady turnyd hyr shippe anon,
And with Sir Campanus forthe gan gon.
When she come to the castelle nye,
As ferre as euyr she myght see,
In that place she wold abyde,
Till she wist how it wold tyde.
Campanus all his men lette calle,
And to the castelle they went alle.
They saw a knyght in blak atyre ;
They went full wele the duke it were,
That had distroyed the land aboute.
To hym they hyed all the route.

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Campanus sayd in this manere :
" What art thou that standis here ?
Tell me why thou makist this dynne,
And what thou woldist haue herein ?"
He sayd, " My leman that I wanne ;
I wille not leue hyr for no man !"
Sir Campanus sayd, " Thou getist hyr noght !
I rede frome hyr thou change thi thoght,
And go home to thi contrè,
Or ellis, forsothe, thou shalt dede be :
Wherefore hens fast thou hye,
Withowte any more vylany ;
And ellis I swere, by God Almyght,
We shall all ageynst thè fight."
Ipomydon sayd, " What may this bee ?
Is this the maner of this contrè ?
Yif any of yow haue better right
Than I haue, to this lady bryght,
Come forthe and prove it with youre hand,
One for one, while I may stand !"
Campanus answerd to the knyght ;
" Chese, whether thou wilt go or ellys fight ?"
Ipomydon sayd, " Sythe it is soo,
That I shall hyr thus forgoo,
Rather I wille the bataille take,
And lese my lyffe for hyr sake,
And put it all in Goddis hond."
Agayne hem all he thoght to stond.

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All at ons at hym they layd;
Ipomydon hys swerd out-brayd,
And many a man he fellys downe ryght.
He faught with many a doughty knyght,
That many a stroke uppon hym layd.
"Yeld thé traytour!"—"Not yit," he sayd.
The knyghtes that were of grete pryde,
Faste they faught on yche syde.
Ipomydon saw non othyr wone,
But socouryd hym at a wall of stone,
And they pursevyd aftir faste,
That many vnto the dethe he caste.
So longe ageynste them he gan stand,
They hewyd the gloves of his hand.
All bare-handyd faught this knyght;
They saw neuyr are non so wight.
Sir Campanus, as I vndirstande,
Saw the rynge on his hand,
That he yaffe his modyr the quene;
Many a yere are he ne had it sene.
Campanus prayd hym stand stille,
While he askyd hym askyle.
The knyght answerd, and bad hym sey;
For all they were wery of there play.
"Sir knyght, he sayd, telle me this thynge,
Where had ye that ilke rynge?"
Ipomydon answerd as he thought,
And sayd, "Forsothe, I stale it noght;

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For thou coueytes to haue this rynge
I swere by Jesus, heuen kynge,
Or thou it haue with mystrye
With sore strokis thou shalt it bye!"
Sir Campanus prayd hym, with feyre chere,
To telle hym, on feyre manere,
Where he had that ylke rynge,
And say the sothe, withoute lesynge.
Ipomydon sayd, "So God me spede,
Y wille not telle thè for no drede;
But telle me why thou doste enquere,
And I shalle yeve thè an answere."
"This rynge, he sayd, that is so fyne,
Forsothe somme tyme it was myne.
Now, as ye are a gentyll man,
Telle me where ye that rynge wanne."
"The quene, he sayd, of Poyle land,
Yaff me this rynge, ye shall vndirstand.
She ys my modyr, good and fayre,
Of all that land I am the eyre."
"Sir knyght, he sayd, yit abyde:
What sayd she more to you that tyde?"
"She sayd, I had a brother, on lyve,
Was gotyn or that she was wyffe;
And sayd, who that knew that rynge,
Was my brother, withoute lesynge."
Sir Campanus sayd, "By God Allmyght,
I am thy brother, thou gentill knyght!"

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They felle downe bothe in that stound,
At onys fallynge [to] the ground.
Men caught hem vp and wakyd hem bothe;
They were full glad, and nothynge lothe.
Ipomydon enqueryd of his brothyr,
What was his name, for none knew othyr.
He sayd, " Sir Campanus I hight,
That gaynste thè dyd fyght,
With Kynge Melliager dwelle I;
Some tyme we were in company."—
" Know ye nevyr the quenys lemman,
That somtyme this mayd wan?"
" A! brother, he sayd, be ye he?"—
There was joye grete plentè.
Ipomydon sayd, " I bare the shelde,
That wanne the lady in the felde.
Stedis I had there in that place,—
The sothe ye know that it so was,—
Whyte and rede and blak also;
Wele ye wote that it was so:
And there I wanne, throw Goddis grace,
The beste stedis that day in place;
The kynges stede, and thyne also,
And of myne owne I sent you two;
And youres I sent to other men:
Ye wote wele it was so then.
I toke my leve of the quene;
With me went my mayden shene,

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Home toward myne owne lond.
Sir Caymes sayd, I vndirstand,
That he wold feche vs bothe agayne,
Or ellis that he wold be slayne.
He sayde, I went withoute leve;
All ye wist how it dyd preue.
And therfore brother, as I haue sayd,
I am best worthy to haue the mayd."
They saw it was the same knyght:
Then all there hertes began to light.
Euer as they went they gan hym kysse;
There was joye and muche blisse.
Messyngers afore gan thrynge,
To bryng the lady good tithynge.
When she saw they come so fast,
Than the lady was agast.
She wende they had scomfyted be.
This lady bad draw sayle and flee.
The messyngers cryed as they were wode,
Whan they saw hyr go with the flode:
They sayd, "Madame drede you noght;
The strange squyer hath you soght!"
Whan she herd of hym speke
She thoght her hert wold to-breke,
But she myght se hym with sight,
That hyr wanne in grete fight.
They tornyd the shippis to the land,
Togedyr they mette at the sond.

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Whan the lady of hym had syght,
She comaundyd a bote forthe ryght,
For at the lond fayne wold she bee,
That she myght the knyght see.
She lepyd oute of the bote, in hye,
Into the water the knyght stode bye;
And he in after, also faste,
That vp he gatte hyr at the last.
Whan they come vnto the lond,
Ipomydon toke hyr by the hond,
And told hyr there, withouten fayle,
Hyr loue had causyd hym grete travaile.
" Sythe fryst that I with you dyd dwelle,
Halfe my sorow can I not telle;
And how ye blamyd your cosyn Jason,
For that I lokyd you vppon;
And tho I toke my leve and went,
Till I herd of youre entente:
How that ye wold haue a knyght
That of his hand was most wight.
Thedyr I drew when I it herde;
All ye wote how it ferd.
I seruyd your eme long withalle;
The quenys lemman they dyd me calle;
And aftir I justed dayes thre;
Many men there dyd I see.
And there I wan stedis good,
Somme were rede as any blode;

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And al so wisely God me amend,
The kyngis stede to you I send.
But sone after, I vndirstand,
I went into myn owne lond,
Tille I herd, vppon a day,
Of the duke that made outray.
I busked me in queynt manère,
Right as I a fole were,
And went agayne to the kynge.
He knew me not for no thynge;
And thedyr come frome you a mayd,
And to the kynge these wordis she sayd,
That he muste you socoure sende,
Fro the duke you to deffend.
But the kyng you of he forsoke,
And I the bataile to me toke.
Forthe with the mayd gan I gone,
And there I kepte hyr frome hyr fone;
Thre knyghtes of hyr lyffes I lete.
And now the duke I haue scomfyte,
I darre wele say, by Goddis sonde,
I haue you wonne with my honde."
When the lady herd how it was,
She fell on swonnyng in the place.
He toke hyr vp, with gode spede;
His mouthe to hyrs he gan bede.
They kyssyd togedyr with good chere,
For eyther was to other dere.

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I lette you wete, withoute delay,
Halfe there joye I cannot say.
Forthe they went to the castèlle,
There thys lady byfore dyd dwelle.
All that nyght they were insame,
With moche myrthe, joy and game.
On the morwe the clerkys were bowne,
To wryte lettres of grete renown
To the kynge of Seseny londe,
That was hyr eme, I vnderstand;
To the emperoure, I dare wele saye,
Were wrytte lettres of grete nobley.
To ershebisshoppes and bysshopis of the land,
Prestes and clerkis, that were at hand,
Dukis, erlys and barons also;
Knyghtes and squyers shuld thedyr go.
Messyngers were sent euery where,
For pore and ryche all shold be there.
And whan these lordis tythyngis herd,
They hyed hem fast thedyr-werd.
This fest was cryed longe byfore,
Fourty dayes withoute more.
Metis were made grete plentè,
For many a man there shuld bee.
With the emperoure come to the feste,
An hundreth knyghtes at the lest;
And with the kynge hyr eme also,
Two hundreth hors, withoute mo.

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Sir Piers of Poyle thedyr come,
And with hym knyghtes of grete fame,
That doughty were of that land;
In batayle preuyd I vndirstand.
On the morow, whan it was day,
They busked theyme, as I you say,
Toward the chirche, with game and glee,
To make that grete solempnytè.
The archebisshoppe of that land
Weddyd theyme, I vndirstand.
Whan it was done, as I you say,
Home they went withoute delay.
By that they come to the castèlle,
There mete was redy euery dele.
Trumpes to mete gan blow tho,
Claryons and other menstrellis mo.
Tho they wasshe and yede to mete,
And euery lord toke his sete.
Whan they were seruyd, all the route,
Menstrellys blew than all aboute;
Tille they were seruyd, with pryde,
Of the fryst cours that tyde.
The seruyce was of grete aray,
That they were seruyd with that day.
Thus they ete, and made hem glad,
With suche seruyce as they had.
Whan they had dyned, as I you say,
Lordis and ladyes yede to play;

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Somme to tablis, and somme to chesse,
With othir gammys more and lesse.
Ipomydon gaff, in that stound,
To mynstrellys v. c. pound,
And othyr yiftes of grete noblay
He yaff to other men that day.
Thus this fest, as it was told,
Fourty dayes it was hold.
Ipomydon his brother lette calle,
There he stode in the halle,
And yaff hym all Poyle-land,
But one erledom I vnderstond;
And of that land made hym kyng,
And afftyr hym hys offspryng.
He thankyd God and hym with mode,
And euery man spak of hym good.
Syr Camppanus forthe ys gon on sond,
To the kyng of Sesanay-lond,
There he was in hys chambyr,
Talkyng with the ladyes in fere.
He told of the yefftes fayre,
Of Poyle land how he was eyre.
The ladyes answerd all on one:
" Seuche a man in the world ys none!"
Ipomadon there he stod in hall,
Tholomew he lette to hym call,
And yaff hym an erledom fre,
And a mayde hys leff to bee,

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That was with hym in Pole-lond,
With the quene, I vnderstond.
Syr Tholomew tho gan say:
"I thanke yow, lord, for thys may,
And for yowre yefftes many on,
That ye hawe yewen me here beforne."
Tho passyd he forthe, as I yow say,
There he lyked best to play.
Ipomadon, in hall there he stod,
Bethowght hym, of mylde mode,
Of hys felaw Syr Jason,
How he was a worthy man.
To hym he gaff, bothe ferre and nere,
Grete londes, as ye may here;
To hys wyff a fayre may,
That he had louyd many a day:
And other yiftes he yaff also
Tille other men many moo.
Whan this feste was comyn to end,
Euery man busked hem home to wend.
On the morow, withowte lesynge,
The emperour went vnto the kynge;
His leve to take gan he gone,
And with hym lordis many on.
At the takynge of his leve
Halfe the ioye I cannot discryve,
That there was hem amonge,
Off ladyes and of knyghtis stronge.

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The emperoure his leve hathe tane
At the kynge Ipomydon,
And at the quene fayre and free;
So dyd many mo than hee.
Thus the lordes, fayre and hend,
Homeward all they gan to wend,
Euery lord to his contrè,
Or where them lyked best to be;
And lefte them there bothe in same,
With myche myrthe, joye and game,
There to dwelle for euyr more,
Tille theyme departyd dethe sore.
Ipomydon, and his lady dere,
Togedyr were many yere,
With all ioye that men myght see;
In world so moche non myght be
As was euer them amonge,
Till dethe them departid, that was stronge:
And whan they dyed, I trow, I wis,
Bothe they yede to heuyn blysse,
There as non other thynge may bee,
But joye and blisse, game and glee.
To that blysse God bryng vs alle
That dyed on rode for grete and smalle! Amen.

EXPLICIT IPOMYDON.

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AMIS AND AMILOUN.

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AMIS AND AMILOUN.

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AMIS AND AMILOUN.

For Goddis loue in trinytè,
Alle that bene hende herkneth to me,—
  Y pray you *par amour!*—
What whilom fille beyonde the see,
Off twoo barons of grete bountè,
  And men of grete honoùr.
Here faders were barons hende,
Lordynges y-come of grete kende,
  Prince in town and toure.
To here of the childeryn twoo,
How thei were in wele and woo,
  Y wys, yt is grete doloùre.

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In wele and woo how thei gonne wende,
And howe vnknow thei were of-kende,
The berdes bolde of chere,
And how thei were guode and here,
And how yong the[y] become frere,
In courte whereas thei were;
And how thei were dobbid knyght,
And how thei were trewth-plyght,
The childerin both in fere;
And in whate cuntrè thei were born,
And whate the childern names weren,
Herkenyth and ye may here!

In Lombardye, I vnderstonde,
Whilom befille in that londe,
In geste as we rede,
Off two barons, hende of honde,
And hadde twoo ladyes for to fonde,
That worthi were in wede.
Vppon thes hende ladies twoo,
Twoo knawe children were geten thoo,
That dowthi were of dede,
And trewe were in all thing;
Therfore Jesus hewen king,
Full wele quited here mede.

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The childern names, as thei hight,
In ryme Y wille you rede ryght,
And telle in my talkyng:
Bothe were goten on o nyght,
And on o day y-born, aplyght,
For soth, withoute lesyng.
The toon barons sone, Y wysse,
He was callid Syre Amys,
At the chyrche at his crystenyng;
The tother was called Syre Amylion,
He was a childe of grete renoun
Y-comen of hye ospryng.

The childerin gon thoo thryue,
And fayrer were there non alyve,
Both curteys, hende and guode.
When thei were of yeres fyve,
All here kynne was of hem blyth,
So mylde thei were of mode;
When thei were vij yere olde, Y wys,
Euery man hadde of hem blysse,
To beholde that erthly fode:
When thei were xij yere olde,
In all that londe was there non to beholde,
So fayre of bone and blode.

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In that tyme, as Y vnderstonde,
A douty duke woned in that londe,
  Prynse in town and toure;
For he lette sende his sonde,
After barons free and bonde,
  And ladyes bryght in boure.
A ryche fest he wolde make,
And all for Jesu Crystes sake,
  That ys oure Sauyoùr.
Moche folk, as Y you say,
He lette sende theder that day,
  With myrth and grete honoùr.

The two barons that Y of tolde,
And here sonnes, fayre and bolde,
  To courte thei come full yare.
Whan thei serued yong and olde,
Many men gan hem beholde,
  Off lordynges that there ware,
Howe thei were of body bryght,
And how lyke thei were of syght,
  Off hide, hewe and here.
Alle thei saide, withoute les,
Fairer childer than thes wes,
  Ne saw thei neuer ere.

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In all the courte was ther no wyght,
Erle, baron, squyer, ne knyght,
  Nether leue ne lothe,
So like thei were both of syght,
And of on wexing ryght,—
  In sawe I say forsothe,—
In all thing thai were lyche,
There was nother power ne ryche,
  Who that beheld hem both,
Fayrer neuer more ne cowde say,
That knew the toon of the childern tway,
  Bote be colour of here cloth.

That riche douke his fest gan hold,
With erls and with barouns bold,
  As ye may listen and lithe.
Fourten night, as me was told,
With erls and with barouns bold,
  To glad tho bernes blithe.
Ther was mirthe and melodye,
And al maner of menstracie,
  Her craftes for to kithe.
Opon the fiften day ful yare,
Thai token her leue for to fare,
  And thonked him mani a sithe.

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Than the lordinges schuld forth wende,
That riche douke, comly of kende,
  Cleped to him that tide
Tho tvay barouns that were so hende,
And prayd hem, al so his frende,
  In court thai schuld abide,
And lete her tvay sones fre
In his seruise with him to be,
  Semly to fare bi his side:
And he wald dubbe hem knightes to,
And susten hem for euer mo,
  As lordinges proude in pride.

The riche barouns answerd ogain,
And her leuedis gan to sain
  To that douke ful yare,
That thai were bothe glad and fain,
That her leuely children tvain
  In seruise with him ware.
Thai yaue her childer her blisteing,
And bisought Jesu heuen king,
  He schuld scheld hem fro care;
And oft thai thonked the douke that day,
And token her leue and went oway;
  To her owen cuntrès thai gan fare.

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Thus war tho hende childer, Y wis,
Child Amiloun and child Amis,
In court frely to fede;
To ride an hunting, vnder riis;
Ouer al the lond than were thai priis,
And worthliest in wede.
So, wele tho children loued hem tho,
N'as neuer children loued hem so,
Noither in word no in dede.
Bitvix hem tvai, of blod and bon,
Trewer loue n'as neuer non,
In gest as so we rede.

On a day the childer war and wight
Trewethes togider thai gan plight,
While thai might liue and stond:
That, bothe bi day and by night,
In wele and wo, in wrong and right,
That thai schuld frely fond,
To hold togider at eueri nede,
In word, in werk, in wille, in dede,
Where that thai were in lond;
Fro that day forward neuer mo,
Failen other for wele no wo;
Therto thai held vp her hond.

Digitized by Google

Thus, in gest as ye may here,
Tho hende childer in cuntrè were,
With that douke for to abide.
The douke was blithe and glad of chere,
Thai were him bothe leue and dere,
Semly to fare bi his side.
Tho thai were fiften winter old,
He dubbed bothe tho bernes bold
To knightes in that tide;
And fond hem al that hem was nede,
Horse, and wepen, and worthy wede,
As princes prout in pride.

That riche douke he loued hem so,
Al that thai wold he fond hem tho,
Bothe stedes white and broun,
That in what stede thai gun go,
Alle the lond spac of hem tho,
Bothe in tour and toun;
Into what stede that thai went,
To iustes, other to tournament,
Sir Amis and Sir Amiloun
For douhtiest in eueri dede,
With scheld and spere to ride on stede,
Thai gat hem gret renoun.

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That riche douke hadde of hem priis,
For that thai were so war and wiis,
And holden of gret bountè.
Sir Amiloun and Sir Amis,
He sett hem bothe in gret office,
In his court for to be.
Sir Amis, as ye may here,
He made his chef botelere,
In his court for to be;
And Sir Amiloun, of hem alle,
He made chef steward in halle.
To dight alle his meinè.

Into her seruise when thai were brought,
To geten hem los tham spared nought;
Wel hendeliche thai bigan;
With riche and pouer so wele thai wrought,
Al that hem seighe, with word and thought,
Hem loued mani a man,
For thai wer so blithe of chere;
Ouer al the lond, fer and nere,
The los of loue thai wan.
And the riche douke, withouten les,
Of alle the men that oliue wes,
Mest he loued hem than.

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Than hadde the douke, ich vnderstond,
A chef steward of alle his lond,
A douhti knight, at crie,
That euer he proued with nithe and ond
For to haue brought hem bothe to schond,
With gile and trecherie:
For thai were so gode and hende,
And for the douke was so wele her frende,
He hadde therof gret envie.
To the douke, with wordes grame,
Euer he proued to don hem schame,
With wel gret felonie.

So, within tho yeres to,
A messanger ther com tho
To Sir Amiloun hende on hond;
And seyd, hou deth hadde fet him fro
His fader, and his moder also,
Thurch the grace of Godes sond.
Than was that knight a careful man;
To that douke he wente him than,
And dede him to vnderstond
His fader and his moder hende
War ded, and he most hom wende,
For to resaiue his lond.

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That rich douke, comly of kende,
Answerd oyain, with wordes hende,
And seyde, " So God me spede,
Sir Amiloun now thou schalt wende,
Me n'as neuer so wo for frende,
That of mi court out yede.
Ac, yif euer it bifalle so,
That thou art in wer and wo,
And of min help hast nede,
Saueliche com or send thi sond,
And with al mi powere of mi lond,
Y schal wreke thè of that dede."

Than was Sir Amiloun ferli wo,
For to wende Sir Amis fro ;
On him was al his thought.
To a goldsmithe he gan go,
And lete make gold coupes to,
For thre hundred pounde he hem bought,
That bothe were of o wight,
And bothe of o michel y-plight,
Ful richeliche thai were wrought :
And bothe thai weren as liche, Y wis,
As was Sir Amiloun and Sir Amis ;
Ther no failed right nought.

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When that Sir Amiloun was al yare,
He tok his leue for to fare,
To wende in his iornè.
Sir Amis was so ful of care,
For sorwe, and wo, and sikeing sare,
Almest swoned that fre.
To the douke he went with dreri mode,
And praid him fair, ther he stode,
And seyd, " Sir, *par charitè*,
Yif me leue to wende thè fro!
Bot yif Y may with my brother go,
Mine hert it breketh of thre."

That riche douke, comly of kende,
Answerde oyain with wordes hende,
And seyd, withouten delay:
" Sir Amis, mi gode frende,
Wold ye bothe now fro me wende?
Certes, he seyd, nay.
Were ye bothe went me fro,
Than schuld me waken al mi wo,
Mi ioie were went oway.
Thi brother schal into his cuntrè:
Wende with him in his iurnè,
And com oyain this day."

Digitized by Google

When thai were redi for to ride,
Tho bold bernes for to abide,
Busked hem redi boun.
Hende, herkneth! is nought to hide,
So dohti knightes, in that tide,
That ferd out of that toun.
Al that dai as thai rade,
Gret morning both thai made,
Sir Amis and Amiloun;
And when thai schuld wende otvain,
Wel fair togider opon a plain
Of hors thai light adoun.

When thai were bothe afot light,
Sir Amiloun that hendi knight,
Was rightwise man of rede;
And seyd to Sir Amis ful right,
" Brother, as we er trewthe plight,
Bothe with word and dede,
Fro this day forward, neuer mo
To faily other, for wele no wo,
To helpe him at his nede,
Brother, be now trewe to me,
And Y schal ben as trewe to thè;
Al so God me spede!

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" Ac brother, ich warn thè biforn,
For his loue that bar the croun of thorn,
To saue al mankende,
Be nought oyain thi lord forsworn,
And yif thou dost thou art forlorn,
Euermore, withouten ende:
Bot euer do trewthe and no treasoun,
And thenk on me Sir Amiloun,
Now we asondri schal wende.
And, brother, yete Y thè forbede
The fals steward felawerede;
Certes, he wil thè schende."

As thai stode so, tho bretheren bold,
Sir Amis drough forth two coupes of gold
Ware liche in al thing,
And bade Sir Amis that he schold
Chese whether he haue wold,
Withouten more duelling:
And seyd to him, " Mi leue brother,
Kepe thou that on, and Y that other;
For Godes loue, heuen king,
Lete neuer this coupe fro thè,
Bot loke her on and thenk on me!
It tokneth our parting."

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Gret sorwe thai made at her parting,
And kisten hem with eighen wepeing,
  Tho knightes hende and and fre;
Aither bitaught other heuen king,
And on her stedes thai gan spring,
  And went in her iurnè.
Sir Amiloun went hom to his lond,
And sesed it al into his hond,
  That his elders hadde be;
And spoused a leuedy bright in bour,
And brought hir hom with gret honoùr,
  And miche solempnetè.

Lete we Sir Amiloun stille be,
With his wiif in his cuntrè:
  God leue hem wele to fare!
And of Sir Amis telle we.
When he com hom to court oyè,
  Ful blithe of him thai ware;
For that he was so hende and gode,
Men blisted him, bothe bon and blod,
  That euer him gat and bare;
Saue the steward of that lond,
Euer he proued with nithe and ond,
  To bring him into care.

Digitized by Google

Than on a day bifel it so,
With the steward he met tho;
  Ful fair he gret that fre.
" Sir Amis, he seyd, thè is ful wo,
For that thi brother is went thè fro,
  And, certes, so is me:
Ac of his wendeing haue thou no care;
Yif thou wilt leue opon mi lare,
  And lete thi morning be,
And thou will be to me kende,
Y schal thè be a better frende,
  Than euer yete was he.

" Sir Amis, he seyd, do bi mi red
And swere ous bothe brotherhed,
  And plight we our trewthes to.
Be trewe to me, in word and dede,
And Y schal to thè, so God me spede,
  Be trewe to thè also."
Sir Amis answerd, " Mi trewthe Y plight
To Sir Amiloun, the gentil knight,
  Thei he be went me fro.
Whiles that Y may gon and speke,
Y no schal neuer mi treuthe breke,
  Noither for wele no wo.

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" For, bi the treuthe that God me send,
Ichaue him founde so gode and kende,
Seththen that Y first him knewe;
For ones Y plight him treuthe that heude,
Where so he in warld wende,
Y schal be to him trewe:
And yif Y were now forsworn,
And breke mi treuthe, Y were forlorn,
Wel sore it schuld me rewe.
Gete me frendes whare Y may,
Y no schal neuer bi night no day,
Chaunge him for no newe."

The steward than was egre of mode;
Almest for wrathe he wex ner wode,
And seyd, withouten delay,
And swore, bi him that dyed on rode,
" Thou traitour! unkinde blod!
Thou schalt abigge this nay!
Y warn thè wele—he sayd than—
That Y schal be thi strong fo-man,
Euer after this day!"
Sir Amis answerd tho,
" Sir, therof yive Y nought a slo!
Do al that thou may!"

Digitized by Google

Al thus the wrake gan biginne,
And with wrethe thai went atvinne,
Tho bold bernes to.
The steward n'old neuer blinne :
To schende that douhti knight of kinne
Euer he proued tho.
Thus in court togider thai were,
With wretthe, and with loureand chere,
Wele half a yere and mo :
And afterward opon a while
The steward, with tresoun and gile,
Wrought him ful michel wo.

So in a time, as we tel in gest,
The riche douke lete make a fest,
Semly in somer's tide.
There was mani a gentil gest,
With mete and drink, ful onest,
To serui bi ich a side.
Miche semly folk was samned thare,
Erls, barouns, lasse and mare,
And leuedis, proude in pride.
More ioie no might be non,
Than ther was in that worthly won,
With blisse in borwe to bide.

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That riche douke that Y of told,
He had a douhter, fair and bold,
  Curteise, hende and fre.
When she was fiften winter old,
In al that lond n'as ther non y-hold
  So semly on to se;
For sche was gentil and auenaunt,
Hir name was cleped Belisaunt,
  As ye may lithe at me.
With leuedis and maidens bright in bour,
Kept sche was with honoùr,
  And gret solempnitè.

That fest lasted fourten night,
Of barouns and of birddes bright,
  And lordinges mani and fale.
Ther was mani a gentil knight,
And mani a seriaunt wise and wight,
  To serue tho hende in halle.
Than was the boteler, Sir Amis,
Quer al y-holden flour and priis,
  Trewely to telle in tale,
And douhtiest in eueri dede,
And worthliest in ich a wede,
  And semliest in sale.

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Than the lordinges shulden al gon,
And wende out of that worthli won,
In boke as so we rede,
That mirie maide gan aske anon
Of hir maidens euerichon,
And seyd, " So God you spede,
Who was hold the doubtiest knight,
And semlyest in ich a sight,
And worthliest in wede?
And who was the fairest man,
That was y-holden in lond than,
And doughtiest of dede?"

Her maidens gan answere ogain,
And sayd, " Madame, we schul thè sain
That sothe, bi Seyn Saudur:
Of erls, barouns, knight and swain,
The fairest man, and mest of main,
And man of mest honour,
It is Sir Amis, the kinges boteler;
In al this warld n'is his per,
Noither in toun no tour.
He is douhtiest in dede,
And worthiest in eueri wede,
And chosen for priis and flour.

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Belisaunt that birdde bright,
When thai hadde thus seyd, Y plight,
As ye may listen and lithe,
On Sir Amis that gentil knight,
Y wis hir loue was al alight,
That no man might it kithe.
Wher that sche seighe him ride or go,
Hir thought hir hert brac atvo,
That hye no spac nought with that blithe;
That hye no myght with him night no day,
Speke with him that fair may,
Sche wepe wel mani a sithe.

Thus that miri maiden ying,
Lay in care and loue-morning,
Bothe bi night and day.
As Y you tel in mi talking,
For sorwe sche spac with him no thing;
Sike in bed sche lay.
Hir moder com to hir tho,
And gan to frain hir of hir wo,
Help hir yif hye may:
And sche answerd, withouten wrong,
Hir pines were so harde and strong,
Sche wald be loken in clay.

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That riche douke, in o morning,
And with him mani a gret lording,
As prince prout in pride,
Thai dight hem, withouten dueling,
For to wende on dere-hunting,
And busked hem for to ride.
When the lordinges euerichon,
Were went out of that worthli won,
In herd is nought to hide,
Sir Amis, withouten les,
For a malady that on him wes,
At hom he gan to abide.

When tho lordinges were out y-went,
With her men hende, and bowes bent,
To hunte on holtes hare,
Than Sir Amis, verament,
He bileft at hom in present,
To kepe al that ther ware.
That hendi knight bithought him tho,
Into the garden he wold go,
For to solas him thare:
Vnder a bough as he gan bide;
To here the foules song that tide,
Him thought a blisseful fare.

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Now hende, herkneth and ye may here,
Hou that the doukes douhter dere,
Sike in hir bed lay.
Hir moder com with diolful chere,
And al the leudis that ther were,
For to solas that may.
" Arise vp, sche seyd, douhter min,
And go to play thè into the gardin,
This semly somer's day!
Ther may thou here the foules song;
With ioie, and miche blis among,
Thi care schal wende oway!"

Vp hir ros that swete wight;
Into the gardine sche went ful right,
With maidens hende and fre:
The somers day was fair and bright;
The sonne him schon thurch lem of light,
That semly was on to se.
She herd the foules gret and smale,
The swete note of the nightingale,
Ful mirily sing on tre.
Ac hir hert was so hard i-brought,
On loue-longing was al hir thought;
No might hir gamen no gle.

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And so that mirie may, with pride,
Went into the orchard that tide
To slake hir of hir care:
Than seyghe sche Sir Amis biside;
Vnder a bough he gan abide,
To here the mirthes mare.
Than was sche bothe glad and blithe,
Hir ioie couthe sche no man kithe,
When that sche seighe him thare;
And thought sche wold for no man wond,
That sche no wold to him fond,
And tel him of his fare.

Than was that may so blithe o mode,
When she seighe were he stode;
To him sche went that swete,
And thought, for alle this warldes gode,
But yif hye spac that frely fode,
That time no wolde sche lete.
And as tite as that gentil knight
Seighe that bird in bour so bright
Com, with him for to mete,
Oyaines hir he gan wende;
With wordes bothe fre and hende,
Ful fair he gan hir grete.

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That mirie maiden sone anon
Bad hir maidens fram hir gon,
And withdrawe hem oway;
And when thai were togider alon,
To Sir Amis sche made hir mon,
And sayd, opon hir play:
" Sir knight, on thè mine hert is brought;
Thè to loue is al mi thought,
Bothe bi night and day:
That, bot thou wolt mi leman be,
Y wis, min hert breketh a-thre,
No lenger libben Y no may.

" Thou art, sche seyd, a gentil knight,
And icham a bird in bour bright,
Of wel heighe kin y-corn;
And, bothe bi daye and bi night,
Min hert so hard is on thè light,
Mi ioie is al forlorn.
Plight me thi trewthe thou schalt be trewe,
And chaunge me for no newe
That in this world is born.
And Y plight thè mi treuthe also,
Til God and deth dele ous a-to,
Y schal neuer be forsworn."

Digitized by Google

That hende knight stille he stode,
And al for thought chaunged his mode,
And seyd, with hert fre,
" Madame, for him that dyed on rode,
Astow art comen of gentil blode,
And air of this lond schal be,
Bithenke thè of thi michel honour!
Kinges sones and emperour
N'ar non to gode to thè :
Certes, than were it michel vnright
Thi loue to lai opon a knight,
That n'ath noither lond no fe!

" And yif we schuld that game biginne,
And ani wight of all thi kinne
Might it vndergo,
Al our ioie and worldes winne
We schuld lese, and, for that sinne,
Wretthi God therto.
And Y dede mi lord this deshonoùr
Than were ich an iuel traitoùr,
Y wis, it may nought be so.
Leue madame, do bi mi rede,
And thenk what wil com of this dede ;
Certes nothing bot wo."

Digitized by Google

That mirie maiden of gret renoun,
Answerd, " Sir knight, thou n'ast no croun!
For God that bought thè dere,
Whether artow prest, other persoun?
Other thou art monk, other canoun,
That prechest me thus here?
Thou no schust haue ben no knight
To gon among maidens bright;
Thou schust haue ben a frere!
He that lerd thè thus to preche,
The deuel of helle ichim biteche;
Mi brother thei he were!

" Ac," sche seyd, " bi him that ous wrought,
Al thi precheing helpeth nought,
No stond thou neuer so long!
Bot yif thou wilt graunt me mi thought,
Mi loue schal be ful dere a-bought,
With pines hard and strong.
Mi kerchef and mi clothes anon,
Y schal to-rend doun ichon,
And say, with michel wrong,
With strengthe thou hast me to-drawe;
Y-take thou schalt be, thurch londes lawe,
And dempt heigh to hong!"

Digitized by Google

Than stode that hendy knight full still,
And in his hert him liked ille;
No word no spac he tho.
He thought, " Bot Y graunt hir wille,
With hir speche sche wil me spille,
Er than Y passe hir fro;
And yif Y do mi lord this wrong,
With wilde hors and with strong,
Y schal be drawe also."
Loth him was that dede to don,
And wele lother his liif forgon:
Was him neuer so wo.

And than he thought, withouten lesing,
Better were to graunt hir asking,
Than his liif for to spille.
Than seyd he to that maiden ying:
" For Godes loue, heuen king,
Vnderstond to mi skille!
Astow art maiden gode and trewe,
Bithenk hou oft rape wil rewe,
And turn to grame wel grille;
And abide we al this seven night:
As icham trewe gentil knight,
Y schal graunt thè thi wille."

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Than answerd that burd bright,
And swore by Jesu ful of might,—
" Thou scapest nought so oway!
Thi treuthe anon thou schalt me plight,
Astow art trewe gentil knight,
Thou schalt hold that day."
He graunted hir his wil tho,
And plight hem trewthes bothe to;
And seththen kist tho twai.
Into hir chaumber sche went ogain;
Than was sche so glad and fain,
Hir ioie sche couthe no man sai.

Sir Amis than, withouten duelling,
For to kepe his lordes coming,
Into halle he wente anon.
Whan thai were comen fram dere-hunting,
And with him mani an heighe lording
Into that worthly won,
After his douhter he asked swithe.
Men seyd that sche was glad and blithe,
Hir care was al agon.
To eten in halle thai brought that may:
Ful blithe and glad thai were that day,
And thonked God ichon.

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When the lordinges, withouten les,
Hendelich were brought on des,
With leuedis bright and swete,
As princes that were proude in pres,
Ful richeliche serued he wes,
With menske and mirthe to mete.
Whan that maiden that Y of told,
Among the birdes that were bold,
Ther sche sat in her sete,
On Sir Amis, that gentil knight,
An hundred times sche cast hir sight,
For nothing wald sche lete.

On Sir Amis that knight hendy,
Euer more sche cast hir eyghe,
For nothing wold sche spare.
The steward, ful of felonie,
Wel fast he gan hem aspie,
Til he wist of her fare,
And bi her sight he perceiued tho,
That gret loue was bitvix hem to,
And was agreued ful sare,
And thought he schulde in a while,
Bothe with tresoun and with gile,
Bring hem into care.

Digitized by Google

Thus, Y wis, that miri may
Ete in halle, with gamen and play,
  Wele four days other fiue,
That euer when sche Sir Amis say
Al hir care was went oway,
  Wele was hir olive:
Wher that he sat or stode
She biheld opon that frely fode,
  Tho stint sche for no striue:
And the steward, for wrethe sake,
Brought hem bothe in ten and wrake;
  Wel iuel mot he thriue!

That riche douke, opon a day,
On dere-hunting went him to play,
  And with him wel mani a man;
And Belisaunt, that miri may,
To chaumber ther Sir Amis lay,
  Sche went as sche wele kan:
And the steward, withouten les,
In chaumber bisiden he wes,
  And seighe the maiden than,
Into chaumber hou sche gan glide.
For to aspie hem both that tide,
  After swithe he ran.

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When that may com into that won,
Sche fond Sir Amis ther alon,
" Hail," she seyd, that leuedi bright;
" Sir Amis," sche seyd anon,
" This day a seuennight it is gon,
That trewthe we ous plight:
Therfore icham come to thè,
To wite, astow art hende and fre,
And holden a gentil knight,
Whether wiltow me forsake,
Or thou wilt trewely to me take,
And hold al thou bihight?"

" Madame, seyd the knight ogain,
Y wold thè spouse now ful fain,
And hold thè to mi wiue,
Ac yif thi fader herd it sain,
That ich hadde his douhter forlain,
Of lond he wald me driue.
Ac yif ich wer king of this lond,
And hadde more gode in min hond
Than other kinges fiue,
Wel fain Y wald spouse thè than:
Ac, certes, icham a pouer man,
Wel wo is me oliue!"

Digitized by Google

" Sir knight, seyd that maiden kinde,
For loue of Seyn Tomas of Ynde,
Whi seystow euer nay?
No be thou neuer so pouer of kinde,
Riches anough Y may thè finde,
Bothe bi night and day!"
That hende knight bethought him than,
And in his armes he hir nam,
And kist that miri may:
And so thai plaid in word and dede,
That he wan hir maidenhede
Er that he wente oway.

And euer that steward gan abide,
Alon vnder that chaumber side,
Hem for to here.
In at an hole, was nought to wide,
He seighe hem bothe in that tide,
Hou thai seten y-fere.
And whan he seyghe hem bothe with sight,
Sir Amis and that bird bright,
The doukes douhter dere,
Ful wroth he was and egre of mode,
And went oway as he were wode,
Her conseil to vnskere.

Digitized by Google

When the douke com into that won,
The steward oyain him gan gon,
Her conseyl for to vnwrain.
" Mi lord the douke, he seyd anon,
Of thine harm, be Seyn Jon,
Ichil thè warn ful fain:
In thi court thou hast a thef,
That hath don min hert gref;
Schame it is to sain!
For, certes, he is a traitour strong,
When he, with tresoun and with wrong,
Thi douhter hath forlain."

The riche douke gan sore agrame,—
" Who hath, he seyd, don me that schame?
Tel me Y thè pray."
" Sir, seyd the steward, bi Seyn Jame,
Ful wele Y can thè tel his name!
Thou do him hong this day.
It is thi boteler Sir Amis,
Euer he hath ben traitour, Y wis,
He hath forlain that may.
Y seighe it meself for sothe,
And wil aproue biforn hem bothe,
That thai can nought say nay."

Than was the douke egre of mode:
He ran to halle as he were wode,
For no thing he n'old abide;
With a fauchoun, sharp and gode,
He smot to Sir Amis ther he stode,
And failed of him biside.
Into a chaumber Sir Amis ran tho,
And schet the dor bitven hem to,
For drede his heued to hide.
The douke strok after swiche a dent,
That thurch the dore that fauchon went;
So egre he was that tide.

Al that euer about him stode
Bisought the douke to slake his mode,
Bothe erl, baroun and swain:
And he swore, bi him that dyed on rode,
He n'old, for al this worldes gode,
Bot that traitour were slain;—
"Ich haue him done gret honour,
And he hath as a vile traitour,
Mi douhter forlain.
Y n'old, for al this worldes won,
Bot Y might the traitour slon,
With min hondes twain."

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" Sir, seyd Sir Amis anon,
Lete thi wrethe first ouergon,
  Y pray thè by charitè!
And yif thou may proue, bi Seyn Jon,
That ichaue swiche a dede don,
  Do me to hong on tre:
Ac yif ani with gret wrong,
Hath lowe on ous that lesing strong,
  What bern that he be,
He leighth on ous, withouten fail,
Ichil aproue it in batàil,
  To make ous quite and fre."

" Ya, seyd the douke, wiltow so?
Darstow into bataile go,
  Al quite and skere you make?"
" Ya, certes, seyd he tho;
And here mi gloue Y yiue therto,
  He leighe on ous with wrake.
The steward stirt to him than,
And seyd, " Traitour, fals man!
  Ataint thou schalt be take!
Y seighe it meself this ich day,
Where that sche in thi chaumber lay,
  Your noither it may forsake."

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Thus the steward euer gan say,
And euer Sir Amis seyd, " Nay,
  Y wis it n'as nought so."
Than dede the douke com forth that may,
And the steward withstode alway,
  And vouwed the dede tho.
The maiden wepe, hir hondes wrong;
And euer swore hir moder among,
  " Certain it was nought so."
Than seyd the douke, " Withouten fail,
It schal be proued in batail,
  And sen bitven hem to."

Than was atvix hem take the fight,
And sett the day a fourtennight,
  That mani man schuld it sen.
The steward was michel of might;
In al the court was ther no wight,
  Sir Amis borwe durst ben:
Bot for the steward was so strong,
Borwes anowe he fond among,
  Tventi al bidene.
Than seyd thai al with resoun,
Sir Amis schuld ben in prisoun,
  For he no schuld no whar flen.

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Than answered that maiden bright,
And swore, " Bi Jesu ful of might,
That were michel wrong !
Taketh mi bodi for that knight,
Til that his day com of fight,
And put me in prisoun strong !
Yif that the knight wil flen oway,
And dar nought holden vp his day,
Bataile of him to fong,
Do me than loudes lawe,
For his loue to be to-drawe,
And heighe on galwes hong."

Hir moder seyd, with wordes bold,
That with gode wil, als sche wold,
Ben his borwe also,
His day of bataile vp to hold,
That he, as gode knight, schold
Fight oyain his fo.
Thus tho leuedis fair and bright,
Boden, for that gentil knight,
To lain her bodis to.
Than seyd the lordinges euerichon,
That other borwes wold thai non,
Bot graunt it schuld be so.

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When thai had don as Y you say,
And borwes founde withouten delay,
And graunted al that ther ware,
Sir Amis sorwed night and day;
Al his ioie was went oway,
And comen was al his care;
For that the steward was so strong,
And hadde the right and he the wrong
Of that he opon him vare.
Of his liif yaf he nought,
Bot of the maiden so michel he thought,
Might no man morn mare.

For he thought that he most nede,
Ar that he to bataile yede,
Swar an oth biforn,
That, al so God schuld him spede,
As he was giltles of that dede,
That ther was on him born.
And than thought he, withouten wrong,
He hadde leuer to hen an-hong,
Than to be forsworn:
Ac oft he bisought Jesu tho,
He schuld saue hem both to,
That thai n'er nought forlorn.

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So it bifel opon a day,
He met the leuedi and that may,
Vnder an orchard side.
" Sir Amis, the leuedi gan say,
Wi mornestow so withouten play?
Tel me that sothe this tide.
No drede thè nought—sche sayd than—
For to fight with thi foman.
Whether thou wilt go or ride
So richeliche Y schal thè schrede,
Tharf thè neuer haue of him drede
Thi bataile to abide."

" Madame, seyd that gentil knight,
For Jesus loue ful of might,
Be nought wroth for this dede!
Ich haue that wrong and he the right;
Therfore icham aferd to fight,
Al so God me spede!
For Y mot swere, withouten faile,
Al so God me spede in bataile,
His speche is falshede;
And yif Y swere, icham forsworn;
Than liif and soul icham forlorn!
Certes, Y can no rede!"

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Than seyde that leuedi in a while :
" No mai ther go no nother gile,
To bring that traitour doun ?"
" Yis dame, he sayd, bi Seyn Gile !
Ther woneth hennes mani a mile,
Mi brother Sir Amiloun,
And yif Y dorst to him gon,
Y dorst wele swere, bi Seyn Jon,
So trewe is that baroun,
His owhen liif to lese to mede
He wold help me at this nede,
To fight with that feloun."

" Sir Amis, the leuedi gan to say,
Take leue to-morwe at day,
And wende in thi iurnè.
Y schal say thou schalt, in thi way,
Hom into thine owen cuntràу
Thi fader, thi moder to se :
And when thou comest to thi brother right
Pray him, as he is hendi knight,
And of gret bountè,
That he the batail for ous fong,
Ogain the steward, that, with wrong,
Wil stroie ous alle thre.

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Amorwe Sir Amis made him yare,
And toke his leue for to fare,
And went in his iurnày;
For no thing n'old he spare:
He priked the stede that him bare
Bothe night and day.
So long he priked, withouten abod,
The stede that he on rode,
In a fer cuntràȳ,
Was ouercomen and fel doun ded;
Tho couthe he no better red:
His song was, "Waileway!"

And when it was bifallen so,
Nedes afot he most go:
Ful careful was that knight.
He stiked vp his lappes tho;
In his way he gan to go,
To hold that he bihight:
And al that day so long he ran,
Into a wilde forest he cam,
Bitven the day and the night.
So strong slepe yede him on,
To win al this warldes won
No ferther he no might.

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The knight that was so hende and fre,
Wel fair he leyd him vnder a tre,
And fell in slepe that tide.
Al that night stille lay he,
Til amorwe men might y-se
The day bi ich a side.
Than was his brother Sir Amiloun
Holden a lord of gret renoun,
Ouer al that cuntrè wide;
And woned, fro thennes that he lay,
Bot half a iornè of a day,
Noither to go no ride.

As Sir Amiloun that hendi knight,
In his slepe lay that night,
In sweuen he mett anon
That he seighe Sir Amis bi sight,
His brother that was trewethe plight,
Bilapped among his fon;
Thurch a bere wilde and wode,
And other bestes that bi him stode,
Bisett he was to slon;
And he alon among hem stode,
As a man that couthe no gode:
Wel wo was him bigon.

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Whan Sir Amiloun was awake
Gret sorwe he gan for him make,
And told his wiif ful yare,
Hou him thought he seighe bestes blake
About his brother, with wrake,
To sle, with sorwe and care.
" Certes, he seyd, with sum wrong
He is in peril gret and strong,
Of blis he is ful bare."
And than seyd he, " Forsothe, Y wis,
Y no schal neuer haue ioie no blis,
Til Y wite hou he fare."

As swithe he stirt vp in that tide;
Ther n'old he no leng abide,
Bot dight him forth anon:
And al his meinè, bi ich a side,
Busked hem redi to ride,
With her lord for to gon.
And he bad al that ther wes,
For Godes loue held hem stille in pes;
He bad hem so ichchon;
And swore bi him that schop mankende,
Ther schuld no man with him wende,
Bot himself alon.

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Ful richeliche he gan him schrede,
And lepe astite opon a stede;
For nothing he n'old abide.
Al his folk he gan forbede,
That non so hardi were of dede,
After him noither go nor ride.
So al that night he rode till day,
Til he com ther Sir Amis lay
Vp in that forest wide;
Than seighe he a weri knight forgon,
Vnder a tre slepeand alon;
To him he went that tide.

He cleped to him anon right,
"Arise vp, felawe; it is light
And time for to go!"
Sir Amis biheld up with his sight,
And knewe anon that gentil knight,
And he knewe him also.
That hendi knight Sir Amiloun
Of his stede light adoun,
And kist hem bothe to.
"Brother, he seyd, whi listow here,
With thus mornand chere?
Who hath wrought thè this wo?"

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" Brother, seyd Sir Amis tho,
Y wis, me n'as neuer so wo,
  Seththen that Y was born;
For, seththen that thou was went me fro,
With ioie and michel blis also,
  Y serued mi lord biforn.
Ac the steward, ful of envie,
With gile and with trecherie,
  He hath me wrought swiche scorn,
Bot thou help me at this nede,
Certes, Y can no nother rede;
  Mi liif it is forlorn."

" Brother, seyd Sir Amiloun,
Whi hath the steward that feloun
  Y-don thè al this schame?"
" Certes, he sayd, with gret tresoun,
He wald me driuen al adoun,
  And hath me brought in blame."
Than told Sir Amis al that cas,
Hou he and that maiden was
  Bothe togider, y-same;
And hou the steward gan hem wrain;
And hou the douke wald him haue slain,
  With wretthe and michel grame:

And also he seyd, Y plight,
Hou he had beden on him fight,
Batail of him to fong;
And hou in court was ther no wight,
To saue the tvay leuedis bright,
Durst ben his borwe among;
And hou he most, withouten faile,
Swere ar he went to bataile,
It war a lesing ful strong,—
"And forsworn man shal neuer spede!
Certes, therfore Y can no rede:
Allas! may be mi song."

When that Sir Amis had al told,
Hou that the fals steward wold
Bring him doun with mode,
Sir Amiloun, with wordes bold,
Swore, "Bi him that Judas sold,
And died opon the rode,
Of his hope he schal now faile!
And Y schal for thè take batàile,
Thei that he were wode.
Yif Y may mete him aright,
With mi brond that is so bright,
Y schal sen his hert blode.

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" Ac brother, he seyd, haue al mi wede,
And in thi robe Y schal me schrede,
Right as thèself it were ;
And Y schal swere, so God me spede,
As icham giltles of that dede
That he opon thè bere !"
Anon tho hendi knightes to,
Alle her wede chaunged tho ;
And when thai were al yare :
Than seyd Sir Amiloun, " Bi Seyn Gile,
Thus man schal the schrewe bigile,
That wald thè forfare.

" Brother, he seyd, wende hom no wright,
To mi leuedi that is so bright,
And do as Y schal thè sain ;
And as thou art a gentil knight,
Thou ly bi hir in bed ich night,
Til that Y com ogain :
And sai thou hast sent thi stede, Y wis,
To thi brother Sir Amis ;
Than wil thai be ful fain.
Thai wil wene that ich it be ;
There is non that schal knowe thè,
So liche we be bothe tvain."

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And when he hadde thus sayde, Y plight,
Sir Amiloun, that gentil knight,
Went in his iurnày:
And Sir Amis went hom, anon right,
To his brother leuedi so bright,
Withouten more delày:
And seyd, hou he hadde sent his stede
To his brother to riche mede,
Bi a knight of that cuntrày.
And al thai wende of Sir Amis,
It had ben her lord, Y wis,
So liche were tho tvay.

Whan that Sir Amis had ful yare
Told him al of his care,
Ful wele he wend tho,
Litel and michel, lasse and mare,
Al that euer in court ware,
Thai thought it hadde ben so.
And when it was comen to the night,
Sir Amis, and that leuedi bright,
To bed thai gun go:
And when thai were togider y-layd
Sir Amis his swerd outbraid,
And layd bitvix hem tvo.

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The leuedi loked opon him tho
Wrothlich with her eighen tvo :
  She wend hir lord were wode.
" Sir, sche seyd whi, farstow so ?
Thus were thou nought won to do :
  Who hath changed thi mode ?"
" Dame, he seyd, sikerly,
Ich haue swiche a malady,
  That mengeth al mi blod ;
And al mi bones be so sare,
Y n'old nought touche thi bodi bare,
  For al this warldes gode."

Thus, Y wis, that hendy knight
Was holden, in that fourtennight,
  As lord and prince in pride :
Ac he foryat him neuer a night,
Bitwix him and that leuedi bright,
  His swerd he leyd biside.
The leuedi thought in hir resoun,
It hadde ben her lord Sir Amiloun,
  That had ben sike that tide ;
Therfore sche held hir stille tho,
And wold speke wordes no mo,
  Bot thought his wille to abide:

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Now, hende, herkneth and Y schal say,
Hou that Sir Amiloun went his way:
For nothing wold he spare,
He priked his stede night and day,
As a gentil knight, stout and gay;
To court he cam ful yare
That selue day, withouten fail,
That was y-sett of batail;
And Sir Amis was nought thare.
Than were tho leuedis taken bi hond,
Her iuggement to vnderstond,
With sorwe and sikeing sare.

The steward houed opon a stede,
With scheld and spere bataile to bede;
Gret bost he gan to blawe.
Bifor the douke anon he yede,
And seyd, "Sir, so God me spede,
Herken to mi sawe:
This traitour is out of lond y-went;
Yif he were here in presènt,
He schuld ben hong and drawe:
Therefore iche aske iugement
That his borwes be to-brent,
As it is londes lawe."

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That riche douke, with wrethe y-wrake,
He bad men schuld tho leuedis take,
And lede hem forthe biside.
A strong fer ther was don make,
And a tonne for her sake,
To bren hem in that tide.
Than thai loked into the feld,
And seighe a knight with sper and scheld,
Com prikeand ther with pride:
Than seyd thai euerichon, Y wis,
Yonder cometh prikeand Sir Amis,
And bad thai schuld abide.

Sir Amiloun gan stint at no ston,
He priked among hem euerichon;
To that douke he gan wende.
"Mi lord the douke, he seyd anon,
For schame lete tho leuedis gon,
That er bothe gode and hende!
For ich am comen hider to-day
For to sauen hem, yiue Y may,
And bring hem out of bende:
For, certes, it were michel vnright
To make a roste of leuedis bright;
Y wis, ye eren vnkende!"

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Than ware tho leuedis glad and blithe,
Her ioie couthe thai no man kithe;
Her care was al oway:
And seththen, as ye may list and lithe,
Into the chaumber thai went aswithe,
Withouten more delay:
And richeliche thai schred that knight,
With helm and plate and brini bright,
His tire it was ful gay.
And when he was opon his stede,
That God him schuld saue and spede,
Mani a man bad that day.

As he come prikand out of toun,
Com a voice fram heuen adoun,
That no man herd bot he:
" Stay thou knight Sir Amiloun!
God that suffred passioun
Sent thè bode bi me!
Yif thou this bataile vnderfong,
Thou schalt haue an euentour strong,
Within this yeres thre;
For till this thre yere ben al gon,
Fouler mesel n'as neuer non
In the world than thou schalt bè.

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" Ac, for thou art so hende and fre,
Jesu sent thè bode bi me
To warn thè anon :
So foule a wreche thou schalt be,
With sorwe, and care, and pouertè,
N'as neuer non wers bigon.
Ouer al this world, fer and hende,
Tho that be thine best frende,
Schal bi thi most fon :
And thi wiif, and alle thi kinne,
Schul fle the stede thatow art inne
And forsake thè ichon."

That knight gan houe stille so ston,
And herd tho wordes euerichon,
That were so gret and grille :
He n'ist what him was best to don,
To flen other to fighting gon ;
In hert him liked ille.
He thought, " Yif Y beknowe mi name,
Than schal mi brother go to schame ;
With sorwe thai schul him spille !
Certes, he seyd, for drede of care,
To holde mi treuthe schal Y nought spare !
Lete God don alle his wille !"

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Al the folk ther was, Y wis,
Thai wend it had ben Sir Amis
That bataile schuld bede.
He and the steward of pris
Were brought bifor the iustise,
To swere for that dede.
The steward swore the pople among,
As wis as he seyd no wrong,
God help him at his nede!
And Sir Amiloun swore and gan to say,
As wis as he neuer kist that may,
Our leuedi schuld him spede!

When thai had sworn as Y you told,
To biker tho bernes were ful bold,
And busked hem for to ride.
Al that ther was yong and old,
Bisought God, yif that he wold,
Help Sir Amis that tide.
On stedes that were stithe and strong,
Thai riden togider with schaftes long,
Till thai to-schiverd bi ich a side;
And than drough thai swerdes gode,
And hewe togider as thai were wode;
For nothing thai n'old abide.

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Tho gomes that were egre of sight,
With fauchouns felle thai gun to fight,
And ferd as thai were wode.
So hard thai hewe on helmes bright,
With strong strokes of michel might,
That fer biforn outstode:
So hard thai hewe on helme and side,
Thurch dent of grimly woundes wide,
That thai sprad al of blod.
From morwe to none, withouten faile,
Bitvixen hem last the bataile,
So egre thai were of mode.

Sir Amiloun, as fer of flint,
With wretthe anon to him he wint,
And smot a stroke with main:
Ac he failed of his dint,
The stede in the heued he hint,
And smot out al his brain.
The stede fel ded doun to grounde;
Tho was the steward that stounde
Ful ferd he schuld be slain.
Sir Amiloun light adoun of his stede;
To the steward afot he yede,
And halp him vp ogain.

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" Arise vp steward," he seyd anon,
" To fight thou schalt afot gon,
For thou hast lorn thi stede.
For it were gret vilani, bi Seyn Jon,
A liggeand man for to slon,
That were y-fallen in nede."
The knight was ful fre to fond,
And toke the steward bi the hond,
And seyd, " So God me spede,
Now thou schalt afot go,
Y schal fight afot also;
And elles were gret falshed."

The steward and that douhti man
Anon togider thai fight gan,
With brondes bright and bare;
So hard togider thai fight than,
Til al her armour o blod ran;
For nothing n'old thai spare.
The steward smot to him that stounde
On his schulder a gret wounde,
With his grimly gare,
That thurch that wounde, as ye may here,
He was knowen with reweli chere,
When he was fallen in care.

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Than was Sir Amiloun wroth and wode,
Whan al his armour ran o blode,
That ere was white so swan.
With a fauchoun, scharp and gode,
He smot to him with egre mode,
Al so a douhti man;
That euen fro the schulder-blade
Into the brest the brond gan wade,
Thurchout his hert it ran.
The steward fel adoun ded;
Sir Amiloun strok of his hed,
And God he thonked it than.

Alle the lordinges that ther ware,
Litel and michel, lasse and mare,
Ful glad thai were that tide.
The heued opon a spere thai bare,
To toun thai dight hem ful yare;
For nothing thai n'old abide.
Thai come oyaines him out of toun,
With a fair processioun,
Semliche bi ich a side.
Anon thai ladde him to the tour,
With ioie and ful michel honòur,
As prince proude in pride.

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Into the palais when thai were gon,
Al that was in that worthli won,
Wende Sir Amis it ware.
" Sir Amis, seyd the douke anon,
Bifor this lordinges euerichon,
Y graunt thè ful yare,
For Belisent that miri may
Thou hast bought hir ful dere to-day,
With grimli woundes sare:
Therfore Y graunt thè now here
Mi lond and mi douhter dere,
To hald for euer mare."

Ful blithe was that hendi knight,
And thonked him with al his might;
Glad he was and fain.
In al the court was ther no wight
That wist was his name it hight,
To saue tho leuedis tvain.
Leches swithe thai han y-founde,
That gun to tasty his wounde,
And made him hole ogain.
Than were thai al glad and blithe,
And thonked God a thousand sithe,
That the steward was slain.

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On a day Sir Amiloun dight him yare,
And seyd that he wold fare
Hom into his cuntràȳ,
To telle his frendes, lasse and mare,
And other lordinges that there ware,
Hou he had sped that day.
The douke graunted him that tide,
And bede him knightes and miche pride,
And he answerd, nay,
Ther schuld no man with him gon;
Bot as swithe him dight anon,
And went forth in his way.

In his way he went alone;
Most ther no man with him gon,
Noither knight no swain.
That douhti knight of blod and bon,
No stint he neuer at no ston,
Til he com hom ogain:
And Sir Amis, as Y you say,
Waited his coming eueri day,
Vp in the forest plain:
And so thai mett togider same,
And he teld him, with ioie and game,
Hou he hadde the steward slain;

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And hou he schuld spousy to mede
That ich maide, worthli in wede,
That was so comly corn.
Sir Amiloun light of his stede,
And gan to chaungy her wede,
As thai hadde don biforn.
" Brother, he seyd, wende hom ogain,"—
And taught him hou he schuld sain,
When he com ther thai worn.
Than was Sir Amis glad and blithe,
And thanked him a thousand sithe
The time when he was born.

And when thai schuld wende a-to,
Sir Amis oft thonked him tho
His cost and his gode dede.
" Brother, he seyd, yif it bitide so,
That thè bitide care other wo,
And of min help hast nede,
Sueliche com other sendè thi sond;
And Y schal neuer lenger withstond,
Al so God me spede;
Be it in perill neuer so strong,
Y schal thè help in right and wrong,
Mi liif to lese to mede."

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Asonder than thai gun wende:
Sir Amiloun, that knight so hende,
  Went home in that tide
To his leuedi, that was unkende,
And was ful welcome to his frende,
  As prince proude in pride.
And when it was comen to the night,
Sir Amiloun, and that leuedi bright,
  In bedde were leyd biside:
In his armes he gan hir kis,
And made hir ioie and michel blis,
  For nothing he n'old abide.

The leuedi astite asked him tho,
Wi that he had farn so,
  Al that fourtennight,
Laid his swerd bitven hem to,
That sche no durst nought for wele no wo,
  Touche his bodi aright.
Sir Amiloun bithought him than,
His brother was a trewe man,
  That hadde so don aplight.
" Dame, he seyd, ichil thè sain,
And telle thè that sothe ful fain;
  Ac wray me to no wight."

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The leuedi astite him frain gan,
For his loue that this warld wan,
Telle hir whi hit ware.
Than astite that hendy man
Al the sothe he teld hir than,
To court hou he gan fare;
And hou he slough the steward strong,
That, with tresoun, and with wrong,
Wold haue his brother forfare;
And hou his brother that hendy knight
Lay with hir in bed ich night,
While that he was thare.

The leuedi was ful wroth, Y plight,
And oft missayd hir lord that night,
With speche bitvix hem to;
And seyd, "With wrong and michel vnright,
Thou slough ther a gentil knight:
Y wis, it was iuel y-do."
"Dame, he seyd, bi heuen king,
Y no dede it for non other thing
Bot to saue mi brother fro wo;
And ich hope, yif ich hadde nede,
His owhen liif to lesse to mede,
He wald help me also."

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Al thus, in gest as we sain,
Sir Amis was ful glad and fain;
To court he gan to wende:
And when he com to court oyain,
With erl, baroun, knight and swain,
Honourd he was that hende.
That riche douke tok him bi hond,
And sesed him in alle his lond,
To held withouten ende;
And seththen with ioie opon a day,
He spoused Belisent that may,
That was so trewe and kende.

Miche was that semly folk in sale,
That was samned at that bridàle,
Whan he hadde spoused that flour,
Of erl, barouns, mani and fale,
And other lordinges gret and smale,
And leuedis bright in bour.
A real fest thai gan to hold
Of erl and of barouns bold,
With ioie and michel honòur.
Ouer al that lond, est and west,
Than was Sir Amis helden the best,
And chosen for priis in tour.

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So, within tho yeres to,
A wel fair grace fel hem tho,
As God Almighti wold;
The riche douke dyed hem fro,
And his leuedi dede also,
And grauen in grete so cold.
Than was Sir Amis, hende and fre,
Douke and lord of gret poustè,
Ouer al that land y-hold.
Tvai childer he biyat bi his wiue,
The fairest that might bere liue,
In gest as it is told.

Than was that knight of gret renoun,
And lord of mani a tour and toun,
And douke of gret poustè:
And his brother, Sir Amiloun,
With sorwe and care was driuen adoun,
That ere was hende and fre.
Al so that angel had him told,
Fouler messel thar n'as non hold
In world, than was he:
In gest to rede it is gret rewthe,
What sorwe he hadde for his treuthe,
Within tho yeres thre.

And er tho thre yere come to ende,
He no wist whider he might wende,
  For wo was him bigon:
For al that were his best frende,
And nameliche al his riche kende,
  Bicom his most fon;
And his wiif, forsothe to say,
Wrought him werse bothe night and day,
  Than thai dede euerichon.
When him was fallen that hard cas,
A frendeleser man than he was
  Men n'ist no whar is on.

So wicked and schrewed was his wiif
Sche brac his hert withouten kniif,
  With wordes hard and kene:
And seyd to him, "Thou wreche chaitif,
With wrong the steward les his liif,
  And that is on thè sene:
Therfore, bi Seyn Denis of Fraunce,
Ther is betid this hard chaunce.
  Dathet who thè bimene!
Wel ofttimes his honden he wrong,
As man that thenketh his liif to long,
  That liueth in treye and tene.

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Allas, allas! that gentil knight,
That whilom was so wise and wight,
That than was wrought so wo,
That fram his leuedi, fair and bright,
Out of his owhen chaumber anight,
He was y-hote to go.
And in his owhen halle o day,
Fram the heighe bord oway,
He was y-charged also,
To eten at the tables ende:
Wald ther no man sit him hende;
Wel careful was he tho!

Bi then that half yere was ago,
That he had eten in halle so,
With gode mete and with drink,
His leuedi wax ful wroth and wo,
And thought he leued to long tho,
Withouten ani lesing:—
"In this lond springeth this word,
Y fede a mesel at mi bord,
He is so foule a thing,
It is gret spite to al mi kende;
He schal no more sitt me so hende,
Bi Jesus heuen king."

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On a day sche can him calle,
And seyd, " Sir, it is so bifalle,
For sothe Y telle it te,
That thou etest so long in halle,
It is gret spite to ous alle :
Mi kende is wroth with me!"
The knight gan wepe, and seyd ful stille,
" Do me where it is thi wille,
Ther no man may me se!
Of no more ichil thè praye,
Bot of a meles mete ich day,
For Seynt Charitè!"

That leuedi for hir lordes sake,
Anon sche dede men timber take,
For nothing wold sche wond,
And half a mile fram the gate,
A litel loge sche lete make,
Biside the way to stond.
And when the loge was al wrought
Of his gode no wolde he aught,
Bot his golde coupe an hond.
When he was in his loge alon,
To God of heuen he made his mon,
And thonked him of al his sond.

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Into that loge when he was dight,
In al the court was ther no wight,
That wold serue him thare,
To-saue a gentil child, Y plyght;
Child Owaines his name it hight;
For him he wepe ful sare.
That child was trewe and of his kende,
His soster sone he was ful hende:
He seyd to hem ful yare,
Y wis, he no schuld neuer wond,
To seruen him fro fot to hond,
While he oliues ware.

That child that was so fair and bold,
Owaines was his name y-told,
Wel fair he was of blode.
When he was of tvelue yere old,
Amoraunt than was he cald,
Wel curteys, hende and gode.
Bi his lord ich night he lay,
And feched her livrere euer[ī] day,
To her liues fode.
When ich man was gle and song,
Euer for his lord among
He made dreri mode.

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Thus Amoraunt, as Y you say,
Com to court ich day;
No stint he for no striue.
Al that ther was gan him pray,
To com fro that lazer oway,
Than schuld he thè and thriue:
And he answerd, with milde mode,
And swore bi him that dyed on rode,
And tholed woundes fiue,
For al this worldes gode to take,
His lord n'old he neuer forsake,
Whiles he ware oliue.

Bi than the tvelmoneth was al gon,
Amorant went into that won,
For his lordes liueray.
The leuedi was ful wroth anon,
And comaundè hir men euerichon,
To driue that child oway;
And swore, bi him that Judas sold,
Thei his lord, for hunger and cold,
Dyed ther he lay,
He schuld haue noither mete no drink,
No socour of non other thing
For his after that day.

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That child wrong his honden twain,
And weping went hom ogain,
With sorwe and sikeing sare.
That gode man gan him frain,
And bad him that he schuld him sain,
And telle him whi it ware.
And he answerd and seyd tho:
" Y wis, no wonder thei me be wo!
Min hert it breketh for care.
Thi wiif hath sworn with gret mode,
That sche no schal neuer done ous gode;
Allas! hou schal we fare?"

" A! God help! seyd that gentil knight:
Whilom Y was man of might,
To dele mete and cloth,
And now icham so foule a wight,
That al that seth on me bi sight,
Mi liif is hem ful loth.
Sone, he seyd, lete thi wepeing,
For this is now a strong tiding,
That may we se forsoth.
For, certes, Y can non other red;
Ous bihoueth to bid our brede;
Now Y wot hou it goth."

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Amorwe, astite as it was light,
The child and that gentil knight
Dight hem for to gon;
And in her way thai went ful right,
To begge her brede as thai hadde tight;
For mete no hadde thai non.
So long thai went, vp and doun,
Til thai com to a chepeing toun,
Fiue mile out of that won;
And sore wepeand, fro dore to dore,
And bad her mete for godes loue:
Ful iuel couthe thai theron.

So in that time, ich vnderstond,
Gret plentè was in that lond,
Bothe of mete and drink.
That folk was ful fre to fond,
And brought hem anough to hond
Of al kines thing.
For the gode man was so messaner tho,
And for the child was so fair also,
Hem loued old and ying,
And brought hem anough of al gode;
Than was the child blithe of mode,
And lete be his wepeing.

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Than wex the gode man fote so sare
That he no might no forther fare,
For al this worldes gode.
To the tounes ende that child him bare,
And a loge he hilt him thare,
As folk to chepeing yode.
And al that folk of that cuntrèy,
Com to chepeing eueri day;
Thai gat hem liues fode:
And Amoraunt oft to toun gan go,
And begged hem mete and drink also,
When hem most nede at stode.

Thus in gest rede we,
Thai duelled there yeres thre,
That child and he also,
And liued in care and pouertè,
Bi the folk of that cuntrè,
As thai com to and fro:
So that in the ferth yere,
Corn bigan to wex dere,
That hunger bigan to go,
That ther was noither eld no ying,
That wald yif hem mete no drink;
Wel careful were thai tho.

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Amorant oft to toun gan gon,
Ac mete no drink no gat he non,
Noither at man no wiue.
When thai were togider alon,
Reweliche thai gan maken her mon ;
Wo was hem oliue :
And his leuedi, forsothe to say,
Woned ther in that cuntrày
Nought thennes miles fiue ;
And liued in ioie bothe night and day,
Whiles he in sorwe and care lay :
Wel iuel mot sche thriue!

On a day as thai sete alon,
That hendi knight gan meken his mon,
And seyd to the child that tide ;
" Sone, he seyd, thou most gon
To mi leuedi swithe anon,
That woneth here biside :
Bid hir, for him that did on rode,
Sende me so michel of al mi gode
An asse on to ride ;
And out of lond we wil fare,
To begge our mete with sorwe and care,
No longer we n'il abide."

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Amoraunt to court is went,
Bifor that leuedi fair and gent,
Wel hendeliche seyd hir anon :
" Madame, he seyd, verament,
As mensanger mi lord me sent
For himself may nought gon,
And praies te, with milde mode,
Sende him so michel of al his gode,
As an asse to riden opon ;
And out of lond we schulen y-fere,
No schal we neuer com eft here,
Thei hunger ous schulde slon."

The leuedi seyd sche wald ful fain
Sende him gode asses tvain,
With-thi he wald oway go
So fer that he neuer eft com ogain.
" Nay certes, madame, the child gan sain,
Thou sest ous neuer eft mo."
Than was the leuedi glad and blithe,
And comaund him an asse as swithe,
And seyd with wretthe tho :
" Now ye schul out of lond fare,
God leue you neuer to com here mare,
And graunt that it be so !"

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That child no lenger n'old abide;
His asse astite he gan bistride,
And went him hom ogain,
And told his lord, in that tide,
Hou his leuedi, proude in pride,
Schameliche gan to sain.
Opon the asse he set that knight so hende,
And out of the citè thai gun wende,
Therof thai were ful fain.
Thurch mani a cuntrè, vp an doun,
Thai begged her mete, fram toun to toun,
Bothe in winde and rain.

Ouer al that lond, thurch Godes wille,
That hunger wex so gret and grille,
As wide as thai gun go.
Almest for hunger thai gan to spille;
Of brede thai no hadde nought half her fille;
Ful careful were thai tho.
Than seyd the knight opon a day:
" Ous bihoueth selle our asse oway,
For we no haue gode no mo,
Saue mi riche coupe of gold:
Ac, certes, that schal neuer be sold,
Thei hunger schuld mi slo."

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Than Amoraunt and Sir Amiloun,
With sorwe and care and reweful roun,
Erliche in a mor[n]ing,
Thai went hem til a chepeing toun,
And when the knight was light adoun,
Withouten ani duelling,
Amoraunt went to toun tho;
His asse he ladde with him also,
And sold it for fiue schilling;
And while that derth was so strong,
Therwith thai bought hem mete among,
When thai might gete nothing.

And when her asse was y-sold,
For fiue shilling, as Y you told,
Thai duelled ther dayes thre.
Amoraunt wex strong and bold,
Of fiftene winter was he old,
Curtays, hende and fre.
For his lord he hadde grete care,
And at his rigge he dight him yare,
And bare him out of that citè;
And half a yere, and sumdel mare,
About his mete he him bare;
Y-blised mot he be!

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Thus Amoraunt, withouten wrong,
Bar his lord about so long,
As Y you tel may,
That winter com so hard and strong,
Oft "allas!" it was his song,
So depe was that cuntrày.
The way was so depe and slider,
Oft times bothe togider
Thai fel doun in the clay.
Ful trewe he was and kinde of blod,
And serued his lord with mild mode,
Wald he nought wende oway.

Thus Amoraunt, as Y you say,
Serued his lord bothe night and day,
And at his rigge him bare.
Oft his song was, waileway!
So depe was that cuntray,
His bones wex ful sare.
Al her catel than was spent,
Saue tvelf pans, verrament;
Therwith thai went ful yare,
And bought hem a gode croude wain.
His lord he gan therin to lain;
He no might him bere na mare.

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Than Amoraunt crud Sir Amiloun
Thurch mani a cuntrè, vp and doun,
As ye may vnderstond.
So he came to a citè-toun,
Ther Sir Amis, the bold baroun,
Was douke and lord in lond.
Than seyd the knight in that tide,
" To the doukes court, here biside,
To bring me thider thou fond.
He is a man of milde mode ;
We schul gete ous ther sum gode,
Thurch grace of Godes sond !

" Ac leue sone, he seyd than,
For his loue that this world wan,
Astow art hende and fre,
Thou be aknowe to no man
Whider Y schal, no whenes Y cam,
No what mi name it be."
He answerd and seyd nay.
To court he went in his way,
As ye may listen at me,
And bifor al other pouer men,
He crud his wain into the fen :
Gret diol it was to se !

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So it bifel that selue day,
With tong as Y you tel may,
It was mid winter tide,
That riche douke, with gamen and play,
Fram chirche com the right way,
As lord and prince of pride.
When he com to the castel-gate,
The pouer men that stode therate,
Withdrough hem ther biside.
With knightes and with seriaunce fale,
He went into that semly sale,
With ioie and blis to abide.

In kinges court, as it is lawe,
Trumpes in halle to mete gun blawe,
To benche went tho bold.
When thai were semly set on rowe,
Serued thai were, opon a throwe,
As men miriest on mold.
That riche douke, withouten les,
As a prince serued he wes,
With riche coupes of gold:
And that brought him to that state
Stode bischet, withouten the gate,
Wel sore of-hungred and cold.

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Out at the gate com a knight,
And a seriaunt, wise and wight,
  To plain hem bothe y-fere :
And, thurch the grace of God Almight,
On Sir Amiloun he cast a sight,
  Hou laith he was of chere ;
And seththen biheld on Amoraunt,
Hou gentil he was and of fair semblaunt,
  In gest as ye may here.
Than seyd thai bothe, " Bi Seyn Jon !
In al the court was ther non
  Of fairehed half his pere."

The gode man gan to him go,
And hendeliche he asked him tho,
  As ye may vnderstond,
From wat lond that he com fro,
And whi that he stode ther tho,
  And whom he serued in lond.
" Sir, he seyd, so God me saue,
Icham here mi lordes knaue,
  That lith in Godes bond :
And thou art gentil knight of blode !
Bere our erand of sum gode,
  Thurch grace of Godes sond !"

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The gode man asked him anon,
Yif he wald fro that lazer gon,
And trewelich to him take;
And, he seyd, he schuld, bi Seyn Jon,
Serue that riche douke in that won,
And riche man he wald him make.
And he answerd, with mild mode,
And swore bi him that dyed on rode,
Whiles he might walk and wake,
For to winne al this warldes gode,
His hende lord that bi him stode,
Schuld he neuer forsake.

The gode man wende he hadde ben rage,
Or he hadde ben a fole sage,
That hadde his witt forlorn;
Other he thought that his lord, with the foule visage,
Hadde ben a man of heighe paràge,
And of heighe kinde y-corn.
Therfore he n'old no more sain,
Bot went him into the halle ogain,
The riche douke biforn:
"Mi lord, he seyd, listen to me!
The best bourd, bi mi leutè,
Thou herdest seththen thou were born."

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The riche douke badde him anon
To telle, biforn hem euerichon,
Withouten more duelling.
" Now Sir, he seyd, bi Seyn John,
Ich was out at gate y-gon,
Right now on mi playing :
Pouer men Y seighe mani thare,
Litel and michel, lasse and mare,
Bothe old and ying,
And a lazer ther Y fond,
Herdestow neuer, in no lond,
Telle of so foule a thing.

" The lazer lith vp in a wain,
And is so pouer of might and main,
O fot no may he gon ;
And ouer him stode a naked swain,
A gentiler child, forsothe to sain,
In world no wot Y non ;
He is the fairest gome
That euer Crist yaf Cristendome,
Or layd liif opon ;
And on of the most fole he is,
That euer thou herdest speke, Y wis,
In this worldes won."

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Than seyd the riche douke ogain,
" What foly, he seyd, can he sain ?
Is he madde of mode ?"
" Sir, he seyd, Y bad him fain
Forsake the lazer in the wain,
That he so ouerstode,
And in thi seruise he schuld be ;
Y bihete him bothe lond and fe,
Anough of warldes gode ;
And he answerd and seyd tho,
He n'old neuer gon him fro :
Therfore ich hold him wode."

Than seyd the douke, " Thei his lord be lorn,
Parauentour, the gode man hath biforn
Holpen him at his nede ;
Other the child is of his blod y-born,
Other he hath him othes sworn,
His liif with him to lede.
Whether he be fremd or of his blod,
The child, he seyd, is trewe and gode,
Al so God me spede !
Yif ichim speke er he wende,
For that he is so trewe and kende,
Y schal quite him his mede.

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That douke astite as Y you told,
Cleped to him a squier bold,
And hendelich gan him sain:
"Take, he seyd, mi coupe of gold,
As ful of wine astow might hold,
In thine hondes tvain,
And bere it to the castel-gate;
A lazer thou schalt find therate,
Liggeand in a wain.
Bid him, for the loue of Seyn Martin,
He and his page drink this win
And bring me the coupe ogain."

The squier tho the coupe hent,
And to the castel-gat he went,
And ful of win he it bare.
To the lazer he seyd, "Verrament,
This coupe ful of win mi lord thè sent;
Drink it yif thou dare."
The lazar tok forth his coupe of gold,
Bothe were yoten in o mold,
Right as that selue it ware.
Therin he pourd that win so riche;
Than were thai bothe ful yliche,
And noither lesse no mare.

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The squier biheld the coupes tho,
First his and his lordes also,
  Whiles he stode hem biforn.
Ac he no couthe neuer mo
Chese the better of hem to,
  So liche bothe thai worn.
Into halle he ranne ogain :
" Certes sir, he gan to sain,
  Mani gode dede thou hast lorn,
And so thou hast lorn this dede now ;
He is a richer man than thou,
  Bi the time that God was born !"

The riche douke answerd, " Nay,
That worth neuer bi night no day ;
  It were oyaines the lawe."
" Yis, sir, he gan to say,
He is a traitour, bi mi fay,
  And were wele worth to drawe :
For, when Y brought him the win,
He drough forth a gold coupe fin,
  Right as it ware thin awe.
In this world, bi Seyn Jon,
So wise a man is ther non,
  Asundri schuld hem knawe."

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" Now, certes, seyd Sir Amis tho,
In al this world were coupes no mo
So liche in al thing,
Saue min and mi brothers also,
That was sett bitvix ous to,
To ken of our parting :
And, yif it be so, with tresoun
Min hende brother Sir Amiloun
Is slain, withouten lesing.
And yif he haue stollen his coupe oway,
Y schal him sle meself this day,
Bi Jesu heuen king !"

Fram the bord he resed than,
And hent his swerd as a wode man,
And drough it out with wrake ;
And to the castel-gat he ran ;
In al the court was ther no man
That him might atake.
To the lazer he stirt in the wain,
And hent him in his honden tvain,
And sleynt him in the lake,
And leyd on as he were wode ;
And al that euer about him stode
Gret diol gan make.

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" Traitour, seyd the douke so bold,
Where haddestow this coupe of gold,
And hou com thou therto?
For, bi him that Judas sold,
Amiloun mi brother it hadde in wold,
When that he went me fro."
" Ya, certes, sir, he gan to say,
It was his in his cuntràỳ,
And now it is fallen so.
Bot, certes, now that icham here,
The coupe is mine, Y bought it dere,
With right Y com therto."

Than was the douke ful egre of mod;
Was no man that about him stode,
That durst legge on him hond.
He spurned him with his fot,
And laid on as he wer wode,
With his naked brond;
And bi the fet the lazer he drough,
And drad on him in the slough;
For nothing wald he wond:
And seyd, " Thef, thou schalt be slawe,
Bot thou wilt be the sothe aknawe,
Where thou the coupe fond!"

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Child Amoraunt stode the pople among,
And seye his lord with wough and wrong,
  Hou reweliche he was dight.
He was bothe hardi and strong;
The douke in his armes he fong,
  And held him stille vpright.
" Sir, he seyd, thou art vnhende,
And of thi werkes vnkende,
  To sle that gentil knight.
Wel sore may him rewe that stounde,
That euer for thè toke he wounde,
  To saue thi liif in fight.

When Sir Amis herd him so sain,
He stirt to the knight ogain,
  Withouten more delay;
And biclept him in his armes tvain,
And oft, " Allas," he gan sain,
  His song was waileway!
He loked opon his scholder bare
And seighe his grimly wounde thare,
  As Amoraunt gan him say.
He fel aswon to the grounde,
And oft he seyd, " Allas," that stounde
  That euer he bode that day!

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" Allas, he seyd, mi ioie is lorn!
Vnkender blod n'as neuer born;
Y n'ot what Y may do!
For he saued mi liif biforn,
Ichaue him yolden with wo and sorn,
And wrought him michel wo.
O brother! he seyd, par charitè,
This rewely dede foryif thou me,
That ichaue smiten thè so!"
And he foryaue it him al so swithe,
And kist him wel mani a sithe,
Wepeand with eighen tvo.

Than was Sir Amis glad and fain;
For ioie he wepe with his ain,
And hent his brother than,
And toke him in his armes tvain,
Right til he com into the halle oyain,
No bar him no nother man.
The leuedi tho in the halle stode,
And wende hir lord hadde hen wode;
Oyaines him hye ran:
" Sir, sche seyd, wat is thi thought?
Whi hastow him into halle y-brought,
For him that this world wan?"

Digitized by Google

" O dame! he seyd, bi Seyn Jon,
Me n'as neuer so woe-bigon,
  Yif thou it wost vnderstond!
For better knight in world is non;
Bot almost now ichaue him slon,
  And schamely driuen to schond;
For it is mi brother Sir Amiloun,
With sorwe and care is driuen adoun,
  That er was fre to fond."
The leuedi fel aswon to grounde,
And wepe and seyd, " Allas," that stounde;
  Wel sore wrengand hir honde.

As foule a laser as he was
The leuedi kist him in that plas,
  For nothing wold sche spare;
And oft time sche seyd, " Allas!
That him was fallen so hard a cas,
  To liue in sorwe and care.
Into hir chaumber she can him lede,
And kest of al his pouer wede,
  And bathed his bodi al bare,
And to a bedde swithe him brought,
With clothes riche and wele y-wrought;
  Ful blithe of him thai ware.

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And thus, in gest as we say,
Tvelmoneth in hir chaumber he lay;
Ful trewe thai ware and kinde.
No wold thai nick him with no nay;
Whatsoeuer he asked, night or day,
It n'as neuer bihinde;
Of euerich mete and eueri drink
Thai hadde hemselue, withouten lesing;
Thai ware him bothe ful minde;
And bi than the tvelmonth was ago,
A ful fair grace fel hem tho,
In gest as we finde.

So as bifel opon a night,
As Sir Amis, that gentil knight,
In slepe thought, as he lay,
An angel com fram heuen bright,
And stode biforn his bed ful right,
And to him thus gan say;
Yif he wald rise on Cristes morn,
Swiche time as Jesu Crist was born,
And slen his children tvay,
And alien his brother with the blode,
Thurch Godes grace that is so gode,
His wo schuld wende oway.

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Thus him thought al the thre night,
An angel out of heuen bright
Warned him euermore,
Yif he wald do as he him hight,
His brother schuld ben as fair a knight,
As euer he was biforn.
Ful blithe was Sir Amis tho;
Ac for his childer him was ful wo,
For fairer n'er non born.
Wel loth him was his childer to slo,
And wele lother his brother forgo
That is so kinde y-corn.

Sir Amiloun met that night also,
That an angel warned him tho,
And seyd to him ful yare,
Yif his brother wald his childer slo,
The hert blod of hem to
Might bring him out of care.
Amorwe Sir Amis was ful hende,
And to his brother he gan wende,
And asked him of his fare;
And he him answerd oyain ful stille,
" Brother, ich abide her Godes wille,
For Y may do na mare."

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Al so thai sete togider thare,
And speke of auentours as it were,
Tho knightes hende and fre,
Than seyd Sir Amiloun ful yare,
" Brother Y n'il nought spare
To tel thè in priuitè.
Methought to-night in mi sweuen,
That an angel com fram heuen ;
Forsothe he told me
That thurch the blod of thin children to,
Y might aschape out of mi wo.
Al hayl and hole to be."

Than thought the douke, withouten lesing,
For to slen his childer so ying
It were a dedli sinne ;
And than thought he, bi heuen king,
His brother out of sorwe bring,
For that n'old he nought blinne.
So it bifel on Cristes night,
Swiche time as Jesu, ful of might,
Was born to saue mankinne,
To chirche to wende al that ther wes
Thai dighten hem, withouten les,
With ioie and worldes winne.

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Than thai were redi for to fare,
The douke bad al that ther ware,
To chirche thai schulde wende,
Litel and michel, lasse and mare,
That non bileft in chaumber thare,
As thai wald ben his frende :
And seyd, he wald himselue that night,
Kepe his brother that gentil knight,
That was so god and hende.
Than was ther non that durst say nay ;
To chirche thai went in her way :
At hom bileft tho hende.

The douke wel fast gan aspie
The kays of the noricerie,
Er than thai schuld gon ;
And priuiliche he cast his eighe
And aparceiued ful witterlye,
Where that thai hadde hem don :
And when thai were to chirche went,
Than Sir Amis, verrament,
Was bileft alon.
He toke a candel, fair and bright,
And to the kays he went ful right,
And tok hem oway ichon.

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Alon himself, withouten mo,
Into the chaumber he gan to go,
Ther that his childer were;
And biheld hem bothe to,
Hou fair thai lay togider tho,
And slepe bothe y-fere:
Than seyd himselue, " Bi Seyn Jon,
It were gret rewethe you to slon,
That God hath bought so dere!"
His knïif he had drawen that tide;
For sorwe he sleynt oway biside,
And wepe with reweful chere.

Than he hadde wopen ther he stode,
Anon he turned oyain his mode,
And sayd withouten delay:
" Mi brother was so kinde and gode,
With grimly wounde he schad his blod,
For mi loue opon a day.
Whi schuld Y than mi childer spare,
To bring mi brother out of care?
O certes! he seyd, nay!
To help mi brother now at this nede,
God graunt me therto wele to spede,
And Mari that best may!"

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No lenger stint he no stode,
Bot hent his kniif with dreri mode,
And tok his children tho;
For he n'old nought spille her blode,
Quer a bacine fair and gode
Her throtes he schar atvo.
And when he hadde hem bothe slain,
He laid hem in her bedde again;
No wonder thai him wer wo!
And hilde hem that no wight schuld se,
As no man hadde at hem be,
Out of chaumber he gan go.

And when he was out of chaumber gon,
The dore he steked stille anon,
As fast as it was biforn.
The kays he hidde vnder a ston,
And thought thai schuld wone ichon,
That thai hadde ben forlorn.
To his brother he went him than,
And seyd to that careful man,
Swiche time as god was born.
"Ichaue thè brought mi childer blod;
Ich hope it schal do thè gode,
As the angel seyd biforn."

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" Brother, Sir Amiloun gan to say,
Hastow slayn thine children tvay?
Allas! whi destow so?'
He wepe and seyd, " Waileway!
Ich had leuer, til domesday,
Haue liued in care and wo!"
Than seyd Sir Amis: " Be now stille!
Jesu, when it is his wille,
May sende me childer mo:
For me, of blis thou art al bare!
Y wis mi liif wil Y nought spare
To help thè now therfro."

He tok that blode that was so bright,
And alied that gentil knight,
That euer was hende in hale;
And seththen in a bed him dight,
And wreighe him wel warm aplight,
With clothes riche and fale;
" Brother, he seyd, ly now stille,
And falle on slepe, thurch Godes wille,
As the angel told in tale,
And ich hope wele, withouten lesing,
Jesu, that is heuen king,
Schal bote thè of thi bale."

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Sir Amis lete him ly alon,
And into his chapel he went anon,
In gest as ye may here;
And for his childer that he hadde slon,
To God of heuen he made his mon,
And preyd with rewely chere,
Schuld saue him fram schame that day;
And Mari, his moder, that best may,
That was him leue and dere;
And Jesu Crist, in that stede,
Ful wele he herd that knightes bede,
And graunt him his praière.

Amorwe, as tite as it was day,
The leuedi com hom al with play,
With knightes ten and fiue.
Thai sought the kays ther thai lay;
Thai founde hem nought; thai were oway:
Wel wo was hem oliue!
The douke bad al that ther was,
Thai schuld hold hem stille in pas,
And stint of her striue;
And seyd, he hadde the keys nome:
Schuld no man in the chaumber come
Bot himself and his wiue.

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Anon he tok his leuedi than,
And seyd to hir, " Leue leman,
Be blithe and glad of mode ;
For, bi him that this warld wan,
Bothe mi childer ich haue slan,
That were so hende and gode :
For methought in mi sweuen,
That an angel com fram heuen,
And seyd me, thurch her blode
Mi brother schuld passe out of his wo:
Therfore Y slough hem bothe to,
To hele that frely fode."

Than was the leuedi ferly wo,
And seighe hir lord was al so,
Sche comfort him ful yare:
" O, lef liif! sch seyd tho,
God may sende ous childer mo!
Of hem haue thou no care.
Yif it ware at min hert rote,
For to bring thi brother bote,
My lyffe Y wold not spare;
There shall no man oure children sen,
For to-morn thei schull beryed ben,
As thei faire ded were."

Thus that lady, faire and bryght,
Conforted here lorde with here myght,
As ye may vnderstonde;
Sen thei went both ryght
To Sir Amylion that gentyll knyght,
That euer was fre to fonde.
When Sir Amylion awaked tho,
All his foulehed away was go,
Thorow grace of Goddes sonde.
Then was he as fare a man
As euer he was ere than,
Sen he was born in londe.

Then were thei all blythe;
Here joye couth no man kythe;
They thanked God that day.
As ye mowe at mé leste and lythe,
Into the chamber thei went swythe,
Ther as the childerin lay.
Withoute wem, withoute wounde,
All hole the childerin ther thei founde,
And lay togeder in play.
For joye thei went ther thei stode,
And thanked God with myide mode;
Here care was al away.

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When Sir Amylion was hole and fere,
And was wex of strong puère,
  Bothe to go and ryde,
Childe Oneys was a stoute squire,
Blythe and glad he was of chere,
  To serue his lorde besyde.
Then saide the knyght vppon a day
He wolde wende to his contray,
  To speke with his wiffe that tyde,
And for sche halpe at his nede,
He wolde aquite here mede:
  No lenger he wold abyde.

Sire Amys sent, full hastelye,
After many a knyght hardy,
  That dowty were of dede.
Well v. c. kene and thre,
And other barons bold him be,
  On palfray and on stede.
He pryked both nyght and day,
Tyll he come to his contràу,
  There he was lord in dede.
Then had a knyght of that contrè
Spoused that lady, bryght of ble,
  In jeste as we rede.

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Bote thus in jeste, as Y you say,
Thei come home that ylk a day,
That here bredale was holde.
To the gate thei priked withoute delay,
And ther gan wex a sory play,
Among the barons bolde.
A messanger to halle was nome,
And seide here lorde was home come,
As man meryest on molde.
Then wox the lady blak and wan:
There was many a sory man,
Both yong and olde.

Sire Amys and Sire Amylioun,
And with hem many a stoute gorisoun,
With knyghtes and squiers fale,
With helm on hede, and habergoun,
With brondes, both bryght and broun,
Thei went into that sale,
And all that thei there lafte,
Grete strokes there thei caufte,
Both grete and smale.
Glad and blythe were thei,
Who that myght skape away,
And fle fro that bredale.

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When thei had, with wrake,
Droue oute both broun and blake,
Oute of that wordely won,
A strong logge he dide make,
Sire Amylion for his lady sake,
Bothe of lyme and stone.
Therein was the lady led;
With brede and water sche was fed,
Tell here lyve dayes were done.
Thus the lady was brouth to deth,
As a wreche full of quethe,
As ye haue herde echone.

Then Sir Amylion sente his sonde,
After erle, baroun, fre and bonde,
Bothe faire and hende
When thei were come he seised in honde
Childe Oneys in all his londe,
That was both trew and kende.
And when he had don thus, Y wysse,
With his brother Sir Amys,
Ayen he gan home wende.
In moche joye, withoute stryfe,
Togeder lad thei here lyfe,
Tell God wolde after hem sende.

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Anone this hende barons twey,
Thei lete make a guode abbèy,
And well yt afefed tho,
In Lombardè that contraye,
To sing for hem tyll domysday,
And for her eldres also.
Both on o day thei bethe dyde,
And in on graue thei were leyde,
That hende knyghtes both two:
And for ther trewth and here guodehede,
The blysse of heuen thei had to mede,
That lesteth euer moo.

AMEN FOR CHARYTE.

EXPLICIT VITA DE AMYS AND AMYLION.

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Various Readings and Mistakes in the MSS. corrected in the Text.

RICHARD COER DE LION.

The Manuscript has been invariably followed, except where it was incorrect or deficient; in which cases the Printed Copy has been resorted to.—MS. Manuscript. PC. Printed Copy.

2, Whuche grace. MS.
35, Lordyngs herkens before
How Kyng Richard was gete. MS.
62, For it was so gay begone. PC.
64, sclave. PC.
66, wytly. PC.
67, of white silk. PC.
69, The noble schyp, al withoute. MS.
127, seke nought. PC.
128, we shall be brought. MS.
129, *Her* is supplied from the PC.
133, *Arryve* is added from the PC.
134, To londe. PC.
149, Kyng Henry liked her seynge. PC.
158, Of theyr mete. PC.
228 to 448, These 220 lines are wanting in the MS. two folios being torn out. They are supplied from the PC.
450, they gon. PC.
455-458, Omitted in MS.
504, Hys schuldre. MS.
651, Lette - - - they myghte goo. MS.

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677 to 796, Another folio is wanting here in the C. C. MS. which is supplied by the MS. fragment in Mr Douce's possession.
849, Ardour. MS. *penes* Mr Douce.
1152, The twoo chalyses. MS.
1729-2454, Several folios wanting in the MS. C. C. C. are supplied from the PC.
2630, wer hee. MS.
2925, Whederwarde the Sarasynes drewe;
And arowes Englyshe to them slewe
Out of arblastes arowes smerte. PC.—3873, mode. MS.
3731 to 4788, These 1057 lines are omitted in the printed copy in the Bodleian Library.
4791, This line is added from the PC.—4922, riding. MS.
4986, The feend to shenshyp and to shame. PC.—Into schame, MS.
5990, For yre hys herte he gan to bren.
6334, This line is inserted from the PC.
6660, The MS. in this and the following lines is very illegible, and only has
6664, Off Pari - - - - -
Off Beffis, ne Gy, ne Sere - - - - rake,
Ne off - - - - - - - - - -
Off Jason - - - - - - - - -
Ne off Æneas, ne off Achilles. MS.
6695, And Sere Brandys. PC.
6698, The beste in - - - - - MS.
6742, pantener. PC.
6743, inome,
With my pollaxe I am come. PC.
6759, Malkan sterran nayre arbru
Loyne fermoyre tough me moru. P. C.
6793, Syxty thousynde. PC.
6794 to 6916, A folio is wanting here in the MS. and is supplied from the PC.
After 6932, occur in the PC. these two lines:
Upon the Sarezynes faste they donge,
With swerdes and with launces stronge.
6939, A myne. MS.
6990, There was slayn and way so brod. MS.
7082, in playn den. MS.
7109, And the Saudon wolde grante batayle.
7117, Thorugh all the londe. PC.
7127, Instead of these ten concluding lines, the printed copy has the following 56:
Thus Kyng Rychard, that doughty man,
Peas made with the Sowdan;

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And sith he came I vnderstonde,
The waye to warde Englonde;
And thorugh treason was shotte, alas!
At castell Gaylarde, there he was.
The duke of Estryche, in the castell,
With his hoost was dyght full well.
Rycharde thought there to abyde:
The weder was hote in somer tyde;
At Gaylarde, vnder the castell,
He wende he myght haue keled hym well.
His helme he abated thare,
And made his vysage all bare.
A spye there was in the castell,
That espyed Rychárde ryght well,
And toke an arblaste swythe stronge,
And a quarell that was well longe,
And smote Kynge Rycharde in the,
In the heed without wene.
Rycharde let his helme downe fall,
And badde his men dyght them all;
And swore by the see and the sonne,
Tyll the castell were iwonne,
Ne sholde neyther mete ne drynke,
Neuer into his body synke.
He set up Robynet that tyde
Upon the castelles syde;
On that other halfe the one,
He set vp the matgryffone.
To the castell he threwe stones,
And brake the walles for the nones;
And so, within a lytell tyde,
Into the castell they gan ryde;
And slewe, before and behynde,
All tho that they mygh ayenst them fynde;
And euer was the quarell by the lede,
Stycked styll in Rychardes hede;
And whan it was drawen out,
He dyed soone withoute doute;
And he commaunded in al thynge,
To his fader men sholde hym brynge,
That they ne let, for nesshe ne harde,
Tyll he were at the forte Euerarde.
At fort Euerarte wytterly,
His bones lye by his fader by;
Kynge Harry forsothe he hyght;
All Englonde he helde to ryght

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Kynge Rycharde was a conquerour,
God gyve his soule moche honour.
No more of hym in Englysshe is wrought;
But Jesu that us dere boaght
Graunte his soule reste and ro,
And ours whan it cometh therto;
And that it may so be,
Say all amen for charyte!

IPOMYDON.

43, In the original the word *king* is inserted at the beginning of the line by another hand.
232-3, " Ne *no* man telle what I am,
Where I shall go, ne whens I cam."
The words in Italics are the unnecessary alterations of a more modern hand in the MS.
369, Handis.
550, " And of hyr baronage I will telle."—Altered by another hand.
605, By kynge.
638, herd. Altered by another hand.
664, Altered by a more modern hand in the MS.
" But them that shall *theyr* mete pouruay."
686, The monosyllable *to* is added by a late hand.
729, *Hym* is added by the same hand.
1105, MS. *There*; corrected by the same hand.
1169, MS. *arme*.
1253, Another hand has altered *wild bestis* into *many a beest*.
1374, And the *trough* ye shall *webee*. MS.

AMIS AND AMILOUN.

8, Mr Douce's MS. reads, " semyng of grete kende."
The text is from MS. Harl. 2386. §. 42.
97, Here the Auchinleck MS. commences.
1077, The Auch. MS. reads—*sorn*.
1081, Here the transcriber of the copy of this romance in the Harleian MS. 2386. left off.
1252, The Auch. MS. reads—*say*.

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1342, Thow thou.
1678, Wrorn.
2230, Min children.
2249, Biselft.
2384, The remainder is lost in the Auchinleck MS. and is here supplied from that in Mr Douce's possession.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

G. Ramsay & Co. printers,
Edinburgh, 1810.

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